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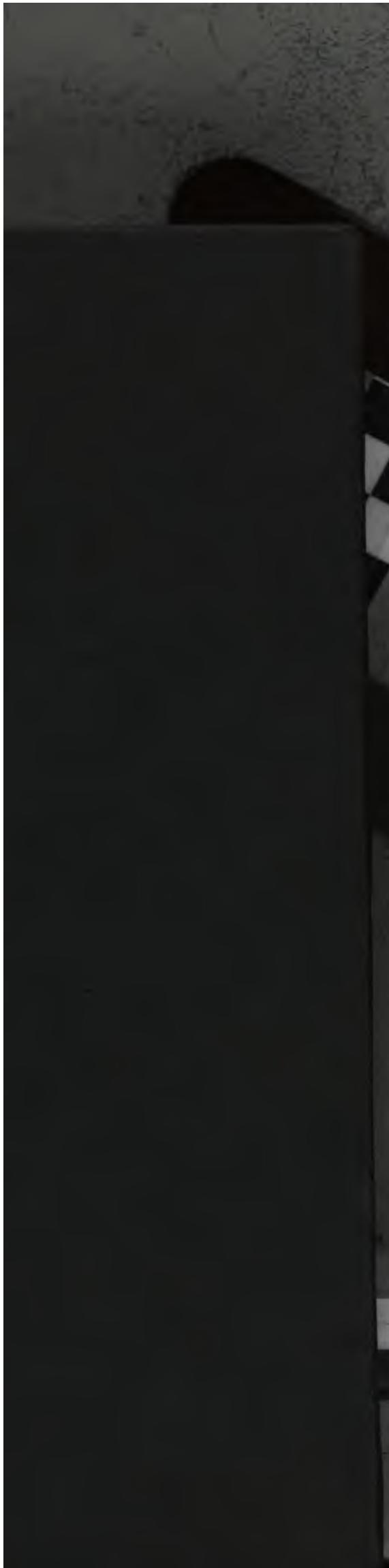
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DOMINICANA

A MAGAZINE

OF

CATHOLIC LITERATURE

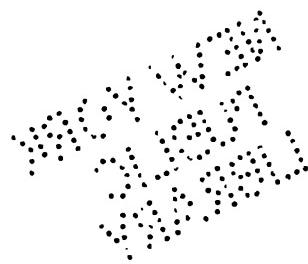
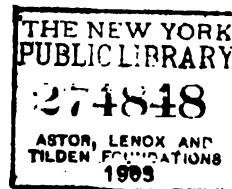
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DOMINICAN FATHERS

VOLUME I.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1900



DOMINICANA.

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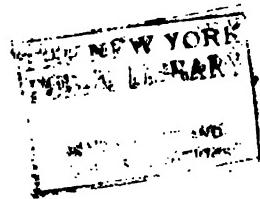
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SAINT JOSEPH AND THE DIVINE CHILD

(After the Painting by Carl Müller.)

DOMINICANA

VOL. I.

MARCH 1900.

No. 1

A FOREWORD TO OUR FRIENDS.

In presenting to the members of the different Dominican congregations on the Pacific Coast, and in general to the friends of the Dominican Fathers, this magazine, whose first number is now issued, we desire to state that this periodical will be faithful to its title—DOMINICANA. It will be an earnest laborer in the cause of all that bespeaks Dominican interests, especially as these are centered in the work of the Third Order, in the Apostolate of the Rosary, in the crusade for the honor of the Holy Name, and in the Angelic Warfare.

DOMINICANA will also be a family affair, a means of pleasant communication between priests and people, a chronicle of events interesting to the members of our different congregations, and a sympathetic advocate of the educational work with which the Sisters of S. Dominic are so honorably identified.

The usefulness of such a publication is admitted by all who have had experience in church administration; its necessity seems to practically grow out of its usefulness, once the venture has been made. The establishment of a permanent bulletin guaranteeing to the people precise and accurate information concerning the feasts and celebrations of the Church, the work of societies and the general organization of religious life among the young and the old, is an enterprise which can justly count on the cordial approval of those for whose benefit it is inaugurated.

But, praiseworthy as such an effort would be, though confined to the scope mentioned, we have other and broader plans according to which the mission of DOMINICANA becomes of general interest

to the Catholic public. We desire to make this magazine a medium of spiritual culture to its readers, we offer it as a contribution to the cause of good family reading, and we intend that it shall be a vigorous exponent of Catholic intellectual life within the limits of its chosen field.

The character and quality of the present number of DOMINICANA are indicative of what our friends may expect from month to month. We announce no special bill of fare in advance; we promise only that DOMINICANA will be varied, entertaining, edifying, instructive. We may not be wise, we shall not strive to be witty, but we are resolved not to be dull.

We realize how exalted is the mission of the Catholic press, and we enter upon this campaign for the welfare of our people, for the benefit of our readers, along lines social, intellectual, religious, nor do we think that in this scheme the mingling of the "useful with the sweet," will oblige us to depart from ways and modes agreeable and even pleasant.

We remind our subscribers that the arrangement of our magazine, as to type and page, insures an amount of reading far in excess of what the number of pages might seem to indicate. An examination will convince one that an excellent return is made for the money invested.

We, therefore, greet the friends of the Dominican Order, and hope that the acquaintance begun in this our first number will ripen into a friendship based on mutual esteem, a friendship that will be continued unto many years in a career of helpfulness and reasonable entertainment to the readers of DOMINICANA.

SAINT JOSEPH.

WE account it a happy auspice that for the month of the Holy Patriarch, the Foster Father of Jesus, the Spouse of our Lady, the first number of *DOMINICANA* appears. A tender heritage of the Dominican Order is devotion to S. Joseph. The propagation of this devotion is one of the cherished duties of S. Dominic's sons. It is meet therefore, that *DOMINICANA* should proclaim its loyalty to the spirit which holds in such loving veneration S. Joseph's honored name.

From the rise of Christianity the faithful have clearly understood S. Joseph's place in the work of Redemption. In the very beginning they recognized the singular dignity of his office, the unique portion that fell to him in the plan of God for man's salvation. They knew well his wonderful holiness and the corresponding power of his influence and intercession in Heaven, for had not the Lord God Almighty made him the "master of His House and the ruler of all His possessions"?*

Nevertheless, the piety and devotion of the faithful did not receive full expression in a popular way during the first centuries of the Church, and for an excellent reason. The defence and the development of the doctrine of the Incarnation, around which raged all the heresies of the earliest ages, were the first care and duty of the Church. As a natural and necessary outgrowth in the spiritual life, of this foundation truth of the Son of God become Man, there came next the determination of our Lady's place, the solemn enunciation of her high and glorious prerogatives summed up in the splendid honor of the Divine Motherhood as proclaimed by the Council of Ephesus.

The development of devotion to S. Joseph followed in due order. Ever a part of Catholic faith and love and piety, it awaited the propitious moment set by the Holy Spirit to receive the quickening breath that would impart to it a more vig-

orous life. From the beginning the people had gone to Joseph;* they were conscious of his power, and they relied on his intercession, though at first their worship lacked the outward splendor that we love to display.

It would seem that the hidden life of Nazareth had been a type of the devotion offered to S. Joseph during the centuries in which it was the special inheritance reserved to chosen and lowly souls whose lives were "hidden with Christ in God."^t Of this treasure we may hold that the marvellous Saints of Egypt partook in plentiful measure. May we not feel that the memory of the elder Joseph was as a precious inheritance among them? And who can doubt the abiding fragrance in the traditions of the Flight, lingering sacredly in the favored spots of that hallowed land, and lovingly preserved as blessed fruits of the seven years' stay made by Jesus and Mary and Joseph? Who will deny to the holy Patriarch his share in this divine work?

But S. Joseph was "a growing son."^t This blessing of the Patriarch Jacob, which rested in spiritual and temporal riches on his beloved Joseph so honored by Pharaoh, was figurative of a more glorious promise that would be realized in Joseph of Nazareth. Thus God, in His own time, raised up holy men who strove to extend the worship of our dear Saint. While instances are numerous in the history of the Church during the previous centuries, of devotion to S. Joseph, the great S. Bernard in the twelfth century, was the first to render the practice truly popular. He was soon followed, in Europe, by the Carmelites, with their wealth of tradition from Carmel's holy precincts in the East. They were the first, in the West, to honor S. Joseph by a special office. It was during the same century, the thirteenth, that

*Genesis, X, 55.

^tColossians, III, 3.

^tGenesis, LXIX, 22.

Blessed Albert the Great, illustrious Dominican and Bishop of Ratisbon, composed another office in honor of the Holy Patriarch, though this does not seem to have been widely published.

Blessed Albert's pupil, S. Thomas Aquinas, shared his master's devout spirit. "Some Saints," said the Angelic Doctor, "are privileged to extend to us their patronage in certain cases, but not in others, with special efficacy, but S. Joseph can aid us in every necessity and in all our undertakings."

In the fourteenth century S. Joseph's worship extended still more, for many eloquent Franciscans and Dominicans proclaimed his praise. The celebrated Gerzon, who united the close of that century and the opening of the fifteenth, well deserves the title of doctor of this devotion, as Father Faber calls him. A few years later that great son of S. Francis was born—S. Bernardine of Siena. Apostle of the Holy Name, he was also the preacher of S. Joseph's glory. In the early part of the sixteenth century the Dominican, Father Isidore of Milan, was commissioned by his superior, the Master General of the Order, to write a special office of S. Joseph. He also published "The Gifts of S. Joseph," a work which entitles him to a leading rank among the champions of the Saint. Then came S. Teresa, for whom indeed the traditions of Carmel were sacred and fruitful. Every reader of her life knows her devotedness to S. Joseph. Out of seventeen monasteries that she established, she dedicated twelve to him. Familiar are her consoling words: "Never have I asked anything from him that he refused me, and often has he granted me what I did not ask." "She is the saint of this devotion," says Faber, "as S. Francis de Sales in the following age was its missionary." The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were fruitful in writers and preachers who delighted in proclaiming the honor of S. Joseph's name.

But we live in the harvest time. We rejoice that our eyes have seen the glad day, our Blessed Mother's day,* on which Pius IX declared S. Joseph Protector of the Universal Church. The impetus thus given to devotion to the Holy Patriarch has

been felt in every part of the Catholic world, and unnumbered voices gladly proclaim that his clients are increasing in numbers, in generous, practical love, day by day. Great, therefore, is the rejoicing for the blessed fruits of his loving protection over God's Holy Church on earth, towards which his position in the Holy Family is reaffirmed, while his blessed example is offered to an erring and often blinded world as an assured remedy for the pride and avarice and sensuality that reign to-day in many hearts. And we fondly hope that even other expressions of loving honor may yet be granted to him by the Holy See.

Truly Joseph is a growing son. No longer is it merely one day, but this entire month, that is dedicated to him by the devout faithful. And in the glad days of the Paschal season* we shall again salute him as the powerful defender of the struggling Church. To foster this spirit is the object of this appeal to the little and the lowly ones in Christ to learn the lessons of S. Joseph's life.

Therefore do we earnestly urge our friends to enter upon the pious exercises in his honor that will mark this month in our churches, and in their private devotions to offer him a loving service of heart and life, thus making preparation with an earnest desire that they may be worthy of all the graces which his day will bring.

Let us realize in him the just man, the man of wondrous faith, of unspotted purity, of lowliest humility, of unwavering patience, of heroic silence, of perfect obedience, and in the school of these virtues let us ask him to be our teacher. May he instruct us unto profit, and may he lead us to the full, practical knowledge of his devotion, the secret of his love, the true following and serving of Jesus and Mary.

Let us not fear the danger of excess, for examples are too encouraging. The blessed foundation of love for S. Joseph is too secure. It is rooted in the Incarnation. Thence it springs. There is its explanation, there too is its vindication. Let us be never so generous in our feeling, and full in their expression, yet we shall not wander, for Jesus and Mary are our models and will be our guides.

*December 8, 1870.

*Third Sunday after Easter.

DOMINICANA

MARY.

J. R. NEWELL, O. P.

O, Virgin Mother of the Son of God!
Whose task divine the world's sole Hope
to rear
What time in human form our earth He
trod
Giving God's face to see and voice to hear!
(Of sinful man the Lord and friend most
dear),
Thy memory through life's dreary way
imparts
Sweet balm for every human pain and
fear;
While earth-bound cares of this world's
noisy marts,
At thought of thee, roll off our soothed
and lightened hearts!

The dying Saviour—His last proof of love!
Named thee, amid Atonement's awful
hour,
The Sinner's Refuge! At His throne
above
Resistless, hence, thy intercession's pow'r!
O Sweet! then, pray, as 'neath the sky's
dark lower,
We climb the steeps where bravely trod
the blest;
That by His grace we falter not nor
cower,
But press with strong last effort and our
best
Till reached, beyond all sighs and fears,
our home and rest!

THE ANNUNCIATION.

SISTER M. DOMINIC, O. P.

In the stillness of a starry night,
When Heaven's gates were wide and
bright,
An angel came,
On wings of flame,
To a Maid of royal birth,
All unknown to kings of earth.

"Hail!" the angel lowly bent
Before the Maid on prayer intent.
"Hail, full of grace!"
The lily face
Became as flushed as tender rose

When kissed by Sol at evening's close.
"Fear not, Mary." Still more profound
The angel grew in reverence bound,
"The Lord's with thee,
And thou shall be
The Mother of God, and lo!
Thy name shall Satan's power o'erthrow!"

"How can this be? I know not man,"
Thus the humble Maid began.
"The Power Most High,"
He made reply,

"Shall thee o'ershadow. ' The Maiden fair,
Wrapt in ecstacy of prayer,
Conceives a Son,
The Eternal One!
And earth and Heaven in choral sing
The praise of their Incarnate King.

ALEXANDER'S DREAM.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

Oh! there are dreams that are not dreams,
But "visions of the night,"
When some great plan of Heaven seems
Revealed to human sight.

'Twas such a dream, in days agone,
To a great teacher* came,
When seven small stars above him shone
And grew in golden flame

Until they lit the earth-world all.
The dreamer woke and sought
His daily place in learning's hall.
But ere his mind is fraught

With holy themes, behold! he sees
Seven men approach, all clad
In canon's garb—Ah! why do these
Recall the dream he had

Just ere the dawn? Their leader speaks:
"My little company
From thee, good Master, favor seeks;
Thy students all would be.

They who would teach the truths of
Heaven
Must, child-like, learn its lore."
O student band! O star-group seven!
One day on earth to pour

The sweet effulgence of your light,
Declaring Jesus' Name!
The dream a "vision of the night"
Your coming doth proclaim.

*A celebrated Doctor of Theology in
Toulouse, named Alexander.
† St Dominic and his first six compa-
ions.

DOMINICAN MISSIONS IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

I.

ON August 10, 1519, Magellan left Seville with a squadron of five ships. He had engaged himself to find, for the benefit of the Spaniards the new islands in the East Indies without passing by the way known to the Portuguese. After many fatigues he found the strait which still bears his name, entered the Pacific Ocean, and at length, after a long voyage, reached the Island of Tebu, now one of the Philippines. It was not, however, till 1564 that Michael Lopez de Legaspe, under commission from Philip II., took possession of the Island of Luzon and laid at Manila the foundation of a flourishing colony.

The position was admirably chosen for the commerce of all the countries of the extreme East; nor was it less auspicious for the propagation of the Faith. Within a few days sailing lay the vast Asiatic Continent—China, Tonquin, Cochin China, Cambodia, Siam; two hundred and fifty leagues to the northeast were the Islands of Japan; and a short distance to the east and south the Molucas, the Mariannes and the extensive archipelagos of Oceania. The colony of Manila offered, therefore, great advantages as a central point for missionary excursions.

Scarcely had the news of the discovery of the Philippine Islands reached Spain when a Dominican Father, Dominic of Salazar, was nominated first Bishop of Manila. This holy missionary, accompanied by twenty religious of his Order, promptly started for the scene of his labors.

"The works of God have this peculiar to them, that they are established and consolidated in suffering and tribulation. Every apostle must realize that tribulations work patience, and that patience produces a perfect work. Thus was it to happen to the future province of the Holy Rosary of the Philippines. During a long and toilsome voyage the Bishop saw eighteen of his brethren die in his arms; the nineteenth remained in Mexico, thus leav-

ing but one to complete the journey, his faithful friend, Father Christopher de Sanneterre. To replace his dead brethren the Bishop invited several religious of the Order of St. Francis and of the Society of Jesus to accompany him. Before his departure from Mexico he besought the Dominicans of the province of St. James to second his ardent desire and to fulfill his earnest hope that as soon as possible a colony of his Dominican brethren would follow him. His request was generously received by the Dominicans in Mexico, who unanimously resolved to send a religious to Europe to obtain from the Sovereign Pontiff, and from the King of Spain, the powers necessary to found a province in the Philippines. Dominic of Salazar reinforced by his letter that of the Provincial of Mexico, who authorized Father John Chrysostom De Aracena to make the journey to Italy and Spain.

This holy religious set out for Europe in 1580 and went immediately to Bologna, where the Master General of the Friar Preachers, Father Paul Constable de Ferrara, then happened to be. His Paternity approved the project and named Father John Chrysostom Vicar-General of the new congregation to be founded in the Philippines, under the patronage of our Lady of the Holy Rosary, with the same privileges granted by his predecessors to the province of St. James of Mexico. The Master General was deeply interested in the mission; he addressed a circular letter to the religious of the different provinces of Spain, appealing for volunteers. This document is a precious memorial of the traditions of our Order, a glorious witness of its apostolic spirit. Hence we give its full text:

"Our illustrious Patriarch Saint Dominic, consumed with the fire of divine love, having chosen the salvation of souls as the end of his own labors and those of his Order, has commanded us to work unceasingly for the salvation of souls. Having acquired a store of divine knowledge through the study of Holy Writ and the

ology, we must not rest content in our own spiritual enjoyment of these treasures; we must endeavor to share them with others, to spread the heavenly light among those sitting in darkness. This truly apostolic mission to which devoted men so generously consecrated themselves in former times should be ours to-day, if we will be worthy sons of those whose successors we are in name. As such in reality all our efforts should center in the contemplation of divine things, and in the preaching of the Gospel—two points which are the vital principles of our regular observance, and, without which, we can neither live nor act as true imitators of Saint Dominic. The enemy of souls tries to close these precious sources of life by lulling us in the sleep of tepidity, especially when a wide field is opened to the exercise of our charity, for the propagation of the Faith in infidel countries. Our Fathers in earlier centuries were inflamed with such love for souls that if it were now permitted them to come forth from their graves, you would see with what ardor they would prepare themselves for this great work, and how they would employ all their strength to defend the honor of our Lord, to prevent the worship of the demon, and to bring the grace of Baptism to souls redeemed by the Blood of Jesus Christ.

"Therefore, my beloved sons, if a dangerous sleep has stolen over you; if, not having to engage in any combat with your enemies, your hearts have fallen under torpor, awake at once! I repeat it, awake and meditate seriously how glorious it is to gain souls to Jesus Christ. Is there any honor, any title, any dignity, that you ought to prefer to this mission of being torches of divine light in those vast regions, where millions of men are buried in the darkness of death?

"Happy are they, and with God I bless them, who, taking in their hands the standard of Jesus Christ, will drive from earth the infernal dragon; the dragon expelled from Heaven; that would make of this world a new heaven for himself, here to reign as if equal to the Lord, whom he would rob of His glory. Yes, they are happy, for it will be given to them, not only to extirpate vice, but to purify the

temples of idols, to break their images, and to preach therein Jesus Christ Crucified. Who would not hasten to expose the impostures of the demon, to snatch from hell souls by him deceived, and to gain them for Heaven? The zeal of the Lord will accomplish these great things and still greater. Has not our Saviour said that before His coming in glory, the sheep which have strayed far from the Church will be brought back into the sheepfold, and that there will be only one flock over which He will be the only Shepherd?

"Courage, then, Soldiers of Christ, courage! Cast from you the works of darkness and clothe yourselves with the armor of light. Take the cross in your hands, use the weapons of penance, and vigorously attack the army of demons. When you shall have conquered them you will offer sacrifices to Jesus, our most sweet Saviour, and, as industrious bees, you will receive in these barbarous regions the delicious honey of the salvation of souls. May you be blessed, my beloved sons! May the dew of Heaven descend upon you! And may the peace of the Lord, which surpasseth all understanding, keep your minds and hearts."

This letter, dated from Bologna July 12, 1582, the Master General closed with the concession of numerous favors in behalf of those who would consecrate themselves to the work of converting the infidel nations and to the establishment of the Order in the Philippine Islands. We shall add nothing to the pious and noble sentiments which the General expressed. Soon we shall see their fruits in the apostolic virtues and heroic labors of the first children of the Province of the Holy Rosary.

Father John Chrysostom left Bologna with joy and gratitude in his heart. He went immediately to Rome to see the Sovereign Pontiff, Gregory XIII., who received him with paternal kindness, and coincided with the views of the General of the Order. By Briefs of September 14th and October 20, 1582, the Pope approved and confirmed by his Apostolic authority all that had been done; and opening the treasures of the Church he granted precious indulgences to the religious who

would carry the light of the Gospel into those distant islands.

Happier than if he had conquered a kingdom, Father John Chrysostom prepared to set out from Spain, where he was destined to encounter many difficulties. The Spanish Government, deceived by false reports, saw a thousand obstacles in the way, and formally opposed the departure of the Friar Preachers for the Philippines. For four years the newly appointed Vicar patiently awaited the unfolding of the designs of Providence. Finally, in the year 1586, he was permitted to depart with thirty-two of his brethren, volunteers from various parts of Spain. Nothing could be more edifying than the journey of these fervent missionaries to the place of embarkation, the port of Cadiz. It was a course truly Apostolic. In imitation of St. Dominic, they went on foot, singing psalms, hymns and litanies to console themselves under the fatigues and trials of the way. They preached in the different towns through which they passed, and established wherever they were permitted, the Confraternity of the holy Rosary. In the evening they found shelter in some poor lodging, and there they communicated to one another, with extraordinary happiness, the result of their day's labors, rejoicing in the graces of God, with which they had been filled, encouraging one another in the painful, but glorious mission on which they had entered. Such were the foundation stones which were to be used in building the new Dominican house, the Province of the Philippines, destined to become so fruitful a seminary of indefatigable missionaries, holy bishops and glorious martyrs.

On their arrival at Cadiz, Father John Chrysostom, acting on the powers which he had received, transferred his authority to Father John of Castro, a venerable old man, who had been twice provincial in New Spain, and who had offered himself for the mission, as a simple religious, ask-

ing in recompense for his labors only that he might remain as the last of all. The ocean passage was very rough and painful. Nevertheless, these fervent men in no manner relaxed their rigid observance. Notwithstanding the fatigues of so long a voyage, they recited the office chorally; they made their meditations at the hours prescribed; they kept the fasts and abstinence of the Order; they took their repast in silence, and maintained the practice of reading during the meal. From time to time they exercised their zeal by announcing the word of God to the crew and other passengers who were in admiration at the sight of so austere a life that to them seemed angelic rather than human. This example bore its legitimate fruits; the holy missionaries had the consolation of converting many of those on board.

At that period the Spaniards journeyed to the Philippines by way of Mexico, thus avoiding a long passage around South America. They disembarked at Vera Cruz, on the Gulf of Mexico, and after the overland trip they again took ship at Acapulco, on the Pacific Ocean. During the voyage three of the Fathers died; others fell sick on arriving at Mexico and could not accompany their brethren to the Philippines. Out of thirty-two religious only eighteen were able to sail from Acapulco. Of those fifteen were destined for Manila, and three for Macao, whence the Spanish Dominicans hoped to find an entrance to China.

The fifteen founders of the Province of the Rosary of the Philippines underwent the perils of the sea for more than four months in an old Spanish vessel before they arrived at Manila, on the vigil of the Feast of St. Mary Magdalen, July 21, 1587. The Governor of the Philippines, having learned of their arrival in the port, hastened to receive them and to conduct them to the Cathedral, where the Bishop, Dominic de Salazar, eagerly awaited them.

Sing, my soul, my Saviour's glory,
Sing, my soul, our Lady's name,
Sing the great and gracious favors
Mary's servants all can claim.

Onward, Christians, on to Jesus,
On through Mary, ever on!
This the secret of salvation—
Through the Mother to the Son.
—Father Cruikshanks.

A TRIBUTE TO S. JOSEPH'S SEWING CIRCLE.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

From morn till even, and oft, alas!
Till the East's abloom with the "rose of dawn,"
The weary hours of the toilers pass,
That shimmering satin, and broidered lawn,
And regal velvet, and rarest lace
The pale thin fingers may fashion well
Into robes that drape with befitting grace
The perfect form of the ball-room belle.

 But, Queen of Beauty! your reign is fleet,
And a slave in glittering bonds you pine,
Though you whirl to the music so gay and sweet,
In a wild, mad worship, at Folly's shrine.

 Gracefully posed in her carven chair,
Languidly busy a fair one sits;
Slayer of Time with her white hands, there,
And her lance-like needle that, gleaming, fits
Where the rainbow silks into garlands twine,
For a transient whim (or her task may be
A filmy web, as the gossamer fine—
True type of ephemeral vanity).

 Oh! is there no labor whose dainty grace
May serve pure purpose, with worth replete,
And give to the worker a lofty place
'Mid the winners of heavenly guerdons sweet?
Yes! I've heard of a circle of toilers true
Who sound no boast of their labors grand,
But the holiest task that the hand can do
Is wrought, I ween, by that Heaven-blest band.

 To mend, and freshen, with zealous care,
The snowy linen for altars white,
And the sacred robes His anointed wear,
When they summon their God in the "Endless Rite."

Ah! this is the duty that, week by week,
These faithful toilers do well fulfill,
When gladly each hastens her part to seek
With an eager hand and an earnest will.
And, as I mused on their holy work,
Lo! the Present fled with its selfish train
That e'er the sweet burden of Duty shirk
For the slavish worship of Pleasure vain.

And I dreamed of the Faith-lit days of yore,
And gazed, entranced, on a worthy scene,
Where nobly-born maidens were bending o'er
Rich 'broidery work, with a Saintly Queen.
Oh! deftly their needles were gliding there!
Till the radiant silks, and the threads of gold
Were wrought into garlands of beauty rare
By the delicate hands of those maids of old.

Rich cope and chasuble, jeweled, shone;
Surplice and all were all of rarest lace,
That His Priest's meet vesture might serve His throne,
And fitly be garnished Love's Hiding-Place.

Ah! glorious work for the glorious King!
And, toilers blest, it is your work, too,
For, though no wealth to His shrine ye bring,
'Tis a labor of love, that for Love ye do.

Yours, too, shall be recompense all Divine
(From the Master won, by His faithful bands),
When ye see the Robes of His Glory shine,
In His matchless Temple, "not made with hands."

Many persons consume much valuable time in planning, not for the good to be accomplished, but for the manner of its doing, and when they get ready, and their sleeves are rolled up, just to the proper point of nicety, it is time for them to "shuffle off this mortal coil." Better an honest failure after a sincere effort to accomplish something worthy, than the ever prudent planning of ways and means which is not followed by action. Better the failure of a generous attempt than the success of a selfish inactivity.

THE SECRET OF GROSSMEISTER CLIFFS.

MARGARET D. O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER I.—CARL WALLENSTEIN.

"HOLD! a word with you!" and the speaker, who had for some minutes leaned against a lamp-post in one of the fashionable squares of Baltimore, laid a heavy hand on the shoulder of a rapidly walking young man. Thus accosted, the latter stopped.

"Who are you?"

"No need to parade my name. You know me."

"Your voice has tones similar to one I heard years ago, but your personal appearance bears no resemblance to his."

"Ah, ha! my boy! good cheer and full pockets keep up good looks. The world always smiles upon you. Remember you? A guide in the Alps!"—the young man started—"Who called you a child blest by God and himself?"

"Yes, I remember," and he shuddered, "the fellow owed his ill-fortune to himself."

"Come, come; no reproaches. I must speak with you." And scowling as he drew closer, he whispered: "Money."

The other drew back astonished.

"Money! Why?"

"Why? Ah! Ask your heart why? Let me tell the world why and the honored"—

"Hush, man—or"—

"No threats," muttered the man. "I have stood that thing long enough. I must have money. My child even now lies at death's door. For days I have sought you. I was told you were here, and followed you. Money!"

"I owe you nothing. Work."

"Work! and let my child starve! Then your name, which all honor, shall be blasted. The tale"—

"Monster! you would not! dare not!"

"Would not? Dare not?" Oh, ho! the rich and noble are not to be touched, while the poor and humble are to starve and die. I say, man, money! or by all!"—

"Hold!" and the young man drew out

his purse. "For thy child's sake, take this and go. 'Tis the last."

"I make no promise, my bird of Paradise. Nay, nay, I know my worth."

"Go!" imperiously said the young man.

Both moved in opposite directions—the one pale and agitated, the other sullen and unsatisfied.

"If he thinks to elude my grasp," muttered the tramp, "he is mistaken. This is only a stopper. For poor Lill's sake, I accept it. A hundred dollars, forsooth!" he sneered. "The little child saved him. Who is in greater need this minute, the millionaire or the beggar guide? Ha, ha, ha! The millionaire!" and he rubbed his hands. "What luck I was in on the mountain. But, my God! what a sight! Then I had no thought of giving up my trade. This pays better, and is easier work. Ha, ha! Lill, old pap comes home. Clap hands, clap hands! he has money! And who has none? Who? Mamma; she is at rest. So, hist!"

It was yet early evening. Baltimore's elite were abroad, enjoying the beauty of their short May twilight. Many and gay the greetings bestowed on Carl Wallenstein as he hurriedly passed to his home; and many also the conjectures as to his abstracted manner and pale countenance, for he was ever most courteous to acquaintances and friends and wont to show appreciation of their slightest recognition. Now he walked, only one thought in his mind: to be alone.

"Ha! home at last!" he murmured, and pulled the bell with violence. Once in his room, he threw off his coat and walked, unconscious of the growing darkness, unmindful of the kindly voice that vainly asked: "Would Master Carl care for lights?"

Hour after hour waned, and still he walked. Not a muscle changed, not a sigh escaped the brawny breast, nor a twitch of the firm mouth betrayed aught of the inward man. "Marble," his old nurse had

called him in early years, and marble still he was, but, as it were hardened by constant external force. The midnight hour tolled. Looking around for the first time, he was conscious of darkness. Touching a silver bell, a servant appeared with lights; behind him, his old steward bearing some light refreshment. Both laid their burdens on a small table, and without a word retired. They knew their master's ways.

When they left Carl smiled.

"They know me," he said softly. "Would they believe me guilty?"

He turned shortly and resumed his walk.

"I have no witness. Money! This giving of money will one day condemn me. None but the guilty pay for silence. Before, I gave for my mother's sake; to-night, for the sake of his child. Why should she suffer because her father is—"

His head dropped, and for the first time he sighed.

Strikingly handsome was Carl Wallenstein. His was the type of manly beauty we read of and sometimes see in sculpture, but rarely find in life. The grandeur of soul that shone through his face impressed more than did his mere regularity of feature. His tall, firmly knit, finely proportioned frame possessed all that elasticity and symmetry of mold that sculptors love to model. His small and shapely extremities were indicative of great physical strength. God had bestowed on him every blessing: fortune, health, beauty, genius, a soul full of high and holy resolves, a heart alive to every interest of God and his neighbor, a will firm in its adhesion to right, yet easily moved to mercy.

His was a nature to which no goods of this life could be an object the possession of which would suffice to constitute happiness proportionate to the capacity of its rational desires. No, neither riches, fame nor glory, honor, rank nor authority can satisfy capacity whose object is eternal. These things are, by their nature only, a means to an end. Could he, then, choose them as the ultimate object of his desires? His soul answered "No." Fame or glory, he knew, consists in being known

and praised by men; its merit or excellency is truly possessed, or it is not. If true, it is a superior good, of which either fame or glory is the echo; if false, then it has no being. Hence, in neither case could it be the ultimate source of his happiness.

As a true son of Mother Church, Carl had long felt and known this truth, and its knowledge, through the aid of grace, held him back from evil when his own strong passions, the false charms of pleasure and the force of example lured him on to offend God and to shy certain practices of his religion.

Carl was American by birth, German by descent, but, having lived mostly in European countries he was cosmopolitan in his manners, tastes and habits; only friends knew his nationality; yet, he was a favorite with all. Some years previously to our story a maiden aunt of his had died, leaving him a large fortune. He was also his father's sole heir, and Mr. Wallenstein was worth millions. When Carl made up his mind to live in America he chose Baltimore for his residence. He purchased a tract then near the city, now within its limits. He called it "Wallenstein Park," and here he raised a building according to his own classic taste. His chapel, library, music hall and art gallery were gems rarely, if ever, found outside the great European capitals. He was fond of astronomy, and had a good observatory. Here he often spent whole nights in the study of the stars. It was an old boyish trick of his, and he kept it up to employ time. He was not much given to society; his books, music, astronomy, hunting and fishing had charms for him that he never found in drawing rooms. Dark, cold and supercilious many thought him, and shrugged.

To-night, as his clear gray eyes burned and scintillated beneath his broad, intellectual brow, the power of the inward man showed through the outward, testing to their utmost each nerve and muscle of his strong frame. Nobly it sustained his iron will; not a single outward quiver revealed the woful inward struggle. He paced with folded arms and knit brow, turning every argument in his mind, still ever returning to the same point, "Why should I fear?"

Here he rested. Sometimes the veins in his temples swelled and his delicate nostrils expanded as he rehearsed events long past. Striking his forehead with his clenched hand, he muttered: "Never again—let him tell all—anything—before this." And the pale face grew paler, the deep eyes deeper, the tight mouth tighter! "Can I meet the scorn—the obloquy?" The proud head raised, the broad brow flushed, the great chest heaved.

"Yes, meet it! Why not?"

Back to the same old arch in his circle shall his compass ever vary? How souls rely on their own integrity and forget how vain their effort to make others believe in their innocence, unless attested by human witnesses, prone as themselves to deception. Poor, weak man! Great, omnipotent God!

Stars rose, waned and set; day dawned; still Carl walked. Was that superb frame weary? that powerful mind convinced? that will worsted? Only he could tell! He ended as he began. "No more." He threw open his window; watched the roseate clouds that gradually glorified the East; saw the day's great sun rise; then, with a sigh of relief, he turned and threw himself on his knees before his Immaculate Mother Mary.

"You know me," whispered the young man, lifting his fine eyes and looking with the affection of a son into the benign face of the Statue of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary. "You are my hope, my comfort; you must take my cause in hand." His eyes lighted up with supernatural confidence; he knelt a few moments in silent prayer; then arose: his resolution was taken.

"To-morrow I go to Virginia. I must see the old place once more; once more receive my father's blessing ere disgrace, or"— His countenance clouded and his form shook. "Now I begin my preparation. I may come back."

He looked around the richly furnished room. Some few objects were new; the rest had been in the family for years. At these he looked longest, as if they might reciprocate his regret at having to go. "I may come back," he repeated, "and I may never." Taking his violin from a beautifully carved stand near him, he drew the

bow over the strings while he softly sang, "It may be for years and it may be forever." The voice grew husky, then silent, while the hands played on.

Old George heard the strains, though soft and low, and prepared coffee. Bearing to his master's room a cup of the tempting beverage, he found him as he had oft before, seated on his undisturbed bed, apparently unconscious of the aria he had played; but the cold, set look in his face, the bright, electric glitter in his eye, were new and strange. He stood before him with the coffee. Carl took it mechanically; drank it eagerly. Returning the cup, he asked: "George, can you be ready to start for Virginia in a few hours, and," his voice trembled, "for Europe in a few days?"

"Yes, master," quietly answered the old steward, "if you desire it."

"I do desire it, George."

"Then must I be ready, Master Carl."

The man regarded his master with a kindly look, but he dare not question.

"His not to reason why;

His but to do and die."

Only a few weeks previously Master Carl had said, laughing, when the last old painting was hung: "Now, George, we travel no more." And George was glad. This morning he means to be away again.

"Something must be wrong," soliloquized the old man, as he descended to his room. "And yet he is good—as good as an angel! I think no one in America is like him, or out of it, either, for that matter. That girl is blest that gets him—that's all; but I do wish he would rest awhile. I am tired of this here traveling. He wants it, and what's George got to do? Obey; so." He shook his head. "Yes, this old fellow would die afore he'd go back on the child that he raised from the cradle. No; I'll not do that. Now for the hauling out, stowing away and packing. Mortal sorry I never asked what I must pack. Specks same as before. Each time only makes one time more for bother." He looked around him. "And such a jewel of a house to leave to moths and mice. Lor'!" As the cook dashed by him on his way to the kitchen: "'Cuse me, sir; I was speculatin';" and he entered his room.

"In three hours the train leaves for S—. I will be ready then, George."

"Yes, sir"—from a forest of trunks.

"Lock the upper stories. Jake can take charge of this, in case my father comes to Baltimore during my absence."

Carl turned away from his steward, lest George should perceive the shadow on his face, when his soul whispered why his father's coming would be urgent and necessary.

Poor Carl! His was a fierce battle to fight alone. The steel pierced his heart. Deep and dangerous its wound. Sometimes he almost yielded to strange, inexorable fate, but, having fought so long, he would fight unto the end. God alone knew when that end would come.

CHAPTER II—THE MUSIC HALL. HOWARD HEIGHTS.

"Sancta Maria, Sancta Dei Genitrix;
Sancta Virgo Virginum, Sancta Virgo Virginum;

Ora pro nobis;

Ora pro no-bis."

So sang Mabel Bentley—"Starry," she was called—in a full, rich voice, as she swept stray leaves out of the grotto of our "Lady of Perpetual Succor." That her heart was in her song each note told, so deep and sympathetic its tone. Lightly she skipped from vase to pillar, and from pillar to vase; her expertness showing she was no novice in our Lady's service. An ivy proved refractory.

"You must stay up," said the girl, breaking in on her song. "I know you love to be free. Who does not? But we must all obey rules. Such is life, my independent ivy, so be content to twine around this tiny pillar; in time we may provide you more elegant support." And Starry secured the ivy, with a light laugh at its embarrassment and her own dexterity.

"Starry, Sta-a-ar-ry, where are you?"

"He-e-re; come and find me."

"In the Grotto, is it?"

"Yes, in the Grotto."

Two bounds over the gravel walk found Elsie Wayne in the Grotto's arch, beautiful as a picture.

"How lovely!" thought Starry, as she looked over her shoulder at the child, and,

laying down her flowers she descended some steps to meet her. "What must be her future?"

"Oh, my! you take so much trouble to keep it clean."

"Why, Elsie, it is our Blessed Mother's."

"Ah, yes, that is true; I forgot, but"—and the dark eyes drooped for a moment; then looking up bravely, "I'm not pious like you."

"Hush, child! You are more pious than you know." And Starry kissed her darling's forehead ere she went back to arrange her flowers.

"Sister says," continued Elsie, "when you are through here she wants you in the music hall for 'Martha.' Miss Rosa Beaumont, Bertie Landry and Miss Isabella are there now. I do hate Bella Shiller," and Elsie's black eyes flashed. "She does give herself so many airs. My father is a millionaire, rich as hers, and I do not take on so."

"And my father, darling, is poor, comparatively, yet am I proud and oft inclined to airs. So you must not rashly judge Miss Bella. Not riches, Elsie, but God gives the heart, and he is very rich who is content with a little."

"Then you are very rich, Starry, for you are always contented, and we, juniors, always think you look happy, no matter what happens."

"You juniors are keen judges, my dear, and your opinion has weight. I am happy as a bird. Oh! were you a bird, Elsie, what bird would you be?"

"Elsie!" called a voice, "do you mean to stay all day?"

"No-o-o—I shall be back in a second—you see, Starry, what is to me a minute is to Gertie a day. True, I would like to stay here all day with you, Starry, but I would not like to be left alone. I love to talk." And the child scattered the tiny pebbles with her feet.

"Aye, Elsie, like Tennyson's Brook, 'I chatter, chatter as I flow.' I guess you are the same."

"Yes but I do not flow; I walk."

"Ah! you naughty girl, I know you do. I was merely quoting poetry for you."

"Poetry! Oh, that's what you high girls learn and try so hard to write. I heard Miss Bella say it cracked her brain

to get words to run smoothly. I never did see words run. I told Gertie Granger, and we took our books in Sister's plat late in the evening, the best time, Bella said, for words to come. We laid them on the grass, and sat away, so that they would not notice. We waited and waited, but the words never stirred. Do you know why, Starry?"

Starry was convulsed with laughter.

"El-s-i-e-e, come!"

"Ye-e-e-s."

"Come, Elsie, I am ready; Sister will not be pleased to keep her waiting."

"That is not Sister; it is Gertie. She wants me in the arbor to play 'Ladies.'"

"Then run off, dearie, and I'll to the Music Hall in double quick time."

"Good-bye, Starry; throw me one more kiss; just one more, please, Starry. Pity our Blessed Mother cannot kiss hands to us. I will to her, though. By-by."

Off ran the bright, joyous child. How well we cannot read the future! Thrice well, when our early years are surrounded by all that preserve innocence of heart and purity of conscience!

Starry went towards the house with slow step and thoughtful brow. Elsie echoed her feelings of Isabella; she wondered if the child read her thoughts and was thus encouraged to speak. It pained her, too, to know that her companion's faults were so palpable that even children could at once observe them. She forgot that children are the keenest of all observers. They discern, judge, condemn, while you only look on. "I know Bella's defects of character and I dislike her for them," she said, "but I must check Elsie; she is too prone to judge on slight grounds—from appearances, as our Logic says. I must check her. Still, the child does not know what judgment means. Instinct is her guide."

Starry, in her anxiety to set Elsie right, saw not that her own judgment, as Elsie's, based on appearances, although she knew how to distinguish circumstance from fact. Thus, with us all, young and old, we see every one's weakness but our own; would willingly give advice when we should rather be advised.

"Well, Starry, have you been meditating on judgment, hell or Heaven?" asked

Bertie; "you look so solemn, we girls almost wilter in your presence."

"Come along, Starry," said Rosa Beaumont, seating herself at the piano and running lightly over the keys.

"True," said Bertie; "we have no time to lose, and I am trying for the gold medal."

"You trying for the gold medal! The idea!" Beautiful Bella tossed back her classic head and smiled her own peculiar smile, which the juniors politely denominated "snarl." All the girls looked at Bella. None of them liked her especially, but all admired her for her beauty and esteemed her for her talents. She played brilliantly; hers was the touch of a master. Starry played "with soul," people said. Musical instruments seemed in league with her, and vied with one another, as it were, in reciprocating her feeling. Bella knew her own brilliancy and Starry's power, and would willingly relinquish the former for the latter. "Martha" was for the Commencement, to come off in a few weeks. Teachers and pupils knew instinctively that the prize contested for lay between Bella and Starry.

"Have I not a chance for the prize, Sister?" continued Bertie, disregarding Bella's smile.

"Have a chance for what?" asked the Sister, raising her eyes for a second from her music score.

"A chance for the gold medal!" And Bertie's eyes looked mischief. The Sister smiled and resumed her work.

"Well, no matter," persisted Bertie, "when I go home in vacation, and play 'Silvery Waves' and 'Maiden's Prayer for Mamma,' she will be charmed and sing out from her sewing table, 'Why, Bertie, dear, I never believed you had such talent for music. Next year you will certainly win the prize.' You see, she can appreciate merit." And Bertie drummed the base of the "Last Rose of Summer" 'mid the merry laughter of her companions.

"One, two, three, four," counted Sister Cecilia. "Young ladies, the bell rings; no more time for amusement."

Instantly all take their places, the Sister beats time, young voices count, bright eyes flash, fair brows flush, and forth through the lofty halls roll wave upon wave of Flotow's peerless "Martha," Martha, for which was stolen from another land the aria which alone won its companion's renown.

To be continued.

S. THOMAS AQUINAS.

In the year 1226, only five years after S. Dominic's death, his most distinguished follower, Thomas Aquinas, was born. The light of the Dominican Order, he is still more, "the light of the Church and the most illustrious ornament of the Christian world."

Thus does Leo XIII. speak of the Angelic Doctor, upon whose teaching he has placed the seal of his apostolic approbation, whose name he has exalted, whose patronage he has solemnly proclaimed for all Catholic schools.

The story of this unrivalled man, prince of theologians, angel of the schools, immortal type of the Dominican life, has often been written. Remarkable from his childhood for sweetness of temper and gentleness, his life affords a marvellous illustration of the working of the Holy Ghost in a chosen soul. Instructed from his fifth to his tenth year in the famous abbey of Monte Cassino, near Naples, he early imbibed the monastic spirit to which his contemplative soul was so well adapted.

The devotion he practised there and the solid foundation of virtue he laid were his safeguards later on, when he was sent to the University of Naples. The worldliness by which he was surrounded, the sinfulness that he witnessed on all sides, only strengthened him in his holy resolutions, and increased his prayers for his own preservation and for the conversion of the erring.

While in Naples he became intimate with the Dominicans, whose institute he resolved to embrace. In his seventeenth year he received the white habit. The tidings of this step gave a rude shock to his mother, who had other designs for her son, whose noble and royal connections seemed to justify high worldly expectations.

To avoid meeting her (for his sensitive heart shrank from the pain which an useless interview would inflict on his mother) he requested his superiors to transfer him

to another convent. He was sent to Rome, and thence to Paris, but on the road to the latter place he was captured by his brothers and brought to his mother's castle of Rocca Secca.

Failing to move him from his purpose of remaining with the Dominicans, she imprisoned him in the castle. Persecutions were heaped upon him by his unnatural brothers, who even sought the ruin of his name and virtue. It was then that God granted to him the beautiful gift of an angelic visitation and of that girding by which he was ever after freed from even faintest thought against holy chastity. Thence, in later centuries, arose the devotion known as the Angelic Warfare.

During his imprisonment the Pope and the Emperor remonstrated with his family for their cruel treatment of the youth. His sisters whom he had won by his gentleness and patience, aided in effecting his escape. He returned to Naples, and at the proper time made profession of Dominican life.

He was afterwards sent to Rome, Paris and Cologne. In this last named city he was the pupil of Blessed Albert the Great. At the age of twenty-five he returned to Paris, where he began the career of teaching which well merited the title he received of the Angel of the Schools.

The crucifix was his book, for more did he learn, as he was accustomed to say, by divine inspiration than from study of printed books. Humility and love for the Blessed Sacrament were virtues he specially practised. The Office of the Blessed Sacrament, whose hymns are sung at Benediction, is a lasting monument of his genius and sanctity.

He had only attained his forty-eighth year when God called him to his heavenly home. He was seized with his last illness on his way to the Council of Lyons in 1274, and having sought hospitality from the Cistercians of the Abbey of Fossa Nuova, his beautiful life there closed.

THE ROSARY—MARY'S GIFT.

IN the sweet light of loving devotion, as it radiates from the pillar and ground of Truth, our Catholic piety beholds our Lady on the summit of the holy mountains where the foundations were laid, by the hand of God, of her glory and splendor and power. From the beginning of the Church the glad voices of every generation have proclaimed our Lady's place in the work of man's Redemption, as pre-eminently above that allotted to others, as surpassing, in dignity and excellence, in holiness and merit, the accumulated power and sanctity of the rest of God's elect, figured to us as the holy mountains, above whose star-lit peaks we find the beginning, as it were, of Mary's unmeasured beauty and grace.

Resting on the mighty basis of Catholic Faith, we see clearly that the office of our Lady was not one of mere preparation, as in prophecy, through the message of Isaiah or Jeremiah, or the forerunning of the Baptist; we realize that her share in the divine work of Redemption was so intimate, so necessary, that the mystery of the Incarnation hung suspended till her consent was given. Only when Mary's immaculate lips uttered the words that sprang from her most pure heart, "behold the hand-maid of the Lord," did "the Word become flesh and dwell among us."

This is of Catholic faith, and in its light and by its inspiration we declare that to the Blessed Virgin we are indebted, in the sense named, for the infinite gift of her Divine Son. Following her as the fulness of day follows the dawn, came that heavenly illumination on a darkened world, when the Divine Sun burst gloriously on the waiting multitudes sitting in the shadow of death. They looked up, and they rejoiced for the bowing down of the Son of God that humanity might be exalted. And so we look up, knowing that we have come into the inheritance of the promise of eternal life through Jesus Christ sent by the Father through the ever Blessed Lady, the Spouse of the Holy Spirit.

Of this divine gift our Immaculate Mother's share cannot be misunderstood.

In the divine decree from eternity, promised in the garden, prefigured in the Old Testament, lovingly if dimly remembered by the Gentiles, realized in the Gospels, crowned in the Apocalypse, filling the Scriptures, and triumphantly reigning in Heaven and in the hearts of all who love to call her Blessed, Mary's place is assured. She is worthy of the work for which the Lord prepared her. As the joy of Israel, the honor of our people, the glory of Jerusalem, we lovingly hail her, for as Catholics we recognize our debt to her and the claims she has on our grateful love.

And as through her the light of Jesus has come to dispel our darkness, so it is her glorious prerogative to assist in keeping His teaching ever pure and free from error. She has destroyed all heresies; so sings the Church. In the waning days of the twelfth century, and as the thirteenth was dawning; when men were wavering in their faith; when the divine light had become obscured through the error of their ways and the wickedness of their lives; when a mighty revolt arose against God's Church, threatening to undermine the foundations of morals in a portion of the Vineyard, our Blessed Lady had pity on her people, and visited them in mercy exceeding.

Extraordinary efforts had been made to check the progress of the Albigensian scourge, that revival of older heresies, which then desolated some of the fairest provinces of France, but all seemed in vain. Learning and eloquence were unstintingly employed, missionary zeal was generously exerted, and a great Saint poured out tears and blood, and even wrought splendid miracles; but there was no visible change or improvement. At this critical juncture, when even the brave heart of S. Dominic knew discouragement, our Lady appeared to her beloved disciple, to comfort and sustain him. It was then she gave to him the Rosary, with the command to preach it, and added the consoling promise that the Light would again shine, and that in its cheer and guidance, many would return, led as by her Beads,

to the knowledge and love of her Divine Son Jesus Christ.

The promise was fulfilled, and the second gift of our Lady—her Rosary—was the means of saving to men her first gift, the unspeakable gift of the Father's unmeasured love, in the sending of His only begotten Son. And from that day, for

now almost seven hundred years, the Rosary has held its place, and it will be the sacred duty of DOMINICANA to tell its readers, from time to time, some of the glories of this, the queen devotion of our Blessed Lady, the precious inheritance from their holy founder to his Dominican children, the world over.

THE SURCEASE OF SORROW.

SISTER IMELDA, O. P.

I knelt one lonely evening
Before the Altar throne;
My soul was sick and weary,
My heart as cold as stone.
I thought—how dark our lives are!
What ceaseless care and pain!
Is Heaven worth the struggle?
Will not the strife be vain?

The chalice seemed a burden—
I could not understand
Why I must drain, unpitied,
The cup within my hand.
Thus musing—sad, dejected—
A voice spoke to my soul,
Whose accents sweet and lowly
Caused bitter tears to roll.

It whispered that the arrows
That wound the human heart
Have sped from Jesus' quiver
And grace and love impart:
And that each bitter sorrow
We think to bear alone,
Smites first the Heart of Jesus,
Then passes to our own.

REMEMBER.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Remember, Virgin ever pure,
Remember, it was never heard
That pleading prayer to thee was vain.
O by the tender love that stirred
Thy stainless heart when Jesus smiled,
Pray for us, pray, O undefiled!

Sweet Mother of our Saviour, hear
Thy children, lest they faint and fail,
When sorrows gather 'round life's way
And the dread demon's hosts assail;
For, oh! the snares are thickly spread
Where'er o'er earth thy children tread.

Stretch forth thy hand, beloved, and lead
Thy clients where the Just have trod;
Aid us in every care and need;
Strengthen our childlike trust in God.
Make us, dear Mother, ever thine
True servants of thy Son Divine.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS!*

MARGARET N. GOODNOW.

Alas for the birds! Five million throats
Of Springtime yearly stilled!
Five million homes made tenantless
Of the tuneful choirs that thrilled
The temple of God o'er hill and plain
In the blithesome month of May!
Till heaven's refrain is ruthless hushed
In the innocent broods ye slay!

Refrain so sweet, it often seems
The strain of aeolian lyre
As their myriad throats awake the dawn,
Or an echo of angels' choir!

The purling brook, the sylvan glade,
The forest dim and old,
Within their tuneful heart of hearts
These innocent songsters hold!

O human mother! Within whose breast
Love's message has been heard!
Know that the same sweet message comes
To every mother bird!
Then raise your protest high and loud,
With purpose true and intense,
To save from this wanton slaughter
Earth's tuneful innocents!

*As an admonition to our thoughtless boys who in Spring are accustomed to rob birds' nests and slay the young brood of songsters, we print this plea for the birds.

THE SHAMROCK—ST. PATRICK.

LOUIS B. JAMES.

Symbol of all that's grand
In a royal martyr-land,
Tried by sword and brand,
Shamrock fair!

Beloved of Saint and Bard,
By King and noble starred,
Of Virtue's high life-guard,
Shamrock fair!

Sharer in Ireland's glory,
Crown of her prowess hoary,
Theme of her song and story,
Shamrock fair!

Swords still would flash for thee,
Legions die to set thee free,
Fetters ne'er were forged for thee,
Shamrock fair!

Ah! we love thee to excess,
Thee to hearts we fondly press,
While we murmur "Great God bless
The shamrock fair!"

And may we live to see,
Side by side with thee,
Home Rule and Liberty,
Shamrock fair!

With mitre, crozier and cope, wriggling serpents and shamrock spray, Christian art presents the patron of Ireland, S. Patrick. Every descendant of the Kelt knows why these symbols surround him, and rejoices in his joy when each March recalls the history of his love and his triumph.

Strangely alike are the histories of the holy patron and the land of his patronage. Of noble descent, in youth captured by Britain's princes and sold as a slave in a strange land; thenceforth to manhood, living in poverty, hardship and chains, still ever a faithful disciple of Christ crucified; preferring the cross to ease, honor, glory proffered by kings. Is not his, Ireland's history condensed? The only item of difference is, the young Succoth was sold by strangers, while the sale of Ireland was effected by her son, Dermot Macmorrogh!

March Seventeenth is a feast dear to every Keltic heart under the sun; and, if the souls of the Kelts above rejoice more

in one feast than another, we believe they too "celebrate the day." Wherever the faith of our fathers lives and is active —there, on this day, the hearts of Erin's children beat faster, their bearing becomes prouder because of their reverence for S. Patrick and their love for Ireland. The German loves his Vaterland, the Frenchman his La Belle France, but the Irishman, says Moore, adores his Ireland! Why should he not? It is the cradle land of scholars, heroes and saints. No other land has given braver leaders to battle, sager councillors to cabinet, firmer martyrs to the Church! Read what historians write of Ireland, of her learning, honor and sanctity; read her annals, her biographies, her lives of saints. Foreign as well as native writers testify to her pre-eminence in scholarship and sanctity above all nations of her time. "The washerwomen of Ireland," writes one of the Four Masters, "speak purer Latin than the Latins themselves." O land of Ollav Flola, of Patrick, of Brigid, of Columba, may you ever prove worthy of the praise writ of you, of the hopes cherished for you; and may every Kelt keep your approaching patronal feast in the spirit of your saints. May each, by prayer and good works, go security with God for the success of your cause, and win His blessing for the veterans who contend for your rights.

Oh! they are true and brave,
Old Ireland they would save,
Her Sunburst lift and wave
O'er a nation free.
From famine and oppression,
From misrule and coercion,
From all that casts aspersion
On her liberty.
Let them on with hope thus great,
With hearts for any fate,
For right 'tis ne'er too late
To take a firm stand.
Be they in union one,
In love and labor strong,
Till Justice rights all wrong
That shadows Erin's land.

EDITORIAL.

DEVOTIONAL.

Hail Jesus! Hail! Who for my sake
 Sweet Blood from Mary's veins didst take,
 And shed it all for me;
 Oh blessed be my Saviour's Blood,
 My life, my light, my only good,
 To all eternity. —Faber.

The entire season of Lent is an appeal to the Christian heart to turn to Jesus and Him Crucified, to behold in our bleeding and dying God the wounds which sin hath made. But this cry gathers new force and tenderness as we commemorate in solemn feast the precious memory of that priceless ransom so lavishly given, Christ's Holy Blood, which, flowing from every vein, eagerly sought the open wounds whence, as in an overwhelming tide, it bore away to the ocean of God's infinitely loving and forgetting mercy, the accumulated crimes of guilty man.

The feast of the Precious Blood should quicken the repentant love and gratitude of our poor hearts. Dwelling on the unspeakable mystery of the Cross and of the woes that led to and crowned it, from the shedding of the circumcision blood in infancy till the soldier's lance opened a way to the Sacred Heart whose answer came quick in its last precious drop, we shall realize somewhat of the evil which demanded so great a price, we shall understand, in a manner, the love which hesitated not to meet that demand, to pour out the divine stream till there was no more to flow. Blessed be the Precious Blood!

To endless ages let us praise
 The Precious Blood whose price could raise
 The world from wrath and sin;
 Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
 And heal the sinner's worst disease,
 If he but bathe therein. —Faber.

A plenary indulgence may be gained by Rosarians on two Fridays in Lent, under the following conditions: C. C.; Visit Rosary Church or chapel; Prayers. The determination or choice of the two Fridays is optional with the faithful. The same indulgences may also be gained by visiting any church or public chapel.

This month makes special appeal to the souls who love Christ and Him Crucified. Several commemorations honor Him in His Passion. Consult the calendar. Celebrate these days devoutly.

Special Lenten services will be held in all our churches on the evenings of Sunday, Wednesday and Friday. On the two former a sermon will be delivered; on the last, the Stations of the Cross will be recited. On all Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament will conclude the exercises.

On the fourth Sunday of Lent, an indulgence of fifteen years and fifteen Lents may be gained by the Rosarians who visit the five altars of our churches. This is the same indulgence as that granted in Rome for a visit to the Station Churches of the Holy City. For churches in which there are not five altars, repeat the visit to the main altar five times.

Remember St. Thomas' day. Implore the Angelic Doctor, the Patron of Catholic schools, for purity and light, for these blessings in your own lives, for their beauty and strength and brightness in the lives of our dear little children.

The Annunciation is our Lady's day. Enter into its spirit. Make your hearts a spiritual Nazareth, where your Mother may dwell, where she may teach you her life's lesson, and where the angels may love to visit you and salute you with a message from on high.

CONGREGATIONAL.

The following is the programme for third Sunday musicale, S. Dominic's:

Choir, "Veni Creator" (Lloyd); organ, Prelude in G (Bach); choir, "From Pain to Pain" (Chopin); "Ave Maria" (Santley), Mr. Will Ogilvie; organ, "Largo" (Handel), Mr. F. Palmer; "Peace I Leave with You" (Tinney), Miss Clara Atkins; trio, "Fret Not Thyself" ("Joan of Arc"); choir, "Infiammatus" ("Stabat Mater"), Mrs. J. R. Mastellar (solo); organ, Concerto in A Min. (Bach), Mr. F. Palmer; choir, "O Salutaris" (Lloyd); choir, "Tantum Ergo" (Dethier), Mr. Robert Lloyd (solo); organ, "Marche Pontificale" (Tombelli).

Not the least notable feature of the celebration of S. Patrick's day in S. Dominic's will be the singing by the Junior Choir of Concone's Mass in F. All who have heard these children are prepared for a musical treat.

A beautiful altar and statue of S. Joseph, which was recently presented to S. Rose's Church, Vallona, will be solemnly blessed on the Feast of the Holy Patriarch, March 19th.

Electric lights have been placed in the church, adding much to the beauty of the interior.

A musical entertainment will be given in the town Hall, Benicia, on St. Patrick's night. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the Altar Society.

The ladies of Benicia are already at work in earnest preparation for a fair that will be held from April 21st till May 2d, for the purpose of raising funds to meet the expenses incurred in erecting the new hall of St. Catharine's Academy, and for the painting of the church and monastery.

SCHOOL.

With the foundations of Catholicity in California considered as territory of the United States, the labors of the Dominican Sisters are in memorable association. We shall not anticipate our historical sketch of the Dominican Order on the Pacific Coast, the record of which we shall duly

lay before our readers; but we desire to remind our friends that the mustard seed of Dominican life planted for our nuns in Monterey, now fifty years ago, has grown and spread into a tree of loveliness and power.

The infant community of two has become the flourishing Congregation of the Holy Name of Jesus, with headquarters in San Rafael, and vigorous branch establishments in San Francisco, in Benicia, in Vallejo, in Stockton, in San Leandro. An account of this work will be a bright page in the annals of California church history.

The Congregation of the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary began its career in 1876, the mother house being in San Francisco, with dependent institutions also in the metropolis and in Los Angeles, Anaheim, Fruitvale and Mission San Jose, California, and in Portland, Oregon. The field of this congregation has been partly among the German-speaking Catholics.

In due time we shall set before our readers the edifying details of the growth and progress with which their labors have been blessed.

SOCIETIES.

The crusade which is sustained by the organization known as the Sodality of the Holy Name, is among the noblest efforts of Catholic faith and piety. There is no more prevalent vice than that of profanity, of indecent speech, of blasphemy. Against this iniquity the Holy Name Society takes up arms and contends under the banner of Jesus Christ for the honor and glory of God's divine name. This vice had attained so monstrous a growth in the thirteenth century that the Sovereign Pontiff, Blessed Gregory the Tenth, commissioned the Dominican Order to preach a special crusade against it, and to labor in the apostolate of the Holy Name. Out of that movement inaugurated in 1274 the Holy Name Society has developed. Of this organization we shall give an account in succeeding numbers of DOMINICANA. On the present occasion we merely desire to record the fact that the branches of this Society established in our churches are bravely battling, in the closing year

of the nineteenth century, against the evils which prevailed in the thirteenth, and which now confront the man of Christian faith, even in a more deplorable and malignant form.

The wonders accomplished for the honor of our Blessed Lord's Name, for public decency in speech, for right-mindedness in conversation, by the propagation of the Holy Name Society are a precious portion of church history in the United States.

On the 17th inst. the Young Men's Holy Name Society of St. Dominic's will give a dramatic entertainment in S. Dominic's Hall. It promises to be a very pleasant affair. The Glee Club will then make its first public appearance.

The singing of the opera, "The Mikado," by the S. Dominic's Junior Choir and Choral Union, on the evening of February 21st, was a notable event. The performance was given in Franklin Hall, the auditorium of which was crowded by an appreciative gathering. The children met the highest expectations of their friends. The opinion which *DOMINICANA* takes pleasure in recording is one which is general. The audience were unanimous in their praise, an agreeable fact; but the critical opinion of regular theater-goers and of men and women professionally devoted to the stage is of greater value. And their verdict we render as our own: The Juniors were admirable in manner, bearing and action; excellent in dramatic expression and dialogue, and unsurpassed in singing. The scenic effects were according to the opera's requirements—a favor due to the courtesy of the manager of the Tivoli Opera House, San Francisco, and the costumes and "make-up" were true to the Japanese models. Special mention is also made of the assistance rendered to the children by Professor Palmer, organist of S. Dominic's, by Miss Gertrude Hopkins, and by Mr. Lask, the stage manager of the Tivoli. On the 22d the little troupe went to the Dominican College, San Rafael, and there repeated the performance to an appreciative audience of Sisters and pupils. It was a very pleasant celebration for all concerned, of Washington's birthday. The

Reverend Director and his band of pretty Juniors deserve the hearty applause which greeted and punctuated both performances. *DOMINICANA* expresses a general wish that the Juniors will again be heard in opera.

LITERARY.

The publication of an English version of *BLESSED RAYMUND OF CAPUA*, written in French, by Father Hyacinth Cormier, Procurator-General of the Dominican Order, is an event of interest, not only to the clients of St. Catherine of Siena, but to all who are students of the sad period known as the "great schism of the West," the unhappy days of Avignon and the antipopes. Father Cormier has written agreeably, learnedly, we may say, in so far as intimate acquaintance with his subject is designated. His translator, Mr. Jerome Trant (a name not unknown to American magazines) has done clear, competent work, making smooth reading in good English. The publishers, Marlier, Callanan & Co., Boston, show taste and skill in their part, but we regret that they have followed the English spelling of Mr. Trant so closely that on one page we are confronted with labour, favour, honour. However, as a well-printed and becomingly bound volume enriched with half a dozen plates after celebrated paintings, and sold at a low price, we warmly commend the important chapters of church history that are embodied in *BLESSED RAYMUND OF CAPUA*.

The purest and sweetest love tale of the past year, and of many years before, is *ESPIRITU SANTO*, by Henrietta Dana Skinner, from the press of Harper Brothers, New York and London. From the opening chapter, with the first glimpse of the beautiful child called after the Holy Ghost, and with the first note of the marvellous young singer Teodoro, gladdening our ears, till the closing chapter when the fair flower of the Paraclete is called to bloom in heavenly gardens whence she summons the love of her childhood (a chapter read with dimming eyes), the book is ever delightful, often exquisite, verily of sus-

tained charm. It is a duty and a pleasure to speak of this wholesome novel, and to add that the publishers have fittingly brought it out.

We have received from the Catholic Truth Society, London, through Gallagher Brothers, San Francisco, THE LORD'S PRAYER AND THE ANGELICAL SALUTATION, done into English from the Latin and Italian of Father Jerome Savonarola, O. P. On this admirable work of the great Prior of St. Mark's, Florence, our comment may be expressed in the words of the editor: "Most people know Savonarola only as a demagogue, a reformer, a leader of the people. These two little treatises give us some insight into the other side of his character as a man of study, prayer and contemplation." And we add that the careful reader of this booklet will find it a mine of spiritual unction and power.

THOUGHTS THAT FOUND EXPRESSION is the well-chosen title of a little volume containing poems, "sayings" and essays, the work of Julia T. Butler, a young writer of the Hub, whose first collection is ushered into the world of letters under the patronage of the genial and learned pastor of St. Augustine's Church, Boston. Miss Butler has done well, and judging from her present effort, for one so young, she will do better. A word of encouragement to beginners is often a mere compliment. In the present case it is the recognition of real merit, of thought vigorously and agreeably expressed. And DOMINICANA takes pleasure in welcoming Miss Butler's initial volume.

Another volume which we as sincerely greet is THE PROMISE OF MORNING, by Henry Coyle, editor of *The Weekly Bouquet*. Mr. Coyle's lovable personality is evident in his book. His gentle and poetic soul breathes in its pages, and with genuine promise for still more efficient work in later days. The present collection represents the efforts of boyhood and early manhood, and naturally the critical reader expects and finds traces of youth. But there are evidences of light and force, and signs beyond doubt, that Mr. Coyle knows how to sing a sweet song, to de-

liver a message tender and true from nature's book and from the pages of the human heart.

Both of these volumes are from the press of the Angel Guardian, Roxbury, Boston, and are excellent specimens of good bookmaking, sold at moderate prices. Therefore do we bespeak their success.

From Father Tabb's latest volume of verse we take the following beautiful bit, entitled, "The Bluebird:"

When God had made a host of them,
One little flower still lacked a stem
To hold its blossom blue;
So into it He breathed a song,
And suddenly, with petals strong
As wings, away it flew.

Though the title of the book is "Child Verses: Poems Grave and Gay," there is much that will interest adults and tax, too, their appreciation of the author's deep thought, gracefully though it be set. The publishers, Small, Maynard & Co., of Boston, have given us a volume most agreeable to the eye, a fitting body for so delightful a soul.

"My New Curate," by Father Sheehan, handsomely brought out by Marlier, Callanan & Co., of Boston, is justly regarded as the Catholic novel (if we may limit its scope by this word), by excellence, of the season. For the reader of culture (and it will require a fair share) this book holds a real and a sustained charm for wit and wisdom and pathos, and for pictures the truth of which we know, for we have seen the originals.

THE FRIARS IN THE PHILIPPINES, by Father Coleman, O. P., is from the same house, and of the publishers' part we can speak as cordially as we do of the author's. It is a timely book, the reading of which ought to serve the cause of truth in the United States—a service sorely needed, but, we fear, a service viciously repudiated by those to whom darkness is light.

Katherine E. Conway is a name loved and honored in Catholic American literature. As associate editor of *The Pilot* Miss Conway's work is in weekly evidence. From time to time these weekly contri-

butions are gathered up into more enduring form and published as a volume. *NEW FOOTSTEPS IN WELL TRODDEN WAYS* is the latest of such issues. To Catholics who have made a European trip it will be a pleasant reminder and perhaps a gentle reproach; to Catholics who have not yet gone abroad it will be an instructive and inspiring lesson. Miss Conway's descriptive powers are excellent, but her thoroughly Catholic spirit is even more admirable. And this is the dominant characteristic of the bright and cheerful chapters which compose the volume before us. The Pilot Publishing Company, Boston, has shown due appreciation of Miss Conway's good work by bringing it out in becoming form.

The issue for the present quarter of *St. Joseph's Union* is a very creditable number. A fine illustration is that of the Sovereign Pontiff's likeness accompanied by a fac simile of the papal grant of the Apostolic Benediction recently given by the Holy Father, at the request of His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop Riordan, to the Youth's Directory, and to the patrons, members and solicitors of St. Joseph's Union.

The Youth's Directory is a noble charity, worthy of the best support of California Catholics, and we not only gladly remind our readers of it, but we compliment its worthy head, Father Crowley, on the admirable work he is doing.

Whether for or against imperialism, every honest man who reads the February *North American Review* will acknowledge that Mr. Edward Atkinson has presented a powerful protest against the policy of the Administration in the Philippines. His article, "Eastern Commerce: What is it Worth?" is, from the economic standpoint, and in the light of certain facts and assured figures, unanswerable. We quote one paragraph:

"Since the beginning of the war with Spain we have spent about five hundred million dollars in excess of what we should have spent except for the war; half of which may be charged to the liberation of Cuba, the other half to the effort to extend commerce by military aggression

We shall spend about as much more next year. The contest in the Philippines will cost the taxpayers of this country from four to five hundred million dollars, even if it is stopped within the next year. What could we have done with five hundred million dollars in order to promote commerce, had such an expenditure by the central Government been warranted for constructive purposes at the cost of the taxpayer?

"(1) We could either have finished the Panama Canal, or we could have constructed the Nicaragua Canal at the highest estimate of its cost.

"(2) We could have developed every river and harbor of this country up to its maximum capacity, and we might have added cross-cut canals to bring Philadelphia and Baltimore closer to the sea, a short canal on Cape Cod, and other enterprises of the like kind. Which expenditure would best promote commerce, the destructive expenditure of military aggression, or the constructive expenditure in developing the ways of trade and commerce?

"(3) If it were right and suitable to spend great sums of money for the special development of particular parts of the country at the cost of the taxpayers, a single hundred million dollars, or six months of our present waste on the warfare that we are conducting, would probably suffice to irrigate the entire arid lands of the middle section of our country.

"(4) The central mountain section of the eastern part of the country, eastern Kentucky and Tennessee, western North and South Carolina, northern Georgia and Alabama—an area nearly as large as France, twice as large as Great Britain, containing mineral and timber equal to both combined, and a potential in agriculture equal to either—has hardly been entered upon in the progress of development. There is more individual wealth and more common welfare waiting for brains and industry combined, either in the development of the arid lands or in the development of this middle section of the Southland than could be gained by commerce with the East in half a century, even if we were not wasting annually in the effort to gain commerce by aggressive

warfare more than the whole commerce can be worth if it were all profit in the next twenty years."

To these weighty words of our author we must add a reminder of the pension list that will grow enormously, of bloodshed needlessly provoked, and the terrible loss of life resulting. Moreover, the introduction among us of the diseases prevalent in the East, likely to be brought back by our soldiers, may repeat the lesson of the Crusaders and prove again how terrible can be the revenge of Asiatic peoples. The Stars and Stripes have floated, in the abused name of liberty, over the outrage of principles supposed to be enshrined in the Declaration of Independence. Seed thus planted must bear legitimate fruit. The hope of true patriots lies in the courage of men able to point the way of danger, and not afraid to denounce the evil course on which our Government has entered. Of such metal is Mr. Atkinson, one of the ablest thinkers and writers we have; his reputation is international. His article has other notable features, making it a paper of great value. The author shares, in common with other honorable and fearless men, the distinction of being denounced as a traitor by time-serving politicians, spoils grabbers, and the hack writers of a venal and corrupt press.

On February 15th the first number appeared of *The Catholic Propagator*, a weekly publication which will be issued with the special sanction and encouragement of the Archbishop of New Orleans, and under the control of an editorial board composed of distinguished priests belonging to the Crescent City. The first number of the *Propagator*, which announces its mission as an independent Catholic paper for God and country, is an excellent specimen and gives promise of sturdiness and energy which ought to find a successful field in so Catholic a city as New Orleans.

GENERAL.

During the coming month of June, the golden jubilee of the establishment of the Dominican Order in California will be commemorated. As a contribution to-

wards the due celebration of this important event, we propose to offer to our readers a sketch of the Dominican work that fills this half century, a tribute to the men and women renowned in their day, who went before God carrying their sheaves full, and whose names are in benediction. The story is unto edification, for the labor was for God's glory, for souls, for religion in these parts; and it will profit us not a little to remember these things, precious in themselves and precious in their doing, as was also the death of those whose memories we would honor. Their blessed footprints are not as on the sands of time, but as in the hearts of their followers who hold in sacred inheritance the fruits of their works, the merit of which followed the workers in that day 'ere the night came on, when they could labor no more.

Not since the Dutch wars of 1661-1665 have the English won a war against a white race without the aid of an ally, and then they generally skulked behind the allies while the hardest fighting was done. Later John Bull claimed the glory. In the present infamously unjust war against the Boers English barbarity and English calumny are besmirching anew the British banner, though it is well nigh beyond the range of further defilement and dishonor.

1. England! thou couldst fight as well as lie,
The world were thine! The term "illiterate Boer,"
Long in thy reptile press the hue and cry
Against the Transvaal, serves thee now
no more!
The truth is out that, while in learning's
store
The Boers by far outstrip thy farmer
class,
Some things their leaders know which all
thy lore
Had not taught thee, and whence 'tis come
to pass
That Boerish knowledge proved thee to
the world an ass!

As we write General Cronje is maintaining a stand that calls for admiration wherever heart and conscience hold sway, a stand the record of which will be written with the story of the bravest and the best of all ages. God save the Boers!

HYMN TO S. THOMAS AQUINAS.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY A DOMINICAN.

1st Sop.

2d Sop.

Alto.

I. Hail, ho - ly Pa-tron, guide of youth! Thy children cry to thee...; An-

gel - ic teach - er of the truth, From er - ror keep us free;...

Chorus.

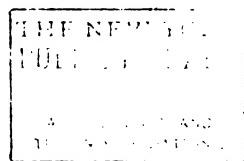
O.... Lily chaste, whom angel hands, Girding, from stain kept free,

Break loose our chains, burst Satan's bands, And make us chaste like thee :

Break loose our chains, burst Satan's bands, And make us chaste like thee.

rit.

2 Thou know'st, dear Father, we are weak, 3 Then, glorious Patron, meek and mild,
In danger day by day; From sin and doubt and strife
O' shield us who thy aid do seek, Preserve us, Dominic's sainted Child,
And hear us while we pray! And guide to endless life.





THE THREE MARYS AT THE TOMB ON THE FIRST EASTER MORNING.
(After the Painting by Plockhorst.)

DOMINICANA

VOL. I.

APRIL 1900.

No. 2

THE SECRET OF GROSSMEISTER CLIFFS.

MARGARET D. O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER III.—THE GIRLS.

Mary Bentley, or Starry, was not beautiful according to principles reckoned classic, but she was more than beautiful—she was high-principled and virtuous. Her songs, her expression of countenance, her sweet, womanly tenderness, at once attracted and captivated. We believe never did artist build his ideal on mere regularity of feature and symmetry of mould bereft of intellectual qualities, which have their source in the spiritual and divine, and which as goodness depend on having all perfection of their essence together with the qualities that complete and adorn this essence; hence the chief beauty of the human countenance lies in what is termed expression, or the impression it conveys respecting character or disposition of mind. We are more favorably impressed by a face indicative of amiability, benevolence and intelligence than by one marked perfect in feature and outline, yet devoid of all that bespeak soul, save tint and motion.

Imperfection of mouth is amply counterbalanced by the sweetness or kindness of disposition its curves may indicate; that of eye by its timid, modest reserve. Eyes are more eloquent than tongues; powerfully they plead their cause when their sister member is paralyzed or mute. It is difficult to explain how certain conformations of features give us the impression of certain peculiarities of mind and disposition. Perhaps instinct and experience have share in producing this connection, and may be this, too, complicates beauty.

Philosophers find it difficult to determine in what beauty consists; they have not yet defined it. We fancy from this difficulty arises variety in taste, without which many more miseries might be introduced into this strangely beautiful world.

Starry was of medium height, light and supple, a head well balanced, dark blue eyes that seemed to look you through, and so large that when her father first looked upon her he cried, "Why, nurse, the baby is all eyes; let us call her 'Starry.'" So to Starry she answered from her cradle, though in Baptism both father and mother gave her "Mary," after the bright Queen of Heaven. Her hair was brown, abundant, but not over fine; she wore it in a knot of her own that well became her low, broad forehead and straight, heavy eyebrows; her bearing was dignified, ever easy and graceful; she could be the child or lady when occasion demanded. In study hall or recreation grounds she attracted no special attention, but attend class, concert, Holy Mass, and Starry was her name—Star! "Mary deserves to be first," decided every girl but one, and she was never heard to praise. Starry was ambitious (what noble spirit is not?). Still her ambition never gained its object at cost to another. That which she justly merited she received with grateful humility, feeling more genuine sorrow for her companion's failure than joy for her own success. Hers was a noble nature, rich in depths of self-sacrificing love that were as yet unknown, even to herself.

From her earliest years her soul revelled in the glorious epics of her Holy Church.

Its faith, its mysteries, its sacraments, were living, overflowing fountains of perpetual joy. The abiding memory of these divine doctrines created that ever thoughtful look in her eyes and cast around her presence a peace and recollection that outward things could not disturb. "Starry has company," said the girls when they saw her alone in wood or glade.

Starry was eighteen past, but she looked much younger in her simple gray linen uniform with white collar and cuffs. She hoped to graduate at the close of the present session. How often she dreamed of this day! How many magic castles raised! Beautiful waking dreams far more delusive than those of sleep! How few ever realize your pleasures, taste your joys, or attain your promise! And yet youth of the past as youth of the present believe in you, hope in you, and learn to cherish you as real! Vain! Vain! forever vain! prince or peasant, learned or ignorant, rich or poor—all in your case may exclaim with equal truth, "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity but to serve God!"

Bertha Landry's was a sweet, bright face, frank and loving. Her earnest grey eyes spoke a heart full of thought and kindness for others. The most superficial observer never failed to notice how intuitively she discovered each one's likes and dislikes, how she strove while tending to the former to remove all that in any way roused the latter. Upright and true in all her actions, she never suspected the want of these qualities in others. She was a general favorite, gifted and brilliant, good and generous, a true child of Mary. "I must try to make the new girls like our Blessed Mother, but first I must be good myself," and Bertie kept her promise.

Bertie was from Louisiana—from a home in the Teche country, so beautifully described by Longfellow in his "Evangeline"—

"Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers and the bluest of heavens
Bending above and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

Bertie dearly loved her country and her home; the South was not so progressive as the North, it was slow to take up new things, apparently indolent and wanting in enterprise. This she knew was owing to the enervating effects of climate rather than to the people, and she bravely stood up for her own when any disparaged either its climate or enterprise. "Give us the climate and resources of the North, and we will work as the North." "Build factories, trust one another and invest your moneys in home improvements," argued her opponents. "We cannot," she persisted. "Where is our market? We must sell our goods; you do not buy; we would send them to foreign ports if we had money, but we have to make the money." "That is it, you are like the man with the one talent; you fear to trust any one, so you bury it, make nothing by it and get punished; we are those with ten, we invest ours and make an hundred fold!" "Oh, no more; it is not fair, so many against one," some girl interposed, much to Bertie's discomfiture, for she liked the fun of argument; it brought out her salient points of character, she said, with one of her arch faces. Bertie had two sisters older than herself, one married and one at home; both were convent pupils, good, pious and very accomplished girls.

Bertie's father had held a captain's commission in the Confederate army during the civil war. Many strange stories had she to relate of his affairs and hairbreadth escapes, and in these she took particular delight. In her estimation he was a hero.

Bertie's was a character to inspire love at once; brilliant and humble, it ever took the bright side of things, yet never lost sight of the dark. She talked her gayest, smiled her brightest when she suffered most keenly. Once the "Poet of the South" spent a month with her mother at her home in that land where

* * * * "the mocking bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delicious music
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen."

Bertie was very small then, yet her

thusiasm was already born. One day her sisters played some classic piece for their poet visitor. He listened apparently half asleep—the girls played on—he smoked on—seated on the veranda, the windows open between him and the performers. Bertie was playing in the garden; she heard the music—at first without attention. After a while she listened, then gradually drew nearer the veranda, took a low stoop, seated herself by Father Ryan, without a word, her whole soul taken up with the music. When the girls finished the first piece, the priest said in his own peculiar way: "Play more," and was silent. They played a martial air then very popular in the South. Bertie knew it—she seemed transfigured as she listened. At the close, turning to Father Ryan, her eyes glorious with the enthusiasm of her soul, she exclaimed: "I wish I was a soldier," and the poet, without a perceptible movement of muscle, asked coolly, as was his wont, "Why?" "Oh, to do something grand—great for the South!" Then Father Ryan threw his cigar away, stooped over the baby form, smiled, placed his hands on her golden head and said: "God bless you, child, and make your soul all that is high and good, for some day you will do great things for Him!" From that day they were fast friends, and Bertie never forgot the sweet, gentle look in the priest's eyes when he blessed her, as she said, forever. The Landrys were of French descent and staunch Catholics, "none of your summer worshipers," Mrs. Landry said, in her quaint way, "but earnest, active believers who lived up to the hard as well as the easy practices of their Church. If," she would add, with a smile peculiarly her own, "aught can be hard that is done out of love!"

Rosa Beaumont came of good old Norman family, true as steel to the Mother Church and to all old American customs. Mr. Beaumont was of North Carolina, not of Normandy. He esteemed the land of his forefathers, but he loved that of his birth.

Rosa was the handsomest girl in her class, except Bella Schiller, but the least gifted with intellectual endowments. Her father owned millions; this had no in-

fluence on Rosa's character. Were he poor she would be the same in heart and disposition. "I would like you to love me for myself," the girls heard her frequently say, "not because I am an heiress." Poor Rosa! Some thought her wanting in character, but had they noticed the proud flash of her soft brown eye, the surge of crimson 'neath the smooth olive of cheek or brow, the curl of her short upper lip, when aught hurt her religious or social principles, they would learn to prize at its real value the control this slight young girl had gained over her inclinations and passions. Then her sound, practical piety stood her friend. "True to God first," she was heard to murmur when sorely tried, "then to myself," and she conquered self, smiling! Grand old chivalric instincts had this Norman child! Oft had they drawn her into danger; swayed by their impulses alone whither would she go? She knew not. "I must pray well," she spoke to Starry and Bertie. Bertie had her answer: "Why, we all profess to do that."

"Ah, but all are different," humbly replied Rosa; "you are so quick to learn, so brilliant, so amiable, so docile, and I—"

"You dear old girl," broke in Bertie, "you are more than all because you are humble!"

"Yes, Bertie, to laugh and turn it off is pleasant, I grant, but when I leave the nuns my worst days will come; for those I must prepare."

Rosa had one brother, a fine, clever young man; all the gifts denied her seemed bestowed on him. Her mother was a great linguist and a brilliant musician. She wondered and often grew anxious over her daughter's slowness. "I will take her to Europe and see what traveling will do for her." So she decided, when Rosa finished, that both would visit the world's famous cities.

Isabella Schiller, favored by nature and fortune, was beautiful. Hers was a beauty that would delight an Angelo, or Fra Angelico, in all save expression. In this she was wanting. Her features were regular as those of Venus de Medici; her smile, when she meant it for sweet, angelic; her bearing queenly, her manners graceful and dignified. You never could pass that girl

without asking who she was, or what her name. Bella was non-Catholic in heart and practice. Her father lived in Chicago in princely style. She was his only child, his pride, his hope; this world, its riches, honors, fame, were dust compared to the love he bore her; for her he would sacrifice all without a sigh.

Bella knew how much her father loved her. In early years did her mother refuse her toy or ornament on plea of cost, the little one appealed to papa, and was gratified. She never knew what it was to do another's bidding until she came to St. Mary's. Her father sent her there in preference to institutions nearer home because its course of instruction suited better the wants of the times. "I want Bella to be learned as she is beautiful; for her own sake I will part with her for a time," and the old man looked at Mrs. Schiller for approbation, but she was deep in the mysteries of some new crochet stitch. An industrious woman was Mrs. Schiller, quiet and dignified in her way, one who never forgot the respect and obedience she owed her lord and master, but at times she was very obtuse in hearing, "very obtuse indeed," thought Mr. Schiller when her obvious what-is-it-you-say-my-dear look, over her gold-rimmed spectacles, proved her oblivious to his words and convinced him that if he meant success he must repeat his statement. Very prudent was Mrs. Schiller on these occasions; it was perfectly natural that Mrs. Schiller should, at that particular time, be defective in hearing, so he bravely struck his colors and re-started. Thus it was at that noon luncheon he expressed his wish regarding Bella. Mrs. Schiller had looked.

"Well, my dear," Mr. Schiller recommenced. "I want our Bella to be a scholar; she must study logic and metaphysics. I have gone through Kant, Descartes and others. I want Bella to stand and prove she has a soul, an immortal one, Mrs. Schiller!" "Yes, my dear, who ever believed otherwise?" "Ha, ha! you know nothing of the question of the day." Mrs. Schiller resumed her crochet. "I am not Catholic—Roman, I mean—Mrs. Schiller," rather loud a stitch dropped, "but, I must admit, I like their ways more than any I see going, so, Mrs.

Schiller, prepare Bell for the convent! It is in Virginia, not very far away. Mr. Hammond says it is a splendid institution." Mrs. Schiller listens now—he means business. "Held at one time public examinations—Sisters examined—whole body of school directors highly pleased. Hammond had his own daughter there; is well satisfied with her. She plays piano, harp and violin, paints fairly; has general knowledge of fancy work and dressmaking, speaks English, German and French and cooks dinner! Dinner, Mrs. Schiller! She can wash also, milk cows, and wash dishes!" "Then you may send Bella there, dear, for whatever else she learns, she will never give attention to anything domestic."

"Mrs. Schiller?"

"My dear, you have spoiled her. She is good to dress, to play music, to study any number of books you desire, but she can neither sew nor sweep."

"Well, well, dear, she needn't. What have I this for?" and he jingled the silver and gold in his pockets. "Get her ready right off. No presentiments of coming evils—have her trunks square in a week. Bell will like it. She has that in her that seeks exaltation; she'll hold her own and come out first there at the—the—c—what do you call it day?"

"Commencement," mildly suggested Mrs. Schiller.

"That's it, commencement—curious, that seems backwards; but I have business down town and must be off."

"Well, my dear, before going I think it would be wise to ring for Bella and inform her of your intention, or rather desire."

"Not desire, my dear, not desire, intention, for if the child does not relish it it drops, that is all; if she likes it, then off she goes next week." So saying he touched a silver bell at his elbow. "Send in Miss Isabella," to a richly liveried servant who answered his summons.

A few seconds and the heavy, embroidered portiere was drawn aside and Isabella entered, beautiful as a dream. Well might the father be proud of his darling—the mother start at the dawn of her wondrous beauty. If dawn be so beautiful, what would the splendor of the noonday be?

Bella's taste was correct and delicate as her beauty. It was forenoon, yet; she wore a robe of pure white, fastened at the waist, wrists and throat with rose-color ribbon that showed to advantage the clearness of her complexion and the darkness of her hair. In her ears were rubies chased in gold. With the light, graceful bound of a fawn she came towards her parents.

"Papa." "Here, darling," and with outstretched arms he rose to meet her. "My own, dear, old papa," murmured the girl, returning his embrace, "what can I do for you?"

This shook his courage. How could he send her from him? How live when she was gone? A great cough and pull at his shirt collar. Coughs and shirt collars come in nicely once in a while. So thought Papa Schiller ere he framed an answer to Bella's simple question.

"Sit by mamma, darling; I will sit right here. I want to propose something. Now, darling, you are free; if you say no, papa will say no, too; if yes, he says yes; warm, is it?" He wiped his forehead.

"Oh, no, papa, just nice. You do not perspire; what is it, papa? Oh, tell me quick. I do want to know."

"Ahem! I think I must have caught cold."

"May be, papa; but what is it?"

"Well, you see, darling, you are growing up, now, and nearly—nearly—"

"Thirteen, papa, my next birthday."

"Yes, that is it; and I would like to send you to some school, say—"

"Away from home, papa?" and the girl's face fell.

"Ye-e-es, darling, if you would not mind."

"Very far away, papa?"

"Not so very far; about Virginia, I think. Is it not there that convent is, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, William; that is the catalogue on the table near you."

"Oh yes; here it is all explained; will you look it over, Bella, and give your answer this evening?"

"Would it make you both very happy if I say yes right off?" asked Bella, for she loved her parents.

"Yes, darling," they answered in a breath.

"Then, papa and mamma," taking a hand of each, "it is yes; Bella's great happiness is to make you both happy."

"Our own darling!" exclaimed both parents.

"Worthy of all our care," said the mother.

"Oh, ho! in time Bell will come round to things domestic. Will you not, Bell?" and the delighted father, kissing his child good-day, went to business with a heart full of joy, believing his health very good, the day very fine and business very brisk, all because Bella was unselfish.

"Gala day to-day!" cried a junior clerk, bursting into the senior's office. "I saw the boss a minute ago; his face shines like a new dollar."

"Guess he has struck a vein," said an elder, raising his eyes for a second from the column of figures before him.

He had struck a vein, but not such as the clerk imagined.

CHAPTER IV—THE BOTANICAL EXCURSION.

"Come, girls," cried Bertie. "Sister is ready."

"Waiting," corrected the Sister.

"Sister Genevieve, forgive our tardiness. Sister Madeleine mislaid the key of the press, and we had to wait for our bonnets."

"Have you each a tin box, pocket-knife and portfolio?"

"Yes, Sister; see our botanical equipment is complete. One, two, three—march!" laughed the girls.

"Stay a moment. Where is Jake?"

"Here I is, Marm; right square ready."

"Are you equipped also, Jake?"

"You bet I is, Marm; two full baskets. I'se got nuff for the young ladies, yo'self, Sista," nodding to the nun on duty, "and for dis here chile when he am hungry."

"That is always, Jake," put in Bertie, with a sly look at the girls, "when goodies are plenty."

Jake, somewhat abashed at the random shot, ran his fingers through his grizzly wool, hemmed, and replied, rather shyly:

"Well, yas, miss, it am convenient like den not to let goods waste."

"Ah! that is it, Jake. You are of an economical turn of mind, and dislike to see things that might be utilized wasted."

"He! he! he! Miss Bertie, you puts it clear; you knows."

"Jake you know the direction we take?"

"Yes, Sista, I knows; yo's a gwine to Oakbend. This here nigga mus' set de lunch under de great oak. Good day, ladies, Jake's agwine to take de short cut across de mound."

Oakbend, a beautiful vale through which flows the James, and so named because of the old oaks which grew near a bend in the river, was about thirty minutes walk from St. Mary's. Often had the pupils lunched there when out on botanical excursions, and always with increased delight, for Oakbend had many attractions. Rock-crowned heights, shady groves and refreshing arbors ever promised recreation and pleasure to its visitors, while its variety of flowers, mosses and lichens opened stores of useful knowledge for each young botanist.

Having arrived at the Bend, Rosa and Starry struck a path for themselves.

"We were not here last time," said Starry, stooping to examine a tuft of fresh green fern. "Rosa, see; I believe this is a species of aspenium. Is it not lovely?"

"Lovely, indeed!" exclaimed Rosa, coming to examine the fern.

"How beautiful must God be, Starry."

"Yes, since the cause is always superior to the effect, what beauty must reside in the Supreme Cause! Even the least of his works show forth perfect beauty—perfect beauty. Should I say perfect?"

Rosa, not heeding the query: "It is wonderful! Thank God! and how few give this subject a thought!"

"Where is the portfolio? I must save some of these leaves. Dig up some roots for the class."

"All right."

"I am glad I came this way, and that I did not go up among the rocks with the other girls."

"Oh, but they are sure to find some nice specimens there."

"This summer I will ask papa to take me to the seaside, while I remember my botany. I would like to study algae."

"That is a very good idea, Rosa. He has plenty of money, so he can give you pleasure and knowledge without any sacrifice on his part. Keep to that. Study also liverworts and lichens. You may find some species near the sea."

"I would like to see the 'Fucus Natans.' It is a wandering plant found about Florida and the gulf of Mexico, sometimes carried further north by the Gulf Stream. Some writer brings it into her works to symbolize a soul wanting a fixed purpose and carried around by every kind of doctrine. Is it Hemans?"

"I do not recollect, but it would not surprise me, for she has a special attraction for everything South."

"Yes, she has written of fireflies, of pomegranates, Indian summers, the 'Cid,' the 'Southern Cross,' and others I do not remember."

"I rather like her poems—they are so pure and sweet and Christian. Yet, among women poets, Adelaide Proctor is my favorite; but, apropos of the Southern Cross, a few days ago I opened a German work of Humboldt's, in which he alludes to the manner in which sailors in the South Seas use it as a clock that advances daily, I think, about four minutes. Speaking of the southern heavens in general, he says no one who has not had experience can understand what you feel when, for the first time, you see the stars familiar to you from childhood disappear and new ones take their places. Then, indeed, you believe yourself an exile and a wanderer, since even the heavens above you change! It must be strange and lonely! His words in German are much more touching than mine. They gave me great delight."

"That is why Sister Bernardine sometimes says, when she takes us to the Observatory, 'Thank God, the stars are the same!'"

"It must be. She is a European, and a stickler, too, for its old aristocratic ways."

"What hour is it, Starry? We have a good many mosses. Let me have your magnifier for a moment."

"Nearly thirty minutes after eleven. Oh,

Rosa, come here; look at this moss. It reminds me of the South."

"This is beautiful, but I must secure this lichen." After a pause, as she still searched among the lichens: "Have you seen the Tillandsia, or Spanish moss, Starry, so common in the South?"

"Yes, the year before I came—I think it must have been March or April—my mother went to New Orleans to visit some friends. She took me with her, as papa was busy then, and could not well attend to me. While there our friends took us to the 'Lake' and to 'Spanish Fort,' both places of amusement and nicely laid out. Everywhere we passed we noticed the trees draped—they seemed so sad."

"Draped! How?"

"The Tillandsia hangs in long, grey festoons from every twig and branch of the trees, and sways to the softest breeze."

"I suppose the Southerners do not mind it. They are accustomed to its appearance?"

"That may be, but I was not South long enough to grow used to its solemnity. It always reminded me of graveyards."

"Has it any blossom?"

"Yes, a small, funnel-shaped flower of delicate straw color, and with sweet perfume. Very few Southern girls give it any attention. When I mentioned it to my cousin she would scarcely believe me until she saw for herself. You can imagine how little care she gave its habits or appearances."

"Is it an air plant?"

"I think it must be, but I am not positive."

"Does it grow on small trees?"

"Yes, it grows on all alike. Wherever the wind carries a piece it grows."

"I should like to see it."

"To see what? Something strange, new or astonishing?" queried Bertie, darting arrow-like to Starry and Rosa.

"Nothing of the sort," answered Rosa, with fun beaming in every feature. "Only common Southern moss."

"Common! Miss Rosa! My darling, beautiful South. The Tillandsia is just lovely! You should see it, Starry. It would set you dreaming, as long as Rip Van Winkle slept."

"I have seen it," quietly rejoined Starry, "and am still awake."

"You have seen it, old girl?" exclaimed the astonished Bertie. "When? Where? How? Were you ever South? And you never told me!"

"One question at a time, dearie. I have told Rosa how sad the cold, grey festoons of your mighty oaks and pines made me feel, and how they always seemed to whisper of sorrow and death!"

"Hush! you naughty girl!" and Bertie placed her finger on Starry's mouth. "You must not let even the birds or flowers hear you speak these thoughts, nor must you connect sorrow and death with my lofty pines and spreading oaks. They are grand, like the people, Starry, grand, enduring and brave. Our people may seem draped in sorrow; still ever alive and active when aught good or noble requires their energies. See them during the horrors of an epidemic or the sufferings of crevasse! How they sacrifice all for the afflicted and distressed. Then they are grand, Starry. You must come South with me in the fall. Stay some time in the beautiful Teche country so delightful to Longfellow, and now the home of America's great Joe Jefferson. Will you come, Starry?"

"Some time."

"Ah! that kind of some time means never. Let me see." Turning Starry round she placed her hands on her shoulders, and looked her long in the eyes. "Now I know," she said. "I have discovered a secret that had long eluded my penetrative powers. Listen, one and all, great and small!"

"Why, Bertie, what do you mean?" asked Starry.

"Why, can't you comprehend? No! Then you shall be enlightened! It is the reflection of my lovely southern skies that has remained in your eyes, Starry, and made them so deep, thoughtful and—do you not understand?—the moss never left them; they are grey, too, mixed I guess, as each impression is revived in reversed order! I do not learn science for nothing. Come and see," she called out to Bella, who came towards them. Rosa repeated Bertie's fiction. "Do not be foolish, Bertie; I see nothing in Starry's eyes, more than in yours, only they are larger and brighter."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am, for your

unasked opinion," and Bertie courtesied low. "You may pass on, madam, your services are not required."

Isabella moved on to a ledge of rock that overhung the river, and which the girls were warned never to trust. To-day Bella forgot the warning, stepped out on the ledge and began her search for mosses. Many and new were the specimens she found here, for none of the girls had been there for years. In her delight she caroled snatches of old German songs learned from her mother. Rich and full was her voice, and never did it sound clearer or more melodious than on that day, when wood and river echoed the words of "Der Erlkönig," the opening song of Goethe's opera "Die Fischerin." The girls in the distance listened charmed. They could never hear "Du liebes kind, komm geh' mit mir" without a sudden thrill of pain.

"Well, mysterious lady," began Bertie, as they returned to work, "did you see the magnolia?"

"Yes, in all its beauty! in full blossom."

"It is beautiful, really, Starry; it brings me nearer home to talk with one who was there, even some years ago. Was not Magnol honored to have that grand tree called after him? I do not relish the task of modern botanists who name flowers for every actress, princess or president going. They should be more choice."

"Those who name flowers thus, Bertie, are not botanists, only florists. Catch Pliny, Theophrastes, or other true botanists, either of ancient or modern times, naming plants for actress, prince or ladylove. Not that they were devoid of heart or feeling. No! Science was their ladylove, and she alone should name their names."

"I do not know much about these far-back men, nor do they in truth evoke my enthusiasm; but for Gesner, his friend and pupil, Bauhen and Tournefort, I bear respect and many times feel sympathy with them, as they worked earnestly for the advancement of botany. Gesner's works I read with much pleasure, though in many cases subsequent botanists prove his theories incorrect. Still he has merits and can inform you on many points. He is called the 'Pliny of Germany.'"

"And you say nothing of the great Lin-

næus—the Northern Light, as Sir E. Smith justly calls him."

"I hold him highest of all. I was only waiting to come to him, working up my climax as orators do, placing my striking points, glowing to red heat, then to flash out into brilliant scintillations. You see, Starry, with all your gifts, you are not up to the times; effect—effect—is everything!"

"Well, Bertie, you do take one a-back!"

"A-back! How? I merely explain why I left Linnæus last and was training my voice to pathetic tremor, in order to relate in proper tone how he fell on his knees and wept for joy while he thanked God for the beautiful blossom of the furze, that my good nurse, Kathleen, tells me grows on every hill and bog-side in Ireland. For his sake I hold dear the Linnæus Borealis."

"I suppose when you go to London your first visit will be to his library, now in possession of the Royal Society."

"I would it were this moment," said Bertie with mock gravity. "How I would revel in his manuscripts, herbariums and natural collections! But old men's things always seem musty and to smell of smoke!" Bertie made a face as if she had the veritable manuscripts at hand.

"I never noticed that, and I have examined several manuscripts both at Washington and particularly at the Smithsonian Institute."

"You did not notice! Then I must renounce my belief in the power of olfactory organs! but even if you did notice, Starry, you would not pretend."

"Would I not?"

"No, you are too thoughtful and charitable. I would exclaim right off: 'How funny,' although I would not mean to hurt. Here is a lovely Houstonia Caerulea, named after that big man, and it such a mite."

"The 'Claytonia Virginia,' which commemorates Clayton, is also small. The 'Kalmia,' our American laurel, named from Kalm, seems to me the only appropriate name's sake."

"I wonder what special plant shall I discover? To it I shall bequeath my

name. Berthalon I would call it. Bertha is too common. Let me consider."

Bertie dropped her knife, closed her tin box with a bang, placed one hand under her chin and looked very solemnly out into space.

"Wait until you discover the plant," said Starry digging away at a root; "then you may think of the name, and I hope you will invite us all to the christening."

"Your word on that, Starry, I shall not forget; however, as you say, it is wiser to wait." A merry laugh rang out through the woods.

"Bertie-e-e"—"Ye-e-es"—"Come, we're all ready for luncheon"—"All right, we are 'a-coming,' but our heads are not bending low, they are rather high, and our appetites are ravenous!"

"Speak in the singular number," said Starry; "refined ladies never have appetites."

"Oh! Jakey! then I never shall be refined, for my appetite is always good. Like Jakey, I reckon, I do not want the things to waste. But, ah! that looks nice."

A bend in the path brought into view the girls seated in groups round tablecloths spread on the soft green turf, 'neath the broad shady oaks, and well supplied with meats, cakes and fruits.

"Sister Genevieve looks satisfied; I guess the classes did good work to-day."

Coming to the place allotted to the Superior Class, Rosa took an apple. "Who can tell the parts in this fruit?" "Oh!

enough of that," said Bertie; "when I eat my apple it is all the same whether I know epicarp from sarcocarp or endocarp. I enjoy it, and that is paramount!"

"Is that from your heart, Bertie Landey? Who says—"

"One, two, three, are we all here?" broke in Starry, looking round at the groups. "Where is Bella?"

"Bella!" echoed many voices; "we never missed her: let her own class seek her."

"All right!" exclaimed Starry, Bertie and Rosa, starting to their feet. When they had gone a little into the woods, Bertie said: "Let me give a bugle call I learned at home." They assented, and a huntsman's horn woke the stillness around.

"That is enough," said Starry, "let us try where we saw her last."

"Oh! not there," said Rosa, with a shudder.

"Why not?" asked Bertie rather surprised. "What do you fear?"

"Nothing!" said Rosa, and her lips tightened.

"Call Bella, Bertie, as loud as you made that whoop."

The name rang out through the silence. This time Bella answered, and so near that the girls started and for an instant they listened. Then came a wild scream, a crash! They rushed to the river in time to see a man from the opposite bank dive beneath the rolling waters. Then all was silent, save ripple of wave or song of bird.

To be continued.

LOVE DIVINE.

ESTELLE MARIE GERARD.

As bars of golden sunlight, leaning low,
Irradiate the walls of ocean caves—
Where ceaselessly the foam-wreathed
water laves
The slimy floor, and winds unresting
blow—
So, Love Divine illumines hearts that
know
The chilling blasts of sin, and veriest
knaves
Succumb to that sweet force which now
enslaves

Their baneful power. Yea, thus 'tis ever
so
The Loving Heart of Christ for sinners
yearns!
Within His Sacred Breast the fire that
burns
Is quenchless as the stream that from His
Side
Did start on Calvary. O Crimson Tide;
Flow on for aye, and hide within Love's
sea
The weary hearts that to thy mercy flee!

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

SISTER ROSALIA, O. P.

<p>For the strength of the hills we praise Thee, O God, our fathers' God!</p> <p>For the strength of the hills deep pillared In the elemental sod!</p> <p>For the strength of the peaks and moun- tains, Whose heads, uplifted high, Outline their glorious beauty On the vast ethereal sky.</p> <p>For the gorgeous constellations The midnight skies reveal, The star-dust wide outscattered, 'Neath Thy flying chariot wheel.</p> <p>For the grandeur of the ocean, Whose deep-toned surges roll, Forever and forever, Thy praise from soul to soul.</p> <p>Wide, fathomless, unbounded, It rolls from shore to shore, Unto whose thundering billows, "Thus far," Thou saidst, "no more."</p> <p>Cloud, rainbow, dew and hoar-frost, Ice, hail, and snow and rain, Whirlwind, fire and tempest, Repeat the grand refrain.</p> <p>For the soft and soulful South wind, For the North wind's tempest blast, For the whirl of the East and West winds As they bend the swaying mast;</p>	<p>For the stately forest monarch, For the wild flowers at his feet, For the ferny, fairy dingle, Where the rippling runnels meet.</p> <p>For the lily's snow-white chalice, Of purity the crown, For the breath of the fragrant heather As it sweeps o'er the breezy down.</p> <p>For the rose queen's glowing mantle, Changed of old, the legends said, From white to the deepest crimson By a drop from Thy thorn-crowned head.</p> <p>For moonlight, and sunlight and shadow, For the starlight glittering keen, For dawnlight and dewy twilight, And the grass' emerald sheen.</p> <p>Not less for the tiny birdlings, Whose matin songs uprise, The thrush in the mossy meadow, The lark in the glowing skies.</p> <p>All, all, O great Creator, Thy wondrous works proclaim, In grand orchestral numbers, The glory of Thy Name.</p> <p>To Thee, O great Jenovah, We bend the suppliant knee, For these Thy gifts and graces, Sweet praise we render Thee.</p>
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"Let all, pastors and people, have recourse with full confidence to the protection of the mighty Virgin. Let them unceasingly unite, in public and in private, by praise, by prayer, by desires to implore her aid, and to make supplication to her, the Mother of God and our Mother: *Show thyself a Mother!* May her motherly gentleness preserve, save from all peril her entire family, lead it to a real prosperity, establish it chiefly in holy unity! May she look down with kindness upon Catholics of every race; bind them together in bonds of charity, and make them more active and more constant in maintaining the honor of religion, which involves the greatest benefits for the state! May she look down most kindly upon our separated brethren; may she awaken in them salutary desires, foster them when awakened, and lead them to a happy issue! May that widespread devotion towards her which our separated brethren in the East profess, and the many illustrious deeds performed by their ancestors in her honor be of great avail for them now! May the memory of the most benevolent patronage, by which through many ages she both experienced and recompensed the devotion of all classes to her, avail much now for our separated brethren in the West! For both, and for all others wheresoever they are, may the unanimous and suppliant voice of Catholic nations make powerful intercession, and may our voice ever assist them, crying out even to the last breath: Show thyself a Mother!—From the Encyclical of His Holiness Leo XIII., September 5, 1895.

DOMINICAN MISSIONS IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

II.

On seeing the members of his own Order, the holy Bishop embraced them with transports of joy, exclaiming: "I am your brother! You will be my helpers and my supporters. Together we shall work for the glory of God, and for the salvation of the souls intrusted to me. What a happiness to see the children of our blessed Father, S. Dominic."

Immediately after their arrival those devoted missionaries prepared for the labor awaiting them. John de Castro, their superior, assembled his brethren in the Convent of the Franciscan Fathers, and after a warm exhortation, divided them into three bands. One remained in Manila, for the foundation of the Convent there, in which Dominican observance should flourish, and from which they could go abroad and labor for the sanctification of the European residents and for the instruction of the Chinese, who had already come to that city in great numbers. The two other bands were sent, respectively, to the Indians in the region of Batan, and to the province of Pangasinan, the latter a perilous and more remote mission.

Father Dominic Navareta, who labored for a long time on the Philippine Mission, has left to posterity some interesting details concerning the natives. Besides the Indian half-breeds, there were two principal races of Indians: the true negroes, or Negritos, with short, curly hair, originally from New Guinea, and the Tambales, who, like the Canariens, were conspicuous by their long, straight hair. The Tambales came chiefly from the neighborhood of Goa, and as a race were more amenable to the influences of civilization.

The Tambales were, for their own preservation and defense, the mortal enemies of the Negritos, who defied subjugation, for, as Father Navarreta wrote, "it was

impossible to subdue them, even with an army of a hundred thousand men. First, because their mountains are inaccessible and so covered with wood that only by felling trees could Spaniard or Indian pass, while the blacks go in and out each hole like hares. Secondly, because, keeping themselves behind the trees, they, with their arrows, kill as many as they like, without being seen, for their color cannot be distinguished from that of the trees."*

The Indians and the Tambales generally occupied the lower part of the mountains, and, when at peace with the Negritos, the latter came in troops to the villages and towns, where they received tobacco, old clothes and wine, in return for which they assisted the principal Indians in the cultivation of their lands. Father Navarreta naively tells us of his surprise on finding the Negritos so fat, tall and robust, living as they did on the wild roots of the mountains, a little fruit and occasionally raw flesh, and having no clothing but their skin, no other bed than the ground. Their bows, made of the wood of a sort of palm tree, which is as hard as iron, were as long as the men. The strings were made from the bark of the trees, and of enormous strength. They also used a small iron weapon, the handle of which was made from a composition of burnt oyster shells and snail shells, having the appearance of fine marble. This axe-like implement was used only when in close quarters with an enemy, and so dexterous were they that with one stroke they could sever the head from the body. These barbarous mountaineers and woodsmen had a special fondness for cups made of human skulls, and therefore he who possessed the greatest number of such gruesome dishes was accounted the most valiant in his tribe. From this passion a mania for sheer murder often seized them, urging them on expeditions for the purpose of securing heads. In some places this barbarous custom had another horrible phase. The warrior who gar-

*The present "pacification" of the Philippines is not without precedent.

landed his head with the greatest number of human teeth drawn from his slain victims was held in the highest esteem.

From these details we can understand in a manner the hardships which the pioneer missionaries endured in their efforts to subject to the yoke of the Gospel nations so barbarous. But the statistics bear eloquent testimony to the Christian heroism of the Spanish friars and Bishops. Out of a population now estimated at more than nine millions, scarcely one million are pagan. Spanish politicians and administrators may not have achieved the success usually ascribed to Anglo-Saxon methods, nor may their labors meet with the high approval of American "benevolent assimilators"; these are matters debatable. But of one fact there can be no question: Spanish zeal civilized and Christianized the mixed inhabitants of those distant islands in a manner and measure that History applauds as unsurpassed the world over. Those who have lived among the Negroes of Africa or the Malays of the Indian archipelago understand how sharply drawn is the line of demarkation among the different races of the human species. For vivacity of mind, elevation of thought, nobility of sentiments, there are few Europeans who do not excel the most cultivated Tagals as they were even after one hundred years of Christian civilization.

At the present time a wonderful advance is evident, but much yet remains that bears the stamp of a decided inferiority. Let it be remembered that Spain had to deal with races that for centuries had been abandoned to the impulses of corrupt nature, unchecked by public opinion, unrebuked by conscience. Fear was their only restraint. Careless and slothful, inconstant in their tastes and affection, ungrateful through apathy rather than through malice, the Indian of Luzon has often sorely taxed the patience of the missionaries who have brought to him the truths of the Gospel. The pomp of the Catholic worship eventually triumphed over his indifference, and until Freemasonry invaded the Islands Religion was the only social and political bond of the Filipinos. From one end of the Archi-

pelago to the other the solemnities and rest of Sunday appealed to the natives in the spirit of a faith simple and sincere, though it did not often rise to such heights as Europeans have known. But to those childlike people it came with lessons of gentleness and submission; it acquainted them with other joys than those, the brutal pleasures to which their instinct had hitherto led them.

Not only had the missionaries to struggle against the degeneracy and corruption of a fallen race; they were exposed to the influence of a climate always unwholesome and often dangerous. Moreover, they found it a difficult task to learn the different dialects which prevailed among the various tribes. Not without grave reason, therefore, has it been said that "Europeans have not been able to establish themselves in those countries except by an energy accustomed to overcome all barriers, to triumph over all obstacles."*

Such were the problem and the peril confronting the Friars Preachers in the Philippines when they began the work of evangelizing the natives; and to these difficulties were added the opposition and scandal arising from the rapacity and debauchery of Spanish adventurers. But the friars did not hesitate as to the means; they knew that if they would plant the Church, their own example more than their word must lead the way of the Cross of Jesus Christ. They resolved to live again, through religious observance and regularity, the life of their Blessed Father S. Dominic. This purpose is admirably developed in a circular letter which Father John de Castro had addressed to them before their departure from Mexico. We shall give this document with great pleasure, for it is still, after three hundred years, the living expression of the spirit which animates our brethren of the Province of the Holy Rosary in the Philippines.

To be continued.

*Americans have begun, and at cruel cost of body, of mind, of life, to realize this truth.

A THOUGHT FROM S. CATHARINE
OF SIENA.

EDITH R. WILSON.

"And yet I tell thee (said the sweet Word of God)
these are another Myself, inasmuch as they have de-
nied their own will and are clothed with Mine."—*Di-
logue of S. Catharine of Siena.*

"I live, yet now, not I, but Christ in me,"
Why then, to be a saint would mean to
find

A life distinct from self and other than
One's own; and finding, live thereby,
making
One's former self the hierophant of that
New shrine, the ministrant of that fair
Sanctuary: subdued and sanctified
By the quick, prescient sense of Life
divine,
Calm'd, quieted and weaned from out-
ward things;
Enthralled and rapt by the transcendent
Consciousness of that new Gift. To stand,
Not as do radiant angels, 'neath God's
throne,
Bright scintillating with the glory of
Its rays—bedewing their white wings with
Rainbow gleams,—but tenanted by God
Forevermore, to move across the desert
Of this life; like Judah's holy tent,
In pilgrim guise, the scarlet and fair
linen
Hid from sight. Noted alone, amid that
Countless caravansary by the o'ershadow-
ing
Cloud, veiling, while it revealed,
The dwelling place of God. So to move on
Till Jordan's bound be gained; and then—
To enter into rest. To be borne up
With joy and festal throng and song of
them
That triumph o'er the foe. To pass within
The gates of fair Jerusalem,—the Vision
Of God's Peace, and rest upon the rock
Of His own choosing; there to rise up
In gloriousness of beauty—His,
His alone, and His forevermore.

THE EARTHLY SHEPHERD.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

I see One coming across the wold,
My gracious Lord!
Whiter than snow is He—is He!
And tender the gaze that He bends on me.
O blest reward
For all my labor, for all my pain,
To feel I dwell in His Heart again!

How shall I welcome my gracious Lord
Now He is here?
Sudden a-tremble, passionate, dim,
The tear-stained face that I turn to Him
In anxious fear.
He proffers pardon. O joy divine!
Bliss of forgiveness! His love is mine.

"What can I do for Thee, Lord? My
Lord!"
His word is nigh:
"Gather my sheep and the lambs a-cold,
Luring them back to the blessed Fold!"
Quick! ere they die.
They wandered far in the snow and rain;
I hear their moaning, I feel their pain!"

Over the crags and the pathless plain
They softly come.
Breathless and blissful, I lead them on,—
For love, it is mighty to rest upon!—
In silence dumb:
Thine is the Voice which they love and
know;
I only guide them through sleet and snow.

Ever thy tenderness thrills the gloom
With life and cheer.
Help us and welcome us, Lord of the
Fold!
Show us Thy radiant City of Gold,
Swung close a-near!
Windless, unruffled, Thy luminous sea,
Ever reflecting the rose-warmth of Thee.

I will assert that never is our love for Jesus so feelingly excited as when we contemplate him in conjunction with His Blessed Mother. Never has the eye of art seen Him so amiable, never do our hearts so warm to Him, and feel so familiarized with Him, as when He is represented to us as a lovely Infant reposing in the arms of His Virgin Mother. Never do we so feel what He underwent, how He bled, how He died for our redemption, as when we gaze upon His pale and bloodless corpse, laid upon the lap of his heart-broken Mother, and read in her countenance a grief such as all the world else could not contain.—*Cardinal Wiseman.*

THE ROSARY—MARY'S GIFT.

With a heavenly origin, the authenticity of which has often been proclaimed by the Vicar of Christ, the Beads have become an integral part of our Catholic devotion, a marked sign of our Catholic faith. From that glad day when our Lady's vision flooded S. Dominic's soul and wrapped him as in heavenly splendor, not only restored France, but the nations of the world wherever Christ's holy name has been proclaimed, have looked up to Mary's throne, and with eyes of faith have there beheld the new Jacob's ladder stretching down from Heaven even to the earth. And daily, and often through the day, do those eyes rejoice because of the myriads of Angels, our Lady's ready servants, going up and coming down—going up from this vale of tears, this land of sorrows, this place of exile, bearing from hearts pure and innocent, from hearts sin-burdened and defiled, from hearts longing for their true Country, the heavenly Fatherland, the powerful Ave that means so much to us poor children of Eve; and coming down, laden with gifts, gifts for the rich and for the poor, health for the sick, strength for the weak, courage for the faltering, light for the wandering, comfort for the afflicted, a refuge for the fallen, a shield for the innocent, triumph for the struggling combatant—gifts for all in every need, for with the Queen of Heaven are all riches, with her do all good things abound. And blessed are they who as little ones watch at her doors, for, finding her, they will find eternal life.

By the Rosary, therefore, we not only offer becoming homage to our Blessed Lady, but we find in it the safe way, the divinely appointed means, whereby she leads us to the fuller knowledge, the tenderer loving and the braver following of

her beloved Son. We have the authority of our Faith for declaring that it is God's will that we should go to Him by the way in which He came to us, the way of His Divine Son, Jesus Christ, our true and only Redeemer, our true and only Mediator of atonement, Who Himself tells us that He is the Way and the Truth and the Life.

But we have also the authority of the Fathers for declaring that unto Jesus our Hope there is no way more secure than that by which He hath become our Hope, the way of the Incarnation, in which our Lady holds so necessary, so essential a place. Thus Mary assumes towards us, and by special right, a prerogative, not of mediation by atonement, which belongs only to our Lord, but of mediation by intercession, in which, as outranking all the other friends of God who are entitled to speak in our behalf, she must be accorded a glorious queenship.

How precious, therefore, how sacred, how powerful, how unfailing is this right for us, with which our Saviour has crowned His dearest Mother! To her sweet face we look, that we may catch the reflected loveliness of that Divine Beauty ever ancient, yet ever new. And we know that her solicitude, as it was from the beginning, shall be unto the end; that for all ages the trust holds, which our Lord committed to Her from His Cross. Her command, therefore, to S. Dominic, to preach the Rosary, was not solely because of the evils of his day; in the designs of God it has become a pledge of our Lady's loving solicitude, a proof that through this revelation of light and power, she will continue to watch tenderly over the faith of succeeding generations.

Where shall an Infant God be sought
But at a Virgin's breast?
Can we adore the Son, and not
Believe the Mother blest?

Where shall we fondly hail the bud
But on the parent stem?
How can we look to Jesus' Blood
And Mary's tears contemn?

—Sister Mary Alphonsus, O. P.

OUR CATHOLIC LAITY AND PUBLIC DUTY.

To study the needs of one's day, and to do for them what lies in one's power, is not attempting any uncalled-for mission; it is merely working out in a meritorious manner the will of God in our regard. The divine plan for humanity makes it impossible for us to believe that we may safely be interested in our personal concerns alone. The most self-sufficient one among us is forced from the cradle to the grave to be dependent upon others. He may give in money an equivalent for what he receives. But if others the world over could not supply life's necessities, the mere material money would be as worthless as stones when a man is famishing for bread.

When *The Sacred Heart Review* of Boston, one of the ablest of our Catholic journals, began an agitation of the matter of Catholic Unity, it reminded the faithful of one of our highest, holiest and most important duties. Keenly alive to all that is at stake in our dealings with other nations, and with other peoples and races within our boundaries, the Review would awaken American Catholics to a like realization, and to earnest, systematic, persistent action. To be more explicit, it would have the great body of the Catholic American laity make its weight felt in the scales of justice when statesmen are dealing with gigantic questions affecting souls even more than bodies, and concerning the welfare of the country itself in matters of vital importance. It would have a united Catholic body to take hold of the problems of the American Indians, of the Cubans, of the Puerto Ricans, and of the Filipinos, who are Catholics and who wish to remain Catholics. To see that the religion of these helpless races is not wrested from them by the imposition of Godless schools, and of a missionary propaganda that means a horde of irreligion and rapacity, is the duty of Catholic Americans. The assistance, the counsel, the guidance of the priesthood is necessary and ever to be desired for such an undertaking, but as the movement would

largely be political, though not partisan, the fact cannot be denied that the call is for a body that will represent the people. Hence, the undertaking should be primarily and visibly of the laity. It is necessary to bring home to the mind and conscience of honest Americans that the interests of the Church are so truly our own personal interests that they cannot be hurt anywhere under the American Flag without hurting us, not only as Catholics, but as citizens of the Republic. As a consequence of this truth, and as a preparation to its enforcement, we may remark that now, as never before in the history of our country, is it necessary that the Catholic laity should know the Church well, should behold their own personal interests bound up with hers, should strive in every possible way to make themselves her worthy representatives.

Considering their generally marked activity and interest in parochial matters, and in Catholic charitable institutions not embraced within parochial limits, many of our people are strangely apathetic in those greater, if not more important matters that have a national bearing upon the Church and upon individual Catholics. The reason of this may be briefly set forth under three heads: (1) We put forth our energies, usually, in behalf of what we value and love. We do not value and love the Church as we should because we do not know her true worth. We do not study her sufficiently to know what a power for good she has ever been, and what a power for good we possess today by membership in her fold. Let us so study her life history that in its spirit we shall long to re-enact the noble deeds for God and for humanity which were wrought by her children in the days of old. (2) We put forth our energies where it is a personal duty to do so. Often we ignore the fact that from the very beginning the Divine Founder of the Church sought human co-operation in doing His great work. His plan has never changed. The success of the Church, to a certain extent, depends upon every individual

Catholic. The Church is ours to build up, spiritually and materially, as much as it was of the men and women who in the early days gathered around the Apostles and their successors and helped them in the work of its first planting and growth. They did not look upon it merely as the straightest avenue by which to reach Heaven. They felt it to be their bounden duty to help in strengthening and expanding the Church, God's Kingdom on earth. Feeling, as they did, that her every interest is our very own, we shall be their imitators in deed in and in truth. (3) We put forth our energies, usually, in any cause which we are called upon to represent before the public, when we feel that we have prepared ourselves for so doing, and are, therefore, able to do so. Now there never was an organization for a great cause that possessed more clearly defined characteristics than the Church

of Christ. She is one, holy, catholic, apostolic. Have the children of the church conformed themselves to her likeness in these features, so that they may feel brave in representing her in matters of widespread importance? We fear not, for if they had, the Catholic laity would long ago have lifted their voice in behalf of Christian laws that are flagrantly ignored among us.

The Sacred Heart Review does not advocate a Catholic political party. Far from it. It advocates a strong, vigilant, active Catholic body, created by a union of the Catholics of the United States, whatever be their political affiliations, which from its very earnestness and worth should bear weight upon all parties when it had a word to say upon vital interests affecting the well being of Church and country, of homes and individuals. We shall again take up this question.

MATER DOLOROSA.

LOUIS B. JAMES.

Mater Dolorosa! Pitying star,
That sendest thy rays to wanderers far
On the stormy deep
Of the ocean where sweep
Wild winds of passionate sorrow and
pain;
Oh! what were the guide,
Mid the ravings and tide,
Did not thy light with its toilers remain.

Mater Dolorosa! Life's sweetest hope,
Each ray of thy brightness gives courage
to cope
With the billows that rise
Round each bark as it flies
For the tempests evoked by evil or sin.
Oh! what were their power,
For strife in that hour,
Wert thou not given sure triumph to win.

O Mother, be ever our solace and stay,
Whate'er be the clouds or the suns of our
day,
Thy radiance shall reach us,
Thy counsels shall teach us,
And strong in thy love we shall rise
To heights where the tried
With wisdom abide,
And find our names written 'mong those
reckoned wise.

EASTER MORN.

LOUIS B. JAMES.

"He is risen, He is not here!"
And Mary's heart shrank in fear.
Whither should she searching go?
Whither bear her weight of woe?
She wandered through the garden fair,
Each breath a vow, each step a prayer.
A turn brought her face to face
With him who held in charge the place.
So Mary thought and bent her knee.
"O Master, give my Lord to me;
I will take Him!" Her love had bought
New strength from tears. She gave no
thought
To word or deed; in that hour dread
Grief hath its gloom about her shed!
And Christ, who read her heart, repaid
Her love a hundredfold. He said,
"Mary!" A light fell on her soul.
"Rabboni!" She could scarce control
Her rapture: then a calm surcease
Of all save sweetest love and peace.

May we as Mary, on this Easter morn,
Find in our souls God's grace new born;
May angels whisper, as we near
His altar, "Christ awaits you here,
In love and mercy bearing peace,
To all who seek from sin release,
Who, with His precious Food refreshed,
Go on their way through life all blessed.

EDITORIAL.

DEVOTIONAL.

April is memorable for the number of Dominican champions whose triumphant glory not the Order alone but the whole Church commemorates. A brief consideration of the most prominent characteristics of these saints is a slight tribute to their merits and an appeal to their clients among the children and the friends of S. Dominic's Order.

S. Vincent Ferrer was the greatest preacher of his age and one of the greatest preachers of all times. Europe rang with his eloquence, unnumbered thousands admired his sanctity, and many strove to imitate it. His conversions were numerous and marvellous. His miracles were astounding. His great theme in preaching was the coming of the Judgment. The innocence of S. Vincent's life, coupled with his rigorous penances; his dread of the great accounting day; his burning zeal for souls, are lessons that should not require a commentary, even for sensual people in a sensual age.

The life of S. Agnes of Montepulciano presents to us the type of virginal innocence sheltered from childhood within the sanctuary of Religion, and there leading a life in prayer and penance, hidden with Christ in God. For "busy" people who have no time to pray, and for sinners who have no time to repent, S. Agnes is an example of encouragement, and, justly, too, of reproach.

S. Peter crowned his devoted service of God in apostolic works by the offering of his life. He is the martyr of the "Credo." We need the stimulus of his heroism to spur us on to labors of zeal, and a share of his love and faith to make our "Credos" worthy in God's sight.

The name of S. Catherine of Siena is in wonderful renown in the Church. Her life is an epoch. Later we shall sketch it. Only two points do we now suggest: She loved Christ and Him Crucified, and she loved and served His Vicar on earth. May we imitate her in both.

The first half of the present April speaks to the Catholic heart in accents of sadness and pain. Rich should be the contemplation of these days sacred to the sorrow of our Saviour's Passion, in grace and in penitential spirit to the true followers of His Cross. And this title of honor and glory is not for those only whose lives are dedicated to religion; it should be the dearest ambition of every soul baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity.

It is a salutary thought therefore, and one that can be made practical, that in the measure of our knowing, loving and following our Blessed Redeemer in the way of His most bitter woe, shall we find the right to share in the light and glory of His triumphant rising.

Share in our Lady's woe on the feast of her Compassion, and ask her, in true contrition, to teach you the meaning of our Lord's Cross and of the dolors of her own immaculate heart. Pierced by the sword of a grief that far exceeded the greatest of earth's afflictions or the accumulation of the martyrs' sufferings, the heart of Mary the Mother of Sorrows has become the refuge of sinners, next in power of comfort to the Heart of Jesus, her beloved Son.

The suspension of indulgences announced for this jubilee year does not affect those attached to the Rosary, inasmuch as they are applicable to the souls in Purgatory, in whose favor we should make strenuous endeavor during this holy period.

Study the sorrowful mysteries of the Beads; this is their season. The Mother of Sorrows will lead you to the Man of Sorrows. He is your Model. These are not mere words; they are Divine truths. Meditate; beseech; but on Calvary, in the light of its darkness.

"When I shall be lifted up I shall draw all things to Myself." "I am the Light that enlighteneth every man coming into this world."

As no offering is so acceptable to the Divine Majesty as the "clean oblation," which is "from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof," celebrated on altars the world over, we urge upon all our readers to make a special effort, during this blessed time, to share in the precious gifts of the Holy Sacrifice by daily attendance at mass.

This month will close radiant with the splendor which on Easter morning will burst upon all from whose eyes the scales have fallen of sin and worldliness, who are able spiritually to see the things that are not of mere flesh and blood, who have died to such, and have thus merited to rise with Him who dieth now no more. The first glorious mystery of the Beads is a precious commemoration that dominates in rejoicing and congratulations the Paschal season, which is its prolonged echo, in an *Alleluia* of forty days and more.

Christ risen from the dead, having entered on the newness of His glorified life, is the fountain of our hope, the well-spring of our joy. To us death will as surely come as sorrows with us ever abide. Bearing these in the spirit of Christian patience and courage, we shall meet the great conqueror, not as vanquished but as victors, for we know that our Redeemer liveth, and with Him are the keys of death. The lessons of hope and courage, with graces corresponding, which thus come home to us, preserve a holy balance when we stand aghast at the memory of our sins, and in the dreary light of Calvary's darkness, at the realization of their fearful price.

The cheering thought of coming glory will support the downcast penitent, and mingle sweetly with rejoicings that not even sin's memory may shut out, because of our Lord's triumph in His Resurrection.

For needed comfort, therefore, and for encouragement in this vale of tears, we remind our readers of the light and power and splendor and glory of those mysteries of our Lady's Rosary, special to the Paschal time, and we urge them to seek her blessed direction and mighty aid.

CONGREGATIONAL.

The celebration of S. Patrick's day in S. Dominic's was notable. The religious features included solemn high mass, excellent singing by the Junior Choir, and a fervent panegyric by the Reverend William A. Netterville of Vallejo.

In the evening the Young Men's Holy Name Society gave a performance in S. Dominic's Hall. Their friends came in goodly numbers to encourage the young people, and to be entertained. Both objects were gained. There was clever acting; admirable harp, violin and cornet solos of Irish music were heartily applauded, and soul-stirring songs of the old land moved many a heart. The programme was varied and of generous length. The young men's quartette surprised their friends.

Altogether the occasion was an enjoyable one, and our congratulations to the society can take no better form than the wish cordially expressed that they will continue in the work of self-improvement and culture on which they have so earnestly entered.

Benicia and Vallejo made merry on S. Patrick's day—the former with a literary and musical entertainment, of which we have heard glowing reports; the latter with lecture by Father Netterville and a concert.

On March 2d the fourth anniversary of the death of the venerable Father Aerden was celebrated in Martinez. His successor, Father Lawlor, arranged for a fitting commemoration of the dead pastor, who had so long and faithfully served the people of those parts. The attendance by Fathers and students from Benicia enabled the pastor to carry out the full Dominican ritual. Our Martinez correspondent writes that the music was a marked feature of the service, and that many non-Catholics were present at the solemn requiem mass, in testimony of their esteem for the dead priest, whose memory is held in honor among them.

An entertainment and reception will be held at Port Costa on the 21st inst. for the

purpose of raising funds to help in liquidating the debt on St. Patrick's new church. The ladies are determined to make it a success, and we have no doubt as to the result.

S. Dominic's Choir, under the direction of the organist, Franklin Palmer, will sing, at the Solemn High Mass at 11 o'clock, on Easter, the following programme: Gloria, Sanctus, Agnus: (S. Cecilia Mass), Gounod; Kyrie, Credo (Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart), Gounod; Offertory, Tenor Solo, "Hosanna" (Grainer), Mr. Tom Greene; "Fili et Filiae" (Gregorian). The solo parts will be sung by Miss Lily L. Roeder, soprano; Mrs. Alice Smith, contralto; Mr. Tom Greene, tenor, and Sig. S. S. Wanrell, basso.

The regular monthly musical service will be given in the evening of the same day, and will consist of solos by Sig. Wanrell, Miss Roeder and Mrs. Smith, and selections by the choir. The following organ pieces will be played on the grand organ Easter day: Pascal Sonata, Lemmens; Toccata, "Ite Missa Est," Mailly; "Paque Fleuris," Mailly; "O Fili," Guillmant; Sonata, "O Fili," Lemmens.

SOCIETIES.

From the latest quarterly report of the Archdiocesan Union of the Holy Name Society for the archdiocese of New York, we glean some interesting facts concerning this admirable organization and revealing a measure of the good accomplished by the devoted members.

Sixty different branches, representing as many parishes, are affiliated to the Union, the spiritual direction of which is assigned to the Right Reverend Monsignor Mooney, Vicar-General of New York, by special appointment of the Archbishop.

The aggregate attendance at the quarterly Communion was 71,800; at the meetings, 59,224—figures that are significant of piety and living interest on the part of the associates.

These notable results have been secured through the unremitting zeal of Archbishop Corrigan, a prelate of great learning and piety, of his devoted Vicar-General, Monsignor Mooney, of the clergy

in general, and of the leading laymen affiliated to the Sodality of the Holy Name, whose example is as beautiful as it is strong before the children of this world. What has been accomplished in the metropolis of the country can be accomplished in due proportion in every city of the United States.

An organization that plays an important part in the religious and social life of S. Dominic's is the Young Women's Rosarian Society. Apart from its religious work, which is the special honor of our Lady and the sanctification of its members, this society has its social side. The meetings have regularly many pleasant features, and formal entertainments are given from time to time.

It is also a noteworthy fact that the young Rosarians are always ready to assist the Fathers in every undertaking for the temporal welfare of the congregation.

A cordial invitation is extended to the young women of S. Dominic's who are not already members to join this society. They will be welcomed at any time by the Director, Father Clancy, or at the regular meetings, held on the first Monday of each month in S. Dominic's Hall.

In the election of officers for the present year the following members were chosen to direct the affairs of the society: President, Miss Julia C. Coffey; Vice-President, Miss Mary Clancy; Secretary, Miss Rosella McKeon; Treasurer, Miss Kittie Murray.

LITERARY.

The lover and frequenter of the Poets will acknowledge, on reading THE MARTYRS' IDYL AND SHORTER POEMS that Louise Imogen Guiney justly occupies a high seat among the masters of song. We seem to hear one who has received the "divine inspiration" and who sings it forth with the rhythm and freedom of healthy breathing. In diction these poems admirably combine terseness and clearness; while their thought, transporting the reader to entrancing elevations, makes him sensible that he is standing securely on the strong and lasting solidity of an all-enduring mountain peak.

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Every poem in the volume is a clear-cut brilliant reflecting a light not all of earth; and it is a source of consolation and hope to see, in our sordid age, this divine art awakening the eternal harmony and meaning of our bewildered world.

The drama of the United Martyrdoms of SS. Dorothea and Didymus is a truly classic work. Witty in dialogue and dramatic in its situations, it highly entertains the imagination; while the depth of its Christian pathos sways the most serious sentiments of the soul. There is an occasional technical error, we think a mere oversight, in the metre of this drama—an error attributable, no doubt, to the intricacies of rapid and spirited dialogue. And again, the term "boor" put into the mouth of a personage of the early fourth century, sounds somewhat anachronistic. Of the "Shorter Poems" we can hardly say which most commands our admiration; for, whatever the subject, the art and thought in all of them are true and elevating. But perhaps it was our sympathy with the subjects themselves that made us linger long over the "Virgo Gloriosa—Mater Amantissima," the "Ode for a Master Mariner," and, for its finely graphic power, "The Squall."

This is a book to have always at hand to help us meditate; and we have no hesitation in saying that, in the truest and highest sense of the poetic art, this country possesses a poet in Louise Imogen Guiney. Her present volume Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, have brought out with their accustomed elegance.

Only a soul deeply religious, thoroughly conversant with the great masterpieces, and in love with true art, could have conceived anything so exquisite as THE THREE ARCHANGELS AND THE GUARDIAN ANGELS IN ART. This is the latest work by Eliza Allen Starr. The little volume is itself an artistic production, for, with its charmingly written pages, richly illustrated with half-tones from the masters, and in its dainty dress of white and gold, it is a joy to the book lover, to every lover of the beautiful.

Considering the nearness of the Easter feast, we regard Miss Starr's lovely volume as a most appropriate offering for this season, and in this spirit we gladly

commend it to our readers. If success meets merit on the way, THE THREE ARCHANGELS will have a deservedly large sale.

We take great pleasure in adding that the venerable and truly lovable authoress has recently received from our Holy Father, with his special blessing, a beautiful medallion, as a token of his appreciation of her work. This is gratifying to her many friends and admirers, for no American Catholic writer has done more for the cause of Christian art and literature than Eliza Allen Starr.

THE THREE ARCHANGELS may be ordered from any bookseller, or it will be mailed, postage free, to any one who sends the modest price, seventy-five cents, to St. Joseph's Cottage, 299 Huron street, Chicago, Illinois.

Mosher's Magazine offers to its readers, among other good things, some excellent papers on American history. The sixth appears in the March number. The worthy editor whose name is justly embodied with his work of which he might well repeat Aeneas' modest praise, deserves at the hands of American Catholics generous recognition. It is a pleasure to commend his magazine.

From a recent number of *The Pilot*, of Boston, we learn that the Reverend J. J. Healy, pastor of St. Anne's Church, Gloucester, Mass., has presented to that city a gift worthy of special and exceptional mention—a plot of ground, a fine brick and granite building designed for its purpose, and a complete equipment of books—a public library, for the free use of the citizens irrespective of race or creed. As *The Pilot* justly remarks, "Is it easy to match the public spirit of this splendid American priest?" His action is, so far as we know, unique in this country. No other clergyman has erected for himself a monument so enduringly advantageous for "the plain people."

La Couronne de Marie, the Dominican magazine published in Lyons, France, gives in its March number a list of the priests and brothers belonging to the Province of the Philippine Islands who have suffered death at the hands of the insurgents or in consequence of the hard-

ships imposed on them in prison, through starvation and other maltreatment. The names of seven priests and two brothers are given. Certainly they were put to death with hatred of religion, if not solely because of it.

From the same periodical we learn the details planned for the Catholic Congress in honor of our Lady that will assemble at Lyons in September. We shall advert in subsequent numbers to this very important project, which will not only be of interest but an occasion of great joy for all lovers of our Blessed Mother.

But recently Eucharistic Congresses took shape with results most gratifying. The encouragement springing from these has stimulated the piety of the Catholics of France to summon this solemn gathering in honor of our Lady. And what more natural? Jesus first! and after Him, His dearest Mother!

In *The Ave Maria* for March 17 Father Hudson neatly touches a matter of growing evil: "Civilization follows the flag" is no idle boast. Our new colonial possessions on the Pacific offer abundant proof of this contention. Honolulu lately shipped back empty beer kegs to the value of \$5,000, not to mention \$1,200 worth of empty beer bottles, all of which were to be filled with civilization again and turned to the Sandwiches. Civilization in liquid form is also spreading in the Philippines."

The Catholic Times-Standard of Philadelphia prints the following:

"The President is largely under the influence of certain clergymen, one of whom considers that he is the chosen champion of Protestantism in its imaginary war with Romanism, and this accounts in a large measure for his conviction that in spreading Christianity and civilization among the heathen he is gaining and keeping the approval of good Americans. Mr. McKinley is a loyal Methodist, and is naturally stirred and moved by the enthusiasm of that important denomination."

"The above-quoted precious morsel is portion of a statement by Mr. Henry Louis Nelson, former editor of *Harper's Weekly*, to last Sunday's *New York World*. Its author gives it out as 'an interpretation of the President's views,' obtained from him personally last year at Lake Champlain, while the President was visiting the Catholic Summer School, as we

may presume. The Catholic population of the late Spanish possessions, it will be remarked, are described by Mr. Nelson, for the President, as 'the heathen.' This population is to be brought under the blessings of Protestant Christianity, the President is credited with intending, by means of commerce (and incidentally bullets and bayonets). The naive way in which this avowal of bigotry and Pharisaism is made is not a little amusing. We may rest assured that the programme is entirely that of the late editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and if its object were to estrange the support of every Catholic voter for Mr. McKinley in the approaching contest, it could not be better conceived. But the tale has been before the world now for nearly a week, and as yet no attempt has been made to disavow its unworthy implication."

We did not note the date of the issue from which we made this extract (it was in early March), but the omission is immaterial. We desire to express our agreement with the sentiments of our Philadelphia exchange, adding that a disavowal has not yet been made, and probably will not be made, except for political purposes!

GENERAL.

A question more or less serious: Would it not be a comfort if we could speak of the American tongue? Our declaration of independence was not complete in its operation so long as we remain subject to England in matters literary as well as financial and otherwise. "Americanisms," as self-complacent John Bull contemptuously terms our ways and modes of expression, as when we dare say "baggage" instead of "luggage," when we dare ride in a "street car" instead of a "tram," should be sufficient justification for another declaration of independence in favor of the American tongue. But not while Anglo-Saxonism is enthroned among our small politicians occupying but not filling big places; nor while "Little Breeches" holds the post once honored by Jefferson, by Webster, by Blaine; nor while the "new rich" "snobocracy" of this country barter their daughters to the decrepit and effete aristocracy (often of unsavory origin, after the manner of Marlborough) in England.

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No, no; we must wait for other and better days. How long? Ask not the slaves, editorial and otherwise, of our "bought and sold," perjured news scavengers who turn lying somersaults to the tick of the stock exchange recorder. Follow rather the course of "out and out," manly, "all-around" American thinkers and speakers and writers who are not the creatures of the "moneyed power" (a barbarous term), and pray for the salvation of the country.

Through the courtesy of the Honorable R. F. Pettigrew of South Dakota we have received copies of three speeches delivered by the Senator on affairs Philippine and concerning the Sultan of Sulu. The latter is a subordinate incident growing out of the former, yet it touches principles that are supposed to be sacred in our American government.

Senator Pettigrew is a brave man whose speech is as fearless as his argument is sound. Contrasting his thoughtful utterances with the turgid, sophomoric rhetoric and insulting bigotry of the crude Beveridge of Indiana, the mouthpiece of the Administration, a sense of the refreshing comes over us, and we are grateful for the courage and honesty of men like the Senator from South Dakota, though ignorant demagogues and corrupt newspapers denounce them as traitors.

To quote the Senator, "the trouble with the imperialists is that they confound the Government of the United States with their puny President. The trouble is that his interests are paramount to the interests of the whole people of this country, and that the desire of political success has more bearing upon grave questions than the mere encouragement or non-encouragement of the insurgents—Filipinos.

For the present we restrict ourselves to this brief comment and reference, reserving for our next number important extracts from the Senator's speeches, the timeliness of which will in no manner be diminished by such delay.

We have also been favored with copies of two speeches delivered in the Senate by the Honorable W. E. Mason, of Illinois, on the Boer war and on that text of the

Declaration of Independence: "All just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed," a sentiment "which when we are molding in forgotten dust, will live and burn, a menace to tyrants and a beacon-light to the down-trodden and the oppressed."

Senator Mason is one of the Spartan few whose courage and honesty are of paramount importance in these "crooked" times. Extracts from these speeches will make wholesome reading during the next few months.

The grand old Lion of South Africa, General Cronje, and his dauntless band of three thousand farmers (with wives and daughters among them), after a defence for eleven days of a defenceless position in the bed of a river, were compelled to surrender to Lord Roberts and his forty-five thousand trained soldiers. The Free State General, whom history will name as the real hero, was subjected to the humiliation of having to sue at the "conqueror's" tent for the opportunity of unconditional surrender—an outrage of a principle of honor dear to true soldiers—and England "goes mad with enthusiasm" and with drunkenness even among "society's" women, because of the "victory," and lauds the boorish Roberts for his "splendid" achievement.

John Bull may deceive himself, but the world has learned to know him for the braggart and the cruel coward that he is. The South African farmers have already verified Oom Paul's prediction that the world would stand appalled. The heart of the American people is sound and true, but unfortunately the Administration is so busy "pacifying" the Philippines, and incidentally making the Filipinos drunkards; "regulating" Cuba; robbing and starving Puerto Rico for the sake of the trusts and the "infant industries" of the United States; cultivating the bubonic plague in Hawaii, and otherwise imitating our "Anglo-Saxon cousins" as well as truckling to them (witness the Nicaragua Canal treaty and the incident of Consul Macrum), that the government, except for a few honest Senators and Representatives, has no time to speak a good word for the brave men of South Africa who are making a more gallant fight, a fight

against far greater odds, than was waged by the American colonists who struggled from 1776 to 1783 against "the mother country."

But the end is not yet. On Transvaal soil and among the mountain fastnesses through which the British troops must pass before Pretoria can be reached, it is the devout hope of all who love liberty and honor valor, that John Bull will yet be laid low. And as earnestly we hope that the renegade Irish who are fighting England's cruel, unholly, cowardly and accursed war will meet their deserved fate.

With appreciation and acknowledgments to the author and to *The Albany Times-Union*, we lay before our readers the following stirring verses by Mr. Charles N. Lurie:

When the long roll-call is sounded
On the camping-ground of Fame,
And each hero of the ages
Answers "Present!" to his name,
'Mid the first of all the answers
That shall ring out clearest then
Will be heard the steadfast voices
Of brave Cronje and his men.

When they felt the British lion
Drawing nearer to his prey,
And they heard the growl of thunder
Growing deeper day by day,
They still fought with hearts undaunted,
Till all hope of aid had fled,
Till they saw their friends and brothers,
E'en their women, 'mid the dead.

They are victors, though defeated;
They have to the nations shown
How the men of veldt and mountain
Can, though dying, hold their own.
Let their names be blazoned proudly
On Time's honor roll, and when
Men shall seek the names of heroes,
Call brave Cronje and his men!

For this fine old hero, praised even by one of the British generals (more manly than his superior, Roberts), "generous" England is preparing Napoleon's island home. But this is unintended recognition and a tribute not without its value, unless convenient disease (an old English device) carries off the brave Cronje, from a foul British hulk. American history can a tale unfold of such atrocities in days when the "Anglo-Saxon" mania had not infected our country.

On March 2d Father William D. Kelly (whose initials W. D. K. are familiar to readers of Catholic journals in all parts of the country) closed in death a career of

brilliant service to the cause of Catholic letters.

Father Kelly was a true poet, whose exquisite songs in honor of our Lady and of the Sacred Heart are among the choicest fruits of Catholic thought and piety adorning American literature. But his exquisite verse was not confined to this range of subject, and naught did he touch that he did not adorn. He was a man of generous heart and large and varied talents, whose departure thousands will deplore. The founder of *The Providence Visitor*, and at the time of his death the editor of *The Sacred Review* of Boston. Father Kelly ranked deservedly high among the Catholic journalists of the United States. May he rest in peace!

The Dominicans of France mourn the death of Father Didon, the distinguished preacher, educator and author. The end came to this humble friar of many-sided talent and wonderfully gifted character on March 13th. Had he lived four days longer, he would have completed his sixtieth year. The Order receives the sympathy of the Catholic world, for Father Didon's going is a marked loss to the Church. May his dwelling be in Sion.

We appeal to our subscribers to show their interest in DOMINICANA, by a friendly word in its behalf, to acquaintances and neighbors. For this service we shall be duly grateful. Were each of our friends to secure another, our list, with slight trouble, would be doubled at one stroke. Our cause is deserving, and therefore we confidently ask the co-operation of all who are attached to the Dominican Order.

The second line of the eighth stanza of Miss Skidmore's beautiful tribute, published in our March number, should read:

"Surplice and alb were of rarest lace."

We regret the error that persisted in defying proof correction.

The blow struck by the French Government at the Assumptionist Fathers seems to be only the beginning of a new assault on religion such as culminated in 1880. We are studying this grave question, and, having received due account from France, we shall lay some important facts before our readers.

DOMINICANA

HYMN TO S. VINCENT FERRER.

Words by Rev. J. S. JONES, O. P.
Moderato.

Music by MISS FRANCISCA VALLEJO.

1. O great St. Vincent, heav'nly light! Dis-pel the darkness of our night, That
2. Who didst from tender youth aspire To of - fer God a life far higher; And

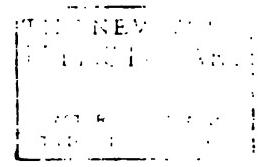
we, with voices blending, may Pre-sent to Thee our praise this day, That
thirst - ing for the souls of others, Embraced the rule of Preaching Brothers, And

we, with voices blending, may Pre-sent to Thee our praise this day.
Embraced the rule of Preaching Brothers.

- 3 In lands the many art Thou known,
For signs and marvels Thou hast shown,
Which prove Thee well to be compared
To highest saints for graces shared.
- 4 The demon's fury Thou hast quelled,
Thy saving hand was not withheld,
For pow'r divine was granted Thee
O'er death and all infirmity.

- 5 Thou wast that angel grand foretold
By John th' Apostle loved of old,
Descending from the heavens above
To teach all men God's fear and love.
- 6 A chosen place was given Thee
With saints on high eternally;
Triumphant as a victor crowned,
Thy name forever shall resound.

Dedicated to the Sisters and Pupils of S. Vincent's School, Vallejo, Cal.





OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

(After the painting by K. Schleitner.)

DOMINICANA

VOL. I.

MAY 1900.

No. 3

MAY TRIOLETS.

SISTER M. DOMINIC, O. P.

At Mary's shrine a red rose place,
Which to our minds recalls the woe
She bore to save our fallen race.
At Mary's shrine a red rose place.
Oh! may her sorrows bring us grace,
To bear our crosses here below.
At Mary's shrine a red rose place,
Which to our minds recalls her woe.

A pure white rose for Mary's shrine,
Love's message writ on petals fair,
A symbol meet of thought divine;
A pure white rose for Mary's shrine.
O Mother, from thy throne incline,
And list our words of praise and prayer.
A pure white rose for Mary's shrine,
Love's message writ on petals fair.

AVE MARIA.

EDITH R. WILSON.

"I am the Mother of fair love and fear, and knowledge and holy hope."

I am the Mother of Fair Love,
Saith Mary, bending meek above
The cradle of her Son.
As yonder star its ray most fair,
So God hath given me to bear
My Babe, my Holy One:
In arms created, to enfold
The God Who made the worlds of old.
Here kings shall greet the King of Kings,
And humbly sue for grace,
While angels fold adoring wings
Before His blessed Face.

Mother of holy hope am I,
Saith Mary, clasping tenderly
Our Lord, her Son divine.
Across the waters, gleaming far,
The wanderer hails the guiding star.
So soft a light is mine:
I hold the Child-God in my arms,
And breathe a peace o'er earth's alarms.
Here is the living mercy-seat,
Where weary hearts may rest:
The tears that fall at Mary's feet
Are laid on Jesus' breast.

Mother of fear! Behold, I wait
Beside my dead Son desolate:
Preëminent in loss!
The sun and moon have hid their face;
Not so the Mother full of grace:
She lifts hers to the cross,
The saddest Mother far, I ween,
This poor, sad earth hath ever seen.
Here is my throne! Bid Kings bend low;
Lay each his sceptre down.
No majesty like that of woe;
No crown like sorrow's crown!

Mother of holy knowledge, too,
(Since mirror of God's wisdom, true),
Saith Mary, meek in heaven,
Since it hath pleased him to upraise
My nothingness unto such praise,
To Him be glory given!
Humblest of all in Galilee,
The Blessed One o'ershadowed me.
Now crowned with glories manifold,
I bow before His Face;
While angels wake their harps of gold
To hail me "full of grace."

THE SECRET OF GROSSMEISTER CLIFFS.

MARGARET D. O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER V.—HOWARD HEIGHTS.

IN years gone by, near a great bend of the James River, some miles east of today's Carterville, Powhatan County, Virginia, stood a noble mansion. Its architecture was partly Gothic and partly Roman, as freak of successive owners changed. It was surmounted by towers of elegant proportions. One contained a clock that had tolled the hour for many a peasant and lord now gone to rest; the other served as an observatory, from which generations of Howards had nightly read the starry heavens.

The interior was richly decorated with carvings, sculpture and mural entablatures. The great hall held some pieces of sculpture remarkable for exquisite finish and chasteness of design. "The Annunciation" and "Christ by the Nile," in combination of grace, dignity and humility, showed the genius of the artist under whose chisel they had grown. Hogarth affirms that only genius can assimilate greatness of character with pose of humility; hence the beauty of Gabriel as he reverently addresses the most Blessed Virgin Mary, and of the Divine Child, as He stands gazing on a lotus at His feet. The library contained a large number of volumes, some good paintings and many curious manuscripts.

Both towers and balconies commanded an extensive view of the James Valley to the left, and of the distant Blue Ridge on the right, flanked by the more distant Alleghanies. A fine stretch of wood and dale, affording sudden glimpses of the James, fronted the main building. Near the house were beautiful gardens, with shady walks, cool arbors and sparkling fountains, and beyond, noble parks wherein deer roamed at will. Near a small bay, or bend of the river, a boat-house nestled among clusters of mountain laurel and sweet syringa. Few could pass the spot without being attracted by its natural

beauties, and without expressions of admiration for the artist whose skill had so enhanced them, bringing into harmonious relief the proportion art bears to nature, yet subjecting the latter to the rules of the former while still permitting it to be free!

About a mile and a half beyond the parks was Glen Saint Mary, nearly one mile long and a little less broad. On its sides rose great rocky hills, some hundreds of feet high, ledged with limestone, black mica and granite. These ledges were varied, sheer from summit to base, oblique or ascending, like huge, rough steps. All were rich in bloom and beauty, and sweet with perfume of flower and heath of trailing vine and climbing rose. Stunted ash and laurel sprang up here and there, striving to eke their "daily bread" from granite ledge or barren soil. These afforded shade from summer's sun and shelter from winter's blast. Many fine geological specimens were here, among them crinoids, brachiopods, genus productus and a variety of corals. Such treasures rendered it valuable to students of Natural History, and drew to its heights visitors that, were it not for these, would slight its other charms. A natural niche formed of dark mica, easily seen from every point of the glen, held a statue of our Lady, placed there a century before by the first Miss Howard, a true child of Mary. This statue, given to her by a Spanish religious, had ever been regarded as a precious treasure. It was also the subject of many pious legends. A silver thread of water passed close to the grotto, widening and deepening as it merrily left height and glen behind, and went singing on its way to the sea. A winding path cut in the rocks led to the grotto where burned a perpetual lamp, around which hung many votive offerings, made from time to time by those for whom our Lady of the Heights, as the people loved to call her, had obtained favors.

Howard Heights was once the home of a

loyal English family. Tradition does not mention why the Howards first came to Virginia. Their arrival in that State finds date in the time of Elizabeth. They were Catholics; therefore we may suppose religious opinions had some part in their leaving England for the New World, and in deciding them to choose their home in the wilds of Virginia. For more than a century the fine old property had descended from Howard to Howard, father and son, each generation preserving, improving and enlarging the ancestral domain until taste, elegance and magnificence became synonymous of Howard Heights.

The last of the Howards, George, a pious Catholic, died childless, leaving all his property to the Sisters of S. Dominic, on condition that they should always retain possession, and have a certain number of Masses offered each year for his soul. The conditions were accepted, and a few weeks after his death the old name of Elm Heights was changed to that of Saint Mary's, Howard Heights, to perpetuate the memory of the generous benefactor.

The nuns built a new chapel of Gothic style to correspond with the building near which it stood. The carvings of the altars, the frescoes and the medallions of dome and arch were worthy of any connoisseur's attention. Other additions were made as the needs of the Academy required.

At that time communication between neighboring towns and S. Mary's was not so easy as it is to-day. However, time and perseverance succeeded in constructing good carriage roads, and later, visitors desiring to go there found that they could procure a railway ticket direct for Carterville, whence conveyances would carry them to S. Mary's.

The Virginians of forty years ago were rather sceptical of nuns' teaching. Shut out from the world, what knew they of the world's progress, of changes in science and art? Such was the objection of those who had forgotten that cloisters were the preservers of art and science. So these Virginians were slow to admit that the nuns were qualified to teach, and therefore a public examination of the "Teaching Sisters" was demanded, as a test. "We work hard," these men reasoned; "we

must get back the worth of our money."

The Bishop encouraged the nuns, for he knew how important, if not necessary, was their teaching to the Catholics of his diocese. He expected great things from them, and they determined, if possible, to realize his hopes. Some leading men of the neighborhood had formed a committee to call on the Mother Superior for the purpose of asking a public examination of her pupils. The Sisters were to examine, the committee to appoint the time, the programme of the studies and the number of questions in each. Delegates named by the committee waited on the Superioress, proposed the conditions, and represented the advantages that would redound to the institution. The Superioress, having considered the matter, and the field it might open for doing good to souls, accepted the conditions, and desired that all should be done at an early date.

The Bishop, many of his Clergy, ministers of different denominations, and all whom the committee chose to invite, filled S. Mary's Hall on the appointed day. The examination began, went on and concluded with honor to the institution. The good prelate's words confirmed the trust which the nuns' work had inspired. After that S. Mary's was the pride of the State, and families most distinguished, not only of Virginia but also of the neighboring States, sent their daughters there to be instructed in religion, science and art.

"Where shall we send Starry to school?" said Mr. Bentley, of Bentley Hall, South Pennsylvania, to his wife, in the hearing of an old-time friend from Baltimore.

Before Mrs. Bentley could answer, this gentleman raised his eyes from the page he was reading: "Send Starry to a boarding school, you mean?"

"Yes, Pierson," said Mr. Bentley. "I want a first-class institute for her. She is naturally gifted. I have not much money, but I should like to leave her a fortune in education that no future can squander."

"O George!" put in his wife. "It is true, Mary's fortune is small, and if possible I will make her talents bear good interest."

"You are right, Bentley. If you want a first-class institution for her, send her to S. Mary's, Howard's Heights, Virginia."

"That is a great distance from us," said

Mrs. Bentley. "We can very seldom see her."

"Nonsense, Helen; a few hours will take you there."

"Call you a day and night a few hours? Besides, my health is not so good."

"O Helen, forget yourself in this case, and think only of the benefit to our child."

"Yes, George; it is like you to forget yourself when the good of others is concerned. I cannot be so unselfish. However, I may as well say yes at once, for I never can resist your coaxing."

Mr. Bentley laughed, and asked: "Is it only now you discovered that, Helen? But you need not give in yet. I have another chance to coax Pierson. You must get me a catalogue of the place before I can decide. May be, my purse and its terms will not agree."

"Well, Bentley, rather than have Starry sent elsewhere, I shall help you out in the payment."

"God bless you, Pierson; but I cannot accept your proposal."

"You won't accept," said Pierson, throwing his book on the window-sill and coming towards Bentley. They had been boys together. "Why not, old fellow? Never make these resolutions with me, George. I cannot abide by them."

"But I can, Charley; that makes some difference."

"Before you resolve any more on the matter," quietly interposed Mrs. Bentley, "let Mr. Pierson send for the catalogue. It is time enough for you to dispute when you know the sum you are to pay."

"I declare I forgot that," said Pierson, smiling. "It does take ladies to think of little niceties. We men are inclined to go off on the generals when they trippingly lead us to the particular, and we must cave in. So, George, I shall write this afternoon to the Mother Superior, and in a few days you will have the catalogue."

On reaching the parlor door, having bade his adieu, Pierson called out: "George, I must have my share in Starry's expenses," and ran. He enjoyed having the last word.

The catalogue came. Mr. Bentley found the terms high, but not beyond his means. Hence Charley Pierson was defrauded of his share in the expense of Starry's education.

tion. The following month Mary Bentley was an inmate of S. Mary's, Howard Heights. Bentley Hall, that had been the home of the Bentleys from their first arrival in America, some thirty or forty years before, was very dull and lonely because of her absence.

"It is all for our darling's good," said the fond parents, and tried to be content.

CHAPTER VI.—THE INFIRMARY.

"Sister, may I come in?" whispered Starry.

"No!" Sister Alberta never moved her eyes from the watch by her side nor her hand from the slender wrist of Bella, who lay unconscious almost as marble and as cold and white. "He said I should not begin his treatment until she showed signs of consciousness. That is now almost fifteen minutes ago, and still she remains the same. I wish he had stayed. 'He trusts the Sisters'; that is good, but in cases like this, most uncomfortable. 'Extreme case,' 'bad nurse,' 'delicate father.'" And the Sister shook her head.

Lo! a slight flutter of the purple lids—a sigh, a faint tinge of color in the blue, set lips, and Bella lifted her great eyes for a second to those of calm Sister Alberta. Now were the physician's orders to be put in operation, and the next thirty minutes were busy ones. In less time the Sister perceived an improvement in her patient, but she deviated not from the doctor's directions.

"How is our patient, Mother?" asked a deep, rich voice in the hall below, and Dr. Thornsby, having hung up his hat, began his ascent to the infirmary.

"I come from her. Sister Alberta and myself find her better."

"I knew you would pull her through, if any earthly power could," leisurely spoke the doctor. "You are strange beings, you Sisters!" he chuckled.

"We did exactly as you directed," replied Mother Angela.

"Undoubtedly! How many ordinary nurses may do the very same, and fail. I think you must have some magnetic attraction about you for the sick and helpless. It is the same with all Sisters. I do

not mean to compliment you, particularly. Patients at the hospital say: 'Doctor, I'm so well since the Sisters wait on me.' I say: 'They help to cure you, I suppose; they are better than medicine, or doctors even.' Earnestly: 'O yes, doctor, a great deal. God bless them, but it's they that's good!'

"Doctor you know it is the good in their own hearts that makes them find good in the Sisters."

"Yes, yes; you may try to explain it away in that manner, but facts are stubborn things; they are like truth, immutable. Besides, people always set you down for a little mysticism." The doctor shook his finger at the Sister and smiled. "A kind of sisterly freemasonry," he laughed, "which destroys your theory of seeing good in others because of the good in oneself. Do you give up?"

"No; I still hold on to my theory, for we have examples every day to prove its credibility."

"For example?"

The doctor stopped, rested one index finger on the other, while he regarded Mother Angela with an amused look.

"S. Catherine of Siena, a most holy Sister, waited on an old woman who never had a good word for her."

"Pooh, pooh!" broke in the doctor. "S. Catherine of Siena! Why, that is going back hundreds of years, and you said every day."

"Yes, and I stand by my 'every day,' for human nature, when not kept under by religion, is the same to-day as it was then, and just as that old woman of centuries ago was, so evil minds are disposed to judge evil."

"Oh, Mother Angela, but here we are, shall you announce me, or shall I enter?"

"Enter, Doctor. Sister Alberta expects you."

"Hush!" The Sister laid her finger on her lips. "She is asleep."

"Very good. Has she any symptoms of ever?"

"I think not."

"Has she spoken since you began my treatment?"

"Yes; once she cried in a muffled voice, 'My God! I am held down!' and she tugged vigorously at the coverlet."

"Ha! Did the tugging last long?"

"Not long."

"Well, continue the drops, etc., as I have prescribed. I foresee no danger. I think after this sleep she will be fully conscious. Do not let her speak much; and when she understands, make as light as possible of her—dip."

"Will you not call again this evening, Doctor?"

"No; I do not see the necessity for another call this evening. You know what to do, and will do it without fail." The doctor smiled. "Moreover, Mrs. Tom Hazelton, a patient of mine, is in danger, and has very indifferent nurses; so I must go to her. However, if any change should come that you do not understand, or that you believe is the slightest indication of danger, post Sambo for me at any hour. I am your servant."

Bowing with a cheerful air, he turned towards the door.

"By-the-by," he said, coming back a few steps, "have you notified her parents?"

"Yes, this noon. We may expect Mrs. Schiller to-night, or early to-morrow. Why?"

"Well, nothing special; you know your own business best, but were I in your place I would not tell the parents yet."

"We always give immediate notice of anything serious."

"Yes, I suppose," slowly, "but parents take on so, as they say—especially the lady portion, making wry faces and bemoaning, as if no one suffered but themselves."

"Poor mothers!" The Sister looked pitiful.

"Pshaw! Selfish mothers! Not self-sacrificing mothers! A true mother forgets herself in her anxiety for her child, and so hides every emotion likely to increase its illness, or to annoy those devoted to its service. I have not patience with these people. I believe fussy people do more harm than good."

"I think you have nothing to fear from Mrs. Schiller. She is a matter-of-fact person."

"Hum! Rich! Wife of a millionaire! My, my! Rare!" The doctor raised his hands in mock astonishment.

"Au revoir, Sister; do not forget."

"Beautiful girl that," he soliloquized, as he descended the stairs. "These beauties do always get into trouble, and trouble others, too, worse. Poor fellow! she nearly did for him. Ugly cut. Bad place. Could not mention it to the Sisters, though. They might tell. Ladies cannot keep secrets. I wonder can Sisters. I should like to try." He stood a second resting his hand on the dark, oaken balustrade, a genial smile lighting his kindly face. "Too risky," he concluded, and passed out.

It was during his first visit to Bella, on the day of the accident, that a note was handed him. "Come instantly. My son is badly wounded. Come.—F. W." He started and re-read the brief lines, muttering: "Bad wound," "Servants." He was reluctant to leave the girl, still unconscious. A moment's reflection, however, decided him. He could trust the Sisters. To this helpless old man and his noble son he would go. He gave Sister Alberta some directions, and ran, rather than walked, to his carriage.

Three weeks had elapsed since Bella's accident when Dr. Thornsby made his last visit to her. He found the girl and her mother in the sitting-room adjoining the infirmary. He complimented his patient on her fine constitution, and her bravery.

Mrs. Schiller thanked him for his attention to her daughter. She believed her restoration to health should be attributed more to his unvaried kindness and skill than to her strength of constitution.

"And more still, madam, to your own unselfish love," said the doctor, believing what he asserted.

Mrs. Schiller's what-do-you-mean look queried "How, Doctor?" and he continued:

"Madam, you bore the shock of your daughter's sudden illness so sensibly, so quietly, never exciting her either by demonstration of sorrow or of joy, thus leading her to suppose her illness less serious than it was. You were her physician!"

"Doctor Thornsby, Mother Angela told me you never flatter."

"Nor do I, Mrs. Schiller. I can give you cases in which mothers weeping over themselves, in their children, so excited them that relapses set in and the patients died."

"These cases are sad, Doctor, for both. However, it is difficult to believe them true."

"You may believe, Mrs. Schiller. For instance; two months ago I had a case of fever, the only son of a widow. He was about two and twenty. He suffered a few days and died. His mother seemed deeply afflicted. I was touched by her utter prostration and grief. Soon after the burial I made her a friendly visit. My coming seemed rather to revive her sorrow than to console and comfort her. I spoke of her son, his noble dispositions, goodness of heart, etc. She supplemented every remark with, 'And he was my only support,' and then burst afresh into greater grief. At length, indignant at the repetition of her reply, and evident concern for none but herself, I unkindly said: 'Why, madam, you weep over yourself, not for the loss of your son. Good day.' I could not see her again."

"Ah, Doctor, you tempt me to say something severe," and Mrs. Schiller smiled quietly. "You know what the world says of bachelors."

"Yes, I know, but I do not think myself on that list yet," said the doctor, dryly; "nor do I believe that the world has catalogued me there."

"May be not. The world is slow to ostracize rich men. They seem to have found the spring of eternal youth and to have drunk of its waters."

"Mrs. Schiller, do not be too severe on us. Some of us may have good reasons for leading a single life."

"Yes," said Mrs. Schiller, rather dryly. "You may not have been able to find one to accept your fortune on condition that she would also accept the burden of loving and obeying you. I guess you find yourself like the friends of Booz; many would gladly be possessors of the property, but none of the—"

"Excuse me, Doctor," said a young Sister, as she gently opened the door. "Mrs. Weston wishes to speak with you."

"Thank you, Sister Constance; I am going. Good-bye, Mrs. Schiller. Do not allow Miss Schiller to overtax her strength. She is not yet all that she was. Good-bye, my dear young lady; take care of your-

self. Keep clear of all rocks and shoals. Pleasant journey!"

Scarcely had the door below closed on the doctor's retreating figure when Bella's classmates were around her. This was her last day at S. Mary's, and they were anxious to spend it with her. Bella was delighted to have them again. As she sat, resting her head on her mother's knee, her rich curls falling over her fair neck and shoulders, the girls had one common thought: "How beautiful!" She was paler than her wont, but no more. The fever had not wasted form or face, neither had it effected any change in her disposition. She was proud and haughty as before, and had her old smile for aught that aroused her antipathies or appeared to contradict her desires.

"How did it happen, Bella?" asked Starry, as they talked over the botanical excursion. "That is something for which we cannot account."

"Who saved you?" queried Bertie. "We were in time to see a fine young man jump into the river and disappear."

"Young man!" repeated Bella, while a surge of color swept over neck and face. "I heard nothing of a young man."

"No?" said Bertie, seeing her surprise. "Let him go then. Tell us about yourself. Guess he is not much."

"Oh, Bertie!" exclaimed Rosa; "not much! and he saved Bella's life."

"Rosa, you know I do not mean that. Tell us how you came to fall in, Bella. Leave—"

Mrs. Schiller shook her finger. Bella was not able for much teasing.

"That day, when I left you," began Bella, "I went to the cliffs. I forgot all about the prohibition, 'Good and Evil,' stepped out upon the rock. Before me I saw many beautiful mosses and lichens. I crept slowly to them, seated myself on a small ledge, gathered all within my reach, and placed them in my portfolio. I was about to return when my eye caught a strange moss that we had not found among the hills nor in the woods. I took it, and was examining its roots, when your voice, Bertie, startled me. I jumped, and instantly I felt the stone under my foot give way. I believed the whole cliff was falling, and I sprang far into the river to avoid being

crushed. I based my chances of life on skill in swimming, but what was my consternation when I sank and found my dress held down by some weight. Then I gave up hope. I knew no more until one morning I awoke to find mamma at one side of my bed and Sister Alberta at the other."

"And no more?" said Bertie, drawing a long breath.

"No more!" repeated Bella, half amused.

"So, Mrs. Schiller," said Starry, seeing Bella's eyes close wearily, "you will bear away your treasure from us to-morrow."

"To-morrow, Miss Bentley. Her father is all impatience to see her. He can scarcely credit my accounts of her health. He thinks I am making her out better than she is. Is such the case, think you?" She scanned Bella's countenance with a mother's anxious, loving look.

"No, indeed, Mrs. Schiller. We all think Bella's recovery very rapid, and that she looks remarkably well for one who has so lately suffered. She has a fine constitution."

"Where do you purpose going this summer, Mrs. Schiller?" asked Rosa. "We are sorry Bella cannot even come to see us graduate."

"No; she cannot have that pleasure. Mr. Schiller intends starting immediately for Sicily, where he has a sister. He will stay some time with her; then go to Germany, where both his and my friends are."

"Sicily!" thought Rosa, aloud. "What part?"

"Catania, I think. The climate is very mild."

"I should not like to go there," said Bertie. "I might get swallowed up by an earthquake. Earthquakes are always happening there."

Mrs. Schiller wore a startled look, which Rosa, perceiving, hastened to say:

"Bertie, you exaggerate. Catania has suffered from earthquakes, but that does not mean that they go on forever. If so, the people would be very rash to live there."

"When people love anything they forget all about the rashness—that's my belief." Bertie looked wise.

"Bertie judges others by herself," said

Starry. "Very illogical, Bertie; and more rash than living in Catania."

"You may all have your opinions. I am satisfied with mine. Catania has suffered from earthquakes, and may suffer again."

"That it may suffer again, no one presumes to doubt, Bertie," said Rosa; "but that it always suffers, we deny."

"Catania," continued Starry, drawing Mrs. Schiller's attention from earthquakes, "has many fine old buildings worthy of Bella's attention as a scholar."

"It has, Miss Bentley. Mr. Schiller has visited the ruins of its ancient amphitheatre, which he says are larger than the remains of the Coliseum at Rome. Besides, it has a lyceum, a public library, a museum and a university, in which a dear friend of ours is professor. So, we shall not want for a guide when seeking points of interest."

"That will make your stay very pleasant. I am glad for dear Bella's sake, because she needs something that will amuse her, without having to tire either her physical or mental powers."

"She shall find such in Catania and in Palermo also," said Rosa. "Mamma was in both. She brought me a silk dress from Catania. It is famed for stuffs and silks."

"So I have heard, but I have not as yet seen any of them," said Mrs. Schiller.

"I think," continued Rosa, "Bella will enjoy the rides more than the silks or stuffs. The roads are excellent, particularly those close to the Mediterranean shores."

"And," said Bella, for the first time showing interest, "far up the mountains and hills, papa says, are cities, towns, villages and single castles. Oh, it will be lovely!" And she clasped her hands with a glow of admiration in her dark eyes. "Would you not love to go there, Starry?" Starry's face wore a wistful look.

"I would, truly; I would love to travel; but, dearie—" She laid her hand on Bella's head, while the look in her eyes deepened. "I am not rich; that is the drawback. Money seems low; to desire it overmuch, base! Yet what can we do without it?"

"Nothing," responded Mrs. Schiller, filling in Starry's pause.

"Nothing," repeated Starry, "either for

ourselves or others, unless we renounce all things and become hermits."

"Oh, Starry!" Bella shrugged. "Not that. Think of the lovely Mediterranean, beautiful lakes and grand mountains I shall see."

"Please do not go too near the sea," said Bertie, with mischief lurking in her smile. "You may get a second dip, and perhaps no distinguished unknown near to fly to your rescue."

"Bertie, how can you?" Rosa looked reproachful.

"How can I give Bella common sense advice? Say, rather, how could I do otherwise. I like Mentor. But, to the point; were I going to Sicily I should choose Girgenti, on the southwest coast."

"That is away on the other side of the island."

"No matter. It is a lovely city, built on a hill nearly eleven hundred feet above the level of the sea. Oh, what a roll. Just think of the glorious feeling! Your foot slips at the brink above and down you come, rolling with accelerated motion—how many feet to a second, Starry—until you drop into the sea! What inexpressible sensations! Worth going to try how it feels! Will you try, Bell?"

"No," said Bella, laughing. "Last month's experience will do me for a while."

"Fun aside," said Rosa. "Girgenti is well worth a visit. Papa has an old friend who was born and raised there. He gives most interesting descriptions of Agrigentum, which is in its neighborhood. Here you have remains of the temples of Concord and Juno. Also ruins of those dedicated to Ceres, Proserpine, Apollo, Jupiter Olympus and others."

"Oh, as for these ruins, it seems to every Southern European city possess some such. Jupiter Olympus is so common, I begin to lose respect for his divinity."

"If you visited his famous temples you would respect the skill of the architect whose genius produced such wonder and magnificence, though you might heartily laugh at the figure of the god set up there."

"What sunshine and darkness co-

bined! No wonder Proserpine consented to fly with the god of ebony steeds."

"I think the Jupiter Olympus at Girgenti was never finished."

"Earthquakes prevented," inserted Bertie, sotto voce.

Starry, smiling, continued: "It was too gigantic; some columns were one hundred and twenty feet high."

"Enormous!" exclaimed Mrs. Schiller.

"Begun in the age of giants, I presume," said Bertie.

"May be so." Starry was complaisant. "The place is said to have been built from the ruins of the temples we have mentioned."

"Oh, the barbarians!" exclaimed Bertie, "to destroy so much magnificence for purpose so common; and other stones would suit as well."

The girls laughed.

"You laugh," she continued, her cheeks aglow. "I speak as I feel. Those ruined temples are histories, types of the manners and customs of peoples gone. We learn from them more easily, more definitely and more decidedly than we ever can from printed pages. Why then destroy these architectural tablets destined by Providence for the enlightenment of students, scholars, and," with comical laugh, "antiquarians such as Miss Bertie Landry?"

Mrs. Schiller looked askance at Bertie, and said, gravely:

"We asked why the Sicilians pulled down these temples to build their quays; they answered, 'necessity.'"

"Bella," mischief was strong in Bertie to-day, "Bella, be sure and keep away from Messina."

"Why?" asked Bella, arching her brows.

"Why?" repeated Bertie. "Is it necessary to say why? Have you no dread of the sirens? If a few mosses had so powerful an attraction as to make you risk your life, what influence must not these gifted sprites have over you? I shudder when I reflect on the consequences."

Mrs. Schiller looked amazed. She scarcely knew how to take Bertie's innuendoes; they puzzled her.

"This summer we visit the 'Interlachen country,' Mrs. Schiller," said Rosa, as she stood at the infirmary door, a few minutes

later. "May we hope to meet you there about August?"

"You may, dear Miss Beaumont. It will give us pleasure to renew our acquaintance with you, and to make that of your parents and brother."

"Good-bye, dear." And Mrs. Schiller embraced her warmly. "She is a good child," she thought, "and will benefit Bella by her example."

"Mamma," called Bella. "Are the girls gone?"

"Yes, darling. To-morrow, before class, Mother Angela will allow them to come to bid you good-bye. Now you are too fatigued. Will you be satisfied?"

"Yes, mamma; I am sorry to leave the girls. I like to go home overmuch, mamma, but for papa's dear sake I should like to have my diploma, and—and—" (Bella's face flushed) "I don't think I had a chance to win the music prize."

"My darling, Mother and Sisters have it all arranged. You have always worked diligently. Your standard warrants your deserving a diploma. Of the music prize they were not so sure, because of Miss Bentley's talents. They decided, therefore, that you and she should each have a medal. Your not being able to appear in the final contest was owing to an accident, but your chance of success, had you been able, runs so high that the faculty have judged you worthy of this favor. Thus, my darling, papa will not be disappointed, and you will be spared much trouble and worriment."

Bella's eyes glowed. "Oh, as to these, mamma, I never did mind them. In fact, the hotter the contest the greater the zest with which I studied, but I am not worthy of so great kindness and consideration—I who am so jealous, and sometimes even so unjust to the nuns, deeming them partial."

"My darling," said the fond mother, kissing the child, "this very acknowledgment renders you more noble, more worthy of these favors. Learn a lesson to-day, Bella Schiller." The mother looked solemn. "Let your heart be equal in virtue to your face in beauty."

The girl's face changed; tears sprang to her eyes; she sat erect, her hands clasped. For a second she lifted her eyes, and they

fell on the sweet face of our Lady of the Rosary as pictured by Sasseferrato. But she turned with a shrug. Unhappily, neither mother nor daughter believed in Her intercession.

"Mamma," said the girl, after a pause, "I will try."

Oh, Bella, Bella, did you know the contests between love and duty that you may

be forced to undertake could you lightly say "I'll try"? When the revelation of your own heart comes before you clear and forcible, demanding change—sacrifice—will you have the fortitude of soul to promise, I WILL try. As yet, you know not the value of your promise, nor that trials exalt, purify and ennable the soul.

To be continued.

ON RECEIVING A BUNCH OF AMERICAN BEAUTIES.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

Your roses, faithful friend, to me express
More even than a rose's loveliness;
As if your own warm heart a message sent
Through every fragrant petal's blandish-
ment;

And thus, as you can see,
By love's delightful alchemy,
Your roses more than roses are—to me!

FAIR LADY OF THE MONTH OF MAY.

HENRY COYLE.

Fair Lady of the Month of May,
Hail Mary! thou sweet Virgin, hail!
Be thou our refuge and our stay,
A friend whose succor ne'er shall fail.

As steadfast as the stars above
That gem the sable robes of Night,
For us poor sinners is thy love,
Mary, whose soul is virgin-white.

As changeless as the ocean tide
That ebbs and flows eternally,
Is thy sweet pity, ne'er denied
To any asking help of thee.

THE PRAYING LEAVES.

SISTER ANNA RAPHAEL, S. N. D.

O Lovers of all things fair and bright
In this beautiful land of ours!
Glad Guests at the feast that our Father
has spread
In the wealth of His Seasons' flowers,
Have you ever heard of the praying leaves
That with meek, little palm to palm,
And head bowed down, with a reverent
mien,

In the holy evening calm,
Under the floral chandeliers
That swing and sway above,
Lift ever their humble hearts to God,
In a psalm of grateful love?

As yesterday eve, at set of sun,
I passed them softly by,
I could hear, like an echo of Angel songs,
Their "Glory to God on High!"
And I thought with a bard of our land
and age,
As the brief day measured its span:
"How the Signs and the voices of Nature
shame
The prayerless heart of man!"

THE ORGAN.

MARGARET N. GOODNOW.

Grand organ tones! As on the trembling
air
Your pealing bursts through myriad pipes
so fair,
You bring to memory back the dear, dead
years
I thought forgotten, past the reach of
tears!

You stir the depths of sorrow in my soul,
As, from the shadowy past, your echoes
roll,
In requiem numbers slow, and from the
deep
Recall the solemn hour I still must weep!
Before the altar steps, on curtained bier,
Lay one, of all my world, most fond and
dear;
The waxen tapers seemed less stilly white
Than her loved face beneath their soft,
mild light!
So young—so fair! and yet a mother true,
Whose absence naught but stern, sad
death could woo!
Grand organ tones! my heart shall ever
feel
Responsive to your every solemn peal!

DOMINICAN MISSIONS IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

As promised in our April number, we here present the letter of the Vicar General of the Dominicans destined for the Philippine mission. It expresses the spirit in which the work was inaugurated, a spirit which has been faithfully preserved.

"In the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. To the Reverend Fathers and Brothers in Jesus Christ of the Congregation of the Most Holy Rosary of the Mother of God, and ever Virgin Mary—of the Order of Friars Preachers, founded for the conversion of infidels—Brother John de Castro, Vicar General and servant of the same Province—health, grace and peace."

God, in His infinite mercy, has sent forth His apostles to labor unceasingly in His vineyard, that the multitudes may partake of the fruit of their labors, encouraging them by the promise of a hundred fold in this life and a crown of glory in the life to come. We, also, my dear Fathers, have been chosen, in a special manner, to exercise the duties of the Divine Apostolate; to illustrate in our daily lives the teachings of our Blessed Redeemer and to draw souls out of darkness into His admirable light. With what earnestness should we not endeavor to become worthy messengers of the Divine Word, to labor strenuously to acquire an eminent degree of sanctity, to fulfil with fidelity the angelic duties of the ministry! To the ambassadors of Christ, in a special manner, it is said: "Be ye holy, as I the Lord, your God, am holy." Sanctification of our own souls, therefore, is paramount to every other consideration, for, of what avail would it be to have gained the whole world over to Christianity if we should suffer the loss of our own souls?

In order that we may be able to profound the greatest of all laws—that of Jesus Christ—let us be diligent in the pursuit of knowledge, not that science which puffeth up, and tends rather to divert from, than serve to conduce to the fulfillment of duty, but that science that will assist us to carry out the great designs

of God. Hence the necessity of becoming perfectly conversant with the Sacred Scriptures, for, "The lips of the priest shall keep knowledge, and they (the people) shall seek it at his mouth, because he is the angel of the Lord of Hosts."

Courage, then, my dear Brothers. Imitate faithfully our Holy Father S. Dominic in his great zeal for the spiritual good of souls. Hold yourselves in readiness to undergo every trial and danger, even death itself, for the salvation of those precious souls ransomed by the Blood of Christ; for "The good shepherd layeth down his life for his flock."

We, therefore, on account of our apostolic office, having to guard the integrity of the faith and the well-being of the brethren, after earnestly imploring light from Heaven, and conferring with the members of the Communities of the Province of St. James, have thought it fitting to speak at length concerning the obligations of our religious observance.

As our Order has been instituted mainly for the salvation of souls we should aim to attain this end by using the means ordained by our holy founder. Chief among these means are monastic observance, regular life and the choral recitation of the Office.

Now, as we have bound ourselves by vow to live according to the rule and constitutions, we should be careful to observe even those things that are appointed merely to adorn regular life, though they may seem to be of little consequence in comparison with those that belong to the essence of religion. Nor should we be eager to seek dispensations without a just cause, lest, by degrees, we should fall into relaxation.

The importance of uniformity of observance throughout the Province cannot be too highly esteemed, as this outward uniformity expresses the inward unity of our hearts. We should be vigilant, therefore, in the observance of fasts, abstinence from meat, religious silence and holy medita-

tion. Our clothing and habits should be conformable to religious poverty and we should carefully avoid the use of anything superfluous.

In order that we may be able to celebrate Mass with devotion, to chant the Divine Office regularly, both the hours of the day and night, and that we may be exact in carrying out the full Dominican ritual, let us have our churches arranged as nearly as possible after the same plan.

In the fourth chapter of our Constitutions we are reminded of our duty towards the souls of our departed brethren. Let each priest, therefore, say six Masses upon the decease of one of his companions, and, in this matter the right of dispensation is not granted to any Superior. The Brothers not in the priesthood shall double their psalms and rosaries.

The second part of this chapter treats of the means by which we are to fit ourselves to fulfil the highest functions of the Apostolic Ministry—that of preaching the Word of God. As Christ is the Teacher and Exemplar of all sanctity, we should conform ourselves to His standard, if we wish for eternal life. "Learn of me, for I am meek and humble of heart." Be diligent, therefore in the practice of the virtues of poverty, humility and obedience; avoid vain discourse; attend daily to the study of the Holy Scriptures and the writings of the Fathers in order that you may be able to instruct many unto justice.

As by our obedience we offer to God our will and the best goods of the soul, so should we courageously undertake and faithfully carry out the commands of our Superiors in matters distasteful as well as in those that are pleasant.

Our constitutions ordain that when we have been assigned to a particular place to preach we should present ourselves to the Bishop of the Diocese in which we have arrived in order to ask his blessing and to

Mary is my goodly treasure,
After Jesus, all my wealth,
All my joy, and all my sweetness,
All my soul's sustaining health.

Mary is my ark of mercy,
In God's covenant with man;
Her's the only spotless vesture,
Ever since man's sin began.

receive his instructions in regard to the most profitable manner of laboring for his flock.

In regard to gifts of books or other articles offered to the Congregation, let them be accepted in the name of the Community and applied to its use; it is hereby forbidden to any one to act to the contrary. The fourteenth chapter of the Constitutions quotes decrees of the chapter of Bologna relating to these matters.

"In order that we may profit by the exercise of pious affections towards God, it has seemed good to allot two hours every day to the practice of mental prayer. Let no one fail in this holy duty, remembering that it conduces to excite and maintain divine love in the soul, according to the word of the Royal Prophet: 'In my meditation a fire shall flame out.'

"Be unceasing in your efforts to bring the flesh under subjugation to the spirit, never omitting practices of daily mortification, such as fasts, disciplines and other penances, retrenching even necessaries; in the matter of lodgings be content with a poor, hard bed, in imitation of our Divine Saviour, who had not a place whereon to lay his head.

"Finally, that we may give due honor to the Most Holy Virgin Mary, under whose protection we have placed ourselves, we ordain that, on those days on which her Office is not of obligation, the psalms and antiphons corresponding to her holy name shall be recited instead.

"Having bound ourselves by our profession to live according to our Rule and Constitutions, let us beg of God that we may attain the perfection of charity, that He himself may perfect the good work which He has begun in us, that He may crown us in His eternal kingdom.

Given at the Convent of S. Dominic of Mexico, December 17, 1580.

"Brother John de Castro, Vicar General."

Mary is the shrine of Jesus,
For my Lord is ever there;
There my prayer is heard in glory,
Never need I there despair.

Onward, Christians, on to Jesus,
On through Mary, ever on!
This the secret of salvation—
Through the Mother to the Son.

Rev. A. P. J. Cruikshanks.

NEWSPAPER THEOLOGY.

With a regularity seemingly timed to offset the Church's devotional seasons there appears in the editorial columns of our daily newspapers the pretentious lay sermon with its covert sneer at religion and its stereotyped objections against the Godhead of Christ.

As a late instance, Mr. Ambrose Bierce, a former resident of San Francisco, flouts his faded infidel notions in the face of the community from the Sunday editorial pulpit of *The Examiner*.

This man, with his congenital instinct of the rodent, seemed, while here, to have found his narrow and proper calling, and, in an idle hour, amused us by gnawing at the grammatical construction of other people's writings.

He has since ambitioned a cheaper fame, if not a better revenue, by trying his teeth on the great foundations of the Christian religion, and the sound of his gnawing causes among us a passing advertence to his existence—may he live long and die satisfied. Under the caption of "Passing Show" in the editorial of *The Examiner's* Sunday issue of April 1st, and on the pretext of criticising the religious methods of the crank Sheldon, Mr. Bierce "gets in" his irreverent drivel on religion in general and the Deity of Christ in particular; and on both these momentous subjects succeeds most easily in making a "holy show" of himself.

In his attitude toward religion in general he affects the calm and lofty demeanor of the logician, while his protest against the Godhead of Christ, is couched in a feeble and thread-bare objection to the practicability of Christ's teaching on riches and poverty.

His entire production lacks the clearness and strength of the honest conviction naturally expected in one presumably aspiring to convince others on subjects of such vital interest, while his admission that he has no heart in such "hopeless" discussions causes one to wonder what his object can be in raising them. With

the personal distaste for religion expressed by this soured Englishman, we take no issue; and we should never have noticed his dreary sermonising if, while assuming the role of the logician, in his antagonism to religion, he had not abused the attention which his literary fame commands, by impudently playing the Sophist.

It is not in view of Mr. Bierce's tastes in the matter, but out of respect for established and impregnable truth that we are here discussing, not the Christian Religion, but Mr. Ambrose Bierce. Were he desirous of conveying any truth at all in writing upon the subject of religion, he should have attempted at least to define its meaning, and distinguish the several senses which the term admits; but, like all sophists, he instinctively avoids all definitions and distinctions as fatal to his purpose of stabbing truth in the dark. His talk is a string of crude and unfounded assertions without the least attempt at proof; a tiresome repetition of that dogmatism which is the peculiar characteristic and everlasting weakness of modern agnosticism. The old pagan literati had some real, honest difficulties regarding Christianity, and argued them clearly and patiently like men; our modern unbeliever, afraid of the truth or too indolent to pursue it, raises the religious question with an array of flimsy assertions, and immediately walks off, with a disdainful wave of the hand intended to preclude all discussions as "hopeless."

Bierce asserts that "it should be understood that the religious mind is not logical," but he takes no pains to make this wild assertion understood of any one. Was it not worth his while, or would it cost him too much serious thinking? Bacon hits off more aptly and truthfully the history of the human mind when he says, "a little learning leadeth the mind away from religion, but a deeper learning bringeth it about to religion again."

Of course, with the fatality of his class

when writing on religion, even Bierce must contradict himself, and in his next assertion declare that "religion is not an affair of the mind, but of the feelings." Religion, in a comprehensive sense, includes mind and heart, it includes a mental conviction of the being and perfection of God, of our obligations to obey His law, of a future state of reward and punishment, and of our accountableness to God; it includes true piety of mind and heart, and the fulfilment of all moral duties; it includes, objectively and distinct from the human mind and feelings, a body of doctrine, a form of worship and a code of moral precepts. But, as in the intellectual order, it is the pet trick of modern agnostics to ignore the truth objective, eternal and immutable, and to invest with the title of truth the transient vagaries of the mind itself; so also in the moral order, religion as the authentic and immutable moral bond obligating man to the recognition and service of his Creator, is ignored and the name is bestowed on the subjective and transient phases of human feeling; but "the game is played out."

Bierce next asserts that "religions are the conclusions" (we thought they were "the feelings") "for which the facts of nature supply no major premiss." The assertion is too sweeping and therefore inaccurate. The real facts of nature of themselves supply no major premiss or logical basis for false religion, but true religion is logically and unmistakably based on them.

For instance, as to religion in general, the evidence of divinest order throughout the universe; the regularity of the world's movements through the ages; the construction, purpose and harmonious position of its innumerable and varied existences, are facts and effects in nature, of the intelligent and matchless design that forms the major premiss and logical basis for the religious conclusion of mankind, affirming the existence and eternal power and sovereignty of God, the Creator and Ruler of Heaven and earth.

And as to the Christian religion, there is a major premiss and sufficient logical basis in the fact that the best intellect of mankind, from Tertullian to Newman, have

constantly and universally for the past nineteen centuries affirmed the Godhead of Christ, and until Bierce, or any of his class destroys the logical value of this fact, prudent and fair minds will see in it the logical conclusion that Christ is God.

Toward the denial, though not disapproval, of this conclusion, the whole drift of Bierce's unfounded and undemonstrable assertions is directed; and, of course, he could not conclude his anti-Christian screed without saying something more outspoken regarding Christ. His parting blow at the Divinity of Christ is delivered in a somewhat covert manner, in an objection suggesting the lack of practical wisdom in Christ's teaching on riches and poverty. Of our Saviour's words, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth," he asserts, "Christ commanded poverty as a duty and the means of salvation," sarcastically adding that the probable effect of a universal obedience (that is, of universal poverty), is not at present an urgent question." He furthermore asserts that "these words of Christ do not require and are incapable of any interpretation whatever," while at the same time he is actually guilty of giving to them the most violent and preposterous interpretation. Trust an agnostic for absolute and infallible dogmatism! His reference to the life of Christ as the model for all "who believe Him to be God," is entirely irrelevant. His life is the absolute type of moral perfection. No man can, no man is commanded to, reproduce in himself that all-perfect life. By our highest observance of His real commands, we, in a far-off degree, imitate Him, but without the hope of ever equaling Him. He condemned avarice, and thereby commanded the detachment of the heart from riches as an all-absorbing and final object of life. Call this poverty and a necessary means of salvation, too, if you will; but what reason have you other than sophism for confounding this state and virtue of the soul, (which are compatible with the greatest wealth), with the voluntary renunciation of external possessions?

And as to the renunciation of these possessions, or voluntary poverty, Christ neither in those words quoted nor in any

others, ever commanded it, Mr. Bierce's dogmatic dictum and false interpretation to the contrary notwithstanding.

Christ himself chose poverty as one of the moral means of success in His mighty task of uplifting and purifying a sordid world. He succeeded, and to all who would strive for perfection and would more widely and successfully co-operate with Him in the Divine work of human regeneration He counseled (not command-

ed) voluntary poverty. His teaching on this point is found in the twelfth chapter of St. Luke, and any unbiased reader will see therein from St. Peter's question and our Saviour's answer, the extent of its application. At the same time, in the light of that sublime teaching, the puerile and dishonest carping of Bierce will appear in all its meanness and worthlessness.

SAVONAROLA.

SISTER M. MADELEINE, O. P.

Thou art famed in song and story,
Lovely Florence, called the Fair,
And we read thy bygone glory
In art treasures rich and rare.

Treasures thou hast held for ages
Of the painter's, sculptor's art,
Sung by poets, told by sages,
Shrined within the pilgrim's heart.

Thy bright crown of honor, higher
Than thy noblest work of art,
Is an humble, white-robed Friar,
Living still in every heart.

More than hero! Saint and martyr
For the cause of God and right,
Dying, still he would not barter
Aught of Heaven for earth's delight.

Ah! in many a weary trial,
When my languid heart would fail,
His pure life of self-denial
Like a beacon-light I hail.

And it guides my spirit higher,
Shows the path his feet have trod;
Bids me, like that sainted Friar,
Count the world well lost for God!

AT THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

LOUIS H. MONTFORT.

How sweet it is and helpful, the glad story
Of how at Dominic's unfaltering prayer
Two angels lay aside their robes of glory
And as fair youths to earth a burden
bear,
And entering the convent refectory
Serve bread unto the hungry friars
there.

Oh! would that down into life's darksome
places
Some apostolic soul might, fearless, go.
And powerful with unction of Heaven's
graces
Speak there the word—seed of such
faith to sow,
Till trust dispels the gloom of hearts and
faces,
And bread is plentiful for all below.

AND THUS SHALL IT BE TILL THE
END OF TIME.

REV. J. S. JONES, O. P.

O Calumny! thy victims down the years
Are drifting; and from weary, breaking
hearts
Flow ever and forever silent tears.
The cruelty of thy empoisoned darts
Doth pierce the souls of men; and artful
lies
Besmirch the stainless characters of those
Who truth and honor love, and wrong
despise,
And all its crafty ways and wiles oppose.

I know not why, and yet I know 'tis true
That Wrong oppresseth Right, and 'neath
blue skies
Where men in peace were wont to live and
love,
The weak are trampled by the strong, and
cries
That soar beyond the gleaming stars
above,
Before the Throne of God for pity sue.

OUR LADY OF PITY.

FANNIE DE C. MILLER.

One of the many interesting shrines visited during my several weeks' stay in the City of Mexico was that of our Lady of Pity, a former ecclesiastical holding, of commanding influence, founded by the Dominicans, in the seventeenth century.

On a warm sunny afternoon, strange to say, in December, my sister and self were seated among the trees of the Cathedral Park, in the Plaza Major, amusing ourselves watching the constantly shifting panorama of native forms and faces, of which one never grows weary in Mexico. But all one's time cannot be given to it; so, looking about, we concluded to take the car that would convey us over the Calzada, to the ancient suburb of La Piedad. Two faithful little burros pulled our coach through the quaintest quarter of the metropolis. Among pulquerías and other shops as queer; past handsome stone churches, with the studded domes resplendent in the afternoon sun; beside minaret-like towers of surpassing grace and beauty, on, on until the Calzada is reached. Beyod El Garita de Belen, or State Prison, the commingled dust or brown ashes of Aztec and Spaniard rises in smoke-like circles and almost smothers visitors unaccustomed in December, to so much airy earth.

The Pantheon Francés, a diminutive Pere le Chaise, on the left, is a veritable "rest to the eye" of the stranger in this desert of dust. At the end of the Calzada or causeway lies Piedad. "Distance lends enchantment," for, while it dims much detail of the classic old pile, a mountain background is afforded whose dark grandeur Rembrandt alone might limn.

Upon alighting one feels almost like saying "thanks" to the burros, but they are galloping away to Moacac, under lash of the driver, leaving but dust and memory to us. The object of our visit is an imposing structure, whose strong lines have been rounded by the softening touch of

decay, Time's great ally. The mona and all its belongings have passed possession of the government; the cl alone remains to the people. Once a services are conducted here, and the shioners, mostly Indians, attend fully.

The monastery is used as a bar and one of the lounging soldiers upon questioned in Spanish, informed the changes in the fortunes of the old institution. He called an India whose mother is entrusted with the and sent him to show us the interior edifice. Fine old paintings line the most remarkable of which are the Cabrera, Valasquez, and other early masters of Mexico. Whilst admiring or those, the youthful sacristan ask Spanish, "Do you wish to see the mous picture?" "Of course!" I ans whereupon he disappeared and in a ute an elegant cream satin gold-trimmed fringed curtain was rolled up fully, and revealed, above the tabernacle a most superb piece of art, heavily framed under French plate glass. It wdeed a miracle in painting, represe the Holy Mother seated upon a rock the inert form of her beloved Son reclining on her knee. The express pitiy on her face is remarkably beau The flesh tints are wonderfully well served; the drapery, exquisitely li has been mellowed by time to su tones that are the admiration and of artists. To fully appreciate the p it must be seen, and it is one to reme with the tropic sunshine brightenir "dim religious light" as its rays pier many colored Moorish tiles of the dc

By the door leading to the sacrist large illustration of the miracle of L dad, painted by a Mexican artist in Inscribed on the lower corner of the vas is the legend in Spanish, of w give a free translation: "A Dom

friar connected with the monastery in Mexico, on a visit to Rome, had been commissioned by the Prior to have a picture painted of our Holy Mother and the dead Christ, the painting to be the work of the best artist in the Eternal City. Upon his recall from Rome to Mexico, the friar hastened to secure his treasure, but the artist had completed only the outlines.

Voyages to the New World, three hundred years ago, were not frequent and always were attended with danger. The Dominican, who was obliged to avail of the first opportunity, took the sketched canvas, and with his companions boarded the outgoing packet. During the voyage a fearful storm threatened to wreck the frail bark. For days they were tossed by the tempestuous waves. Our heroic religious and his equally pious brothers prayed fervently for our Lady's

pity in their extremity of distress, and solemnly vowed that if saved they would build a church in her honor and place therein the picture they carried with them. The tempest stilled, and the brethren reached port. They set about collecting for the promised temple in which to enshrine their offering. The edifice of La Piedad that is to-day crumbling away was the result of their gratitude.

It was finished February 2, 1652. The friars convened to unroll the canvas as it came from the hands of the Roman artist and a greater miracle was unfolded, for lo, it showed a perfectly finished painting, instead of the crude outlining, a picture to be venerated even in this age of weak faith and doubt, a picture visited by artists and writers, studied by connoisseurs, and admired by all.

OUR LADY AND MAY.

REV. LEO MATTHEWS, O. P.

Love, deep and tender, for the Mother of God comes naturally to every one nurtured in the Catholic religion. The influence of divine faith elevates the sentiments, ennobles the aspirations and quickens the appreciations of the human heart. Hence when we behold the magnificence and sanctity of God revealed in His Virgin Mother our hearts instinctively go out to her in love and devotion.

In the great "Magnificat" she herself foretold that all generations should call her blessed, and to fulfil in a special manner this prophecy, the Church has consecrated May, the fairest and sweetest month of the year, to the honor and glory of Mary. Catholics the world over, imbued with the spirit of the Church, rise up and proclaim Mary "blessed among women." With hearts and voices in accord the universal Church chants her hymns of praise and canticles of jubilation and exultation, and crowns Mary Queen of May.

Verily, is our Queen worthy of this honor and benediction. Centuries prior to her advent into mortal life the very

thought of her inspired the souls of the prophetic writers with such noble images that nothing less than the beauties and majesties of nature could adequately express their conceptions of her grandeur and sublimity. In the Canticle of Canticles she is likened to the morning rising and inundating with its lambent light the whole of creation. In the Apocalypse she is revealed clothed with the sun and having the moon under her feet. Solomon calls her the "Pearl from Paradise," "The Cedar of Lebanon," the "Lily of the Valley," the "Rose of Sharon."

"In the fullness of time" these similes passed away and gave place to the reality. The Virgin of Virgins stands forth and is presented to the world as the peerless work of divine creation. Who can materialize her beauty? Painter and sculptor have tried and failed. They labored to depict on canvas, to chisel in marble what they thought of her graces. The brush of the saintly Dominican Fra Angelico has portrayed for us what his pure soul conceived to be the loveliness of the Mother

of God. His Madonnas have immortalized his fame. They were inspired by religion, and legend has it that angels from heaven guided his hand on the canvas. Yet even he could do little more than give a shadowy outline of the beauty of Mary of Nazareth, the Lily of Israel.

This natural, lily beauty, so sublime that it inspires the genius of the unbelieving poet and that is the ideal of even the atheistic artist, was but the effulgence of the supernatural beauty of her immaculate soul, just as the silvery radiance of a cloud is but the sun's lustre glittering within its folds. Of this spiritual beauty, which dazzles the supreme intelligences, which ravishes the redeemed in heaven, divine revelation gives us a glimpse in allegory. "She cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, comely, as Jerusalem, terrible as an army set in battle array."

These inspired words of Solomon conceal under a mystical veil that solemn truth which in 1854 the unerring voice of the Church of God proclaimed to Christendom as divinely revealed, the dogma of Mary's Immaculate Conception. Enlightened by the wisdom of the Holy Ghost, Pope Pius the Ninth, Vicar of Christ and Pastor of the Faithful, declared with infallible authority that by the foreseen merits of her Son Jesus Christ Mary His Mother came into being free from original sin, and this by a singular privilege from God.

This unique and glorious privilege of the Immaculate Conception was a miracle of grace which preserved the soul of the Blessed Virgin from original sin, from that stain which is the inheritance of every other descendant of Adam. It rendered her soul the most favored of the children of men. It made her more holy than the saints, more innocent than the angels, so immaculate that only God is purer than she whom the angel saluted, "Hail Full of Grace."

By this prerogative she became the fairest and noblest mortal that ever issued or ever will issue from the all-powerful hands of God. Created in sanctity, she stands forth virtue personified. Charity shapes her lips. Modesty tinges her

cheeks. Purity brightens her eyes. Sanctity beautifies her countenance. Humility adorns her person. What wonder, then, that the spotless spouse of the canticles beholding in a mystic vision this Virgin among the lilies in the gardens of Engaddi exclaimed in ecstatic rapture: "How beautiful art thou, my love, how beautiful! Thy eyes are as doves' eyes; thy lips are as lilies dropping choice myrrh, and thy speech is sweet; honey and milk are under thy tongue and the odor of thy garments is as the odor of frankincense. Thou art all fair, O, my love, and there is no spot in thee."

These marvellous graces and attributes accrued to the Blessed Virgin by reason of the Mystery of the Incarnation.

Before all ages the Eternal Wisdom had decreed that the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity should assume human nature in order that He might suffer and die and thereby save us from everlasting perdition. This Divine Victim is the Eternal Word through Whom the Father has made all things: the heavens, the earth, the moon and stars, men and angels, things that want life, things that have life; the depths of the seas, the heights of the mountains. He is co-equal, co-eternal, consubstantial with His Heavenly Father, possessing the same essence, the same perfections, the same attributes. But Mary is the Mother of the Son of God. By the absolutely pure operation of the Holy Ghost she conceived Him, she gave Him His Humanity. Christ is her Son just as really and as truly as He is Man.

When the cold and chill of the first Christmas night fell around the comfortless stable of Bethlehem, she it was who pressed the new-born Babe—the Infant Jesus—to her heart and thus kept the sacred blood from freezing in His veins. When the cruel and ambitious Herod had plotted to behead the Child she it was who, warned by an angel, carried Him to a place of safety in Egypt. Under her care were passed the tender years of His boyhood; under her guidance He grew to manhood. Her holy hands wove the seamless garment for which the Roman soldiers gambled at the foot of Calvary's Mount. She it was, the Mother of our Sa-

, who stood in the shadow of the and looking up beheld the thorned head bend forward when He, her ed Son, was dead, crucified for the of humanity. It was on her bosom, , He had slept when a child, that He l His sacred head now that He was and that Nicodemus had taken Him from the cross. She it was who sat ng at His sepulchre till the soldiers o guard it drove her and Magdalene

reason of her Divine Maternity the ed Virgin became the "Daughter of the Father, Mother of God the Son ipouse of God the Holy Ghost." She ssociated with the Three Persons of lessed Trinity because of the Incarn- n. Hence she can be justly glorified aving an intimate part in the redemp- f man and in his reconciliation with

She crushes the serpent's head, she iphs over the powers of hell by giv- o the world the Liberator who frees m the slavery of Satan, the Redeem- io saves us from everlasting misery voe.

h being the destiny of Mary, her erhood being divine, how eminently ning it was that she should be stain- chaste as the lily. Since she was the ratrix in the great drama of infinite the Atonement, how natural it is after her Divine Son, Jesus Christ, hould be the object of the love of and of the veneration of men and an-

er a life spotless, immaculate, yet f sorrow and anguish, she returned ce she came, to God. In the courts eaven, where the cherubim and sera- , the angels and archangels, mar- and white-robed virgins dwell, "with ght of God shining on their counte- es," where the Throne of the Omnipo- has been placed from all eternity, the Mother stands at that Throne, iful "as the morning star, fair as the , brilliant as the sun," bearing on 'rgin brow a twelve-starred crown, e is Queen of Heaven, Mother of the Who sitteth on the Throne.

, assumption of the Blessed Virgin to

is a source of hope and consola-

tion to us in our trials and difficulties. At the Throne of her Son in heaven she is our intercessor. Although Jesus Christ is the one Supreme Mediator between God and man, still there are other mediators subordinate to Him, intercessors to whom we pray; and such is the Immaculate Vir- gin in preference to all others. God, the absolute Master of His gifts, can bestow them by His own hands, but He does not always wish to do so. Open the Bible, and you will read that the Lord had mercy on Jerusalem and other cities of Judea because the angels interceded for that mercy, that He granted the favors Moses asked of Him in the name of the Holy Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. But if God hear the prayers offered to Him through the intercession of the an- gels and saints, He will surely hear those of His Mother, who is Queen of the An- gels and Saints, and whose intercession surpasses theirs as greatly as she herself surpasses them by the eminence of her sanctity, the superabundance of her mer- its, the plenitude of her graces, the heroism of her virtues.

Sad experience teaches us that we stand in great need of the potent and efficacious help that is never denied to those who have devotion to Mary. Enemies from without and from within tempt us at almost every moment of our lives. The soul must struggle against "the world, the flesh and the devil." The human heart is never satisfied, but constantly hungers after that which is forbidden. In short, both body and soul must be strengthened against temptations that lurk concealed in ambush and like a wild beast are ready to steal upon us and before we are aware gain the mastery over us. This strength our Blessed Mother is ever willing to obtain for us if we will but ask her for it.

Espéciallly during this month, when the universal Church kneels at her shrine and begs her protection, does our Immaculate Queen look for our love and prayers. Let us then give to her that gift which the child as well as the parent, the poor as well as the rich, the unlearned as well as the learned, the sinner as well as the saint may offer without fear of it being rejected. This precious gift is the garland of mys-

tical roses. These roses are the Hail Marys of the Rosary. This beautiful rose of heavenly sweetness first blossomed in the garden of the angels' paradise and God sent it down to earth by the Archangel Gabriel, who transplanted it here on the day of the Annunciation.

The offering of these roses is the devotion of the Rosary, which was taught to S. Dominic by the Blessed Virgin. Hence it came from heaven, and like all heaven's gifts it brings with it graces and blessings innumerable. In the Rosary we have the most perfect prayers that the human lips can utter. The "Our Father" is the prayer of Christ Himself. The "Hail Mary" contains the words that the angel used at the Annunciation when he told Mary that she was "full of grace" and "blessed among women," and that she was to be the Mother of the Saviour of the World. The "Holy Mary" the Church has added to the archangel's salutation. While the lips recite these prayers the mind ponders on the most important events, joyous, sorrowful and glorious, of the life of Jesus Christ and of His Maiden Mother. As the mind reflects on all that the Re-

deemer has undergone for our salvation and on the part that His loving Mother had in His incarnation, passion and death and how she now participates in His glory, the heart glows with love for that Divine Son and His Blessed Mother. It is the union of mind, heart and lips that renders the devotion of the Beads so pleasing to God and to the Queen of the Rosary and consequently so efficacious for us.

A thousand times blessed, then, are we who love and say Mary's Beads. We are treasuring up for ourselves great indulgences, for this devotion is richly endowed by the Church. We have from the Queen of the Rosary a special protection. She warns us in the time of temptation. She shields us from danger. She aids us in our trials and difficulties. She comforts us in our grief and miseries. She intercedes for us with her Son in Heaven. She cherishes for us a special love, a love that is a guide, leading us onward and upward in our journey through life, and that will be to us a beacon of light in the dark valley of death.

MARY THE STAR OF THE SEA.

F. JEROME SAVONAROLA, O. P.

O Star of Galilee,
Shining o'er this earth's dark sea,
Shed thy glorious light on me,
Maria Stella Maris.

Queen of Clemency and Love,
Be my advocate above,
And, through Christ, all sin remove,
Maria Stella Maris.

When the Angel called thee blest,
And with transports filled thy breast,
'Twas thy Lord became thy guest,
Maria Stella Maris.

Earth's purest creature thou,
In the heaven exulting now,
With a halo round thy brow,
Maria Stella Maris.

Beauty beams in every trace
Of the Virgin Mother's face,
Full of glory and of grace—
Maria Stella Maris.

A beacon to the just,
To the sinner hope and trust,
Joy of the angel host,
Maria, Stella Maris.

Ever glorified, thy throne
Is where thy Blessed Son
Doth reign; through Him alone,
Maria, Stella Maris,

All pestilence shall cease,
And sin and strife decrease,
And the kingdom come of peace,
Maria Stella Maris.

S. DOMINIC AND HIS WORK.

Done into English from the Spanish of

REV. ILDEFONSE IZAGUIRRE, O. P.

By SISTER SERAPHINE, O. P.

About the year 1170, in "happy Calaroga," a little Spanish village, was born the child whom we know to-day, and venerate, under the name of S. Dominic of Guzman. Sung by poets and calumniated by heretics, his figure is one of the most beautiful and interesting in history, his character one of the sweetest and strongest the world has known. Dante, the poet-historian, has sketched his portrait with master pen, in the *Divina Commedia*, as

The loving minion of the Christian Faith,
The hallowed wrestler, gentle to his own,
And to his enemies terrible.

Comparing him with S. Francis of Assisi, Dante hails Dominic as "the splendor of the light of the cherubim." This latter eulogium by the poet, history has confirmed in two incidents, the one happening before, the other after, the birth of S. Dominic. We read that his mother, ere yet he was born, saw him in dreams under the figure of a dog, carrying in its mouth a burning torch, with which the world was illumined and warmed. It is also related that at the time of his baptism his godmother perceived on the brow of the child a shining star. Admirable presages these, of his brilliant career; of his truly scientific mission; of his organized protest, fulfilled in his own life and in the work of his Order by demonstrating the doctrines of the Church, to an unbelieving people led astray by false science; of his vocation to the salvation of souls by the diffusion of the splendor of truth.

S. Dominic received a two fold spirit, that of contemplation and that of action, which Dante designates by two epithets, "ambassador and courtier of Jesus Christ." A man of profound piety and intense interior life, S. Dominic had his heart so entirely united to God that nothing could distract or detach him from that centre, "where he rested," says Castillo, "in wonderful and unchanging peace."

"His humility was so deep and so sincere that being the first by his sanctity, he considered himself ever the last of all."

With a character stern and austere toward himself, his life was a continual combat with his own body, to which he gave neither rest nor comfort. When sleep overcame him, in the sanctuary where he passed the nights, he leaned his head against the altar for a few short moments and then resumed his profound meditation. Three times each night he disciplined himself; his fast was rigorous and continued; his apparel poor but neat; his manners polished and charming; his conversation interesting; his counsels efficacious; his words eloquent, and his heart passionately yearning for God and for souls, even unto the greatest sacrifices, the most heroic deeds.

"He was studying in Palencia," writes Blessed Jordan, "during a time of famine and great want throughout all Spain. Widows and orphans, the old and the young, the poor and the helpless were nigh unto starvation. To succor the needy the young Dominic multiplied his alms, deprived himself of even necessities, and at length sold his books, annotated though they were by himself. The biographers of the Saint relate another incident which manifests even more clearly, the treasures of compassion, the depth of Christian charity, hidden in his heart. Seeing one day a poor woman weeping because she could not obtain the ransom with which to redeem her brother, captured by the Moors, S. Dominic offered himself to be sold, that the price might enable her to release the prisoner. "But," adds the chronicler, "God, who reserved His servant for the spiritual redemption of multitudes of men, did not permit him to carry out his heroic resolution."

These touching incidents and many others which may be read in his life, reveal to us the interior of a soul in which pur-

ity, grace, charity, intelligence, truth and all the other natural and supernatural gifts are the results of an elevated contemplation, and a burning love for God and souls.

His apostolic life is even more beautiful. "He came into the world," says S. Catherine of Siena, "to sow with great diligence the word of God, and to shed brightness on all dark places." By day and by night, in houses, in the fields, on highways, he preached, passing among men like our Divine Saviour, filling souls with peace and hope and love. Providence confided to him the mission of dissipating ignorance, of defying error, of overcoming the darkness of sin; and Dominic, burning torch and "splendor of the light of the cherubim," warmed with light and life souls which were dying like withering plants, in the cold and darkness of ignorance and vice.

The emblem of his apostolate is therefore a ray of light, piercing the densest and blackest cloud-masses without dimming, though never so lightly, its own resplendent purity; and all that emanates from him, in work and words, and in the labor of his sons, shall possess this virtue of illuminating and comforting.

A long preparation preceded S. Dominic's active mission in the world. Thus it is that the works of God are always distinguished by the lowness of their beginnings, and by the slowness with which they are developed. Moreover, it is necessary that the light be received before it can be diffused; there must be fire before heat can be given forth. Solitude has ever possessed a peculiar charm for the thinking mind; it has been a novitiate for all great men. Following our Saviour, they have buried themselves in silence and retirement before entering upon the great duties of life. From a very early age S. Dominic sought this solitude, in which his soul expanded till it was filled with every heavenly gift. Thus it is that only at the age of forty-six in a life that was to count scarcely more than fifty years, we see him gathering around him enthusiastic souls, afire with inspirations like his own. He instructed them, he moulded them, we might say, to "his own image and like-

ness," communicated to them a breath of his own intellectual and supernatural spirit, and then sowed them in the furrows of the world, as seeds of grace and of truth; or, like regenerating leaven, he mingled them with that in humanity which ever deteriorates and decays raising youth and purifying and transforming the people.

The youth and the people of his time, as of to-day, consumed themselves in aspirations and emotions vague and undetermined, through which they struggled to open a path. It is the glory of S. Dominic that he opened to them a pathway and directed their march towards its heights.

This is, in brief, the secret of all great men. Without having identified themselves with these hidden aspirations, Saints, poets, heroes would never have dominated, they would scarcely have touched the spirits of men; nor could they have moved hearts, or won for themselves fame and glory. During certain epochs the people feel a something undefined, aspirations, secret, ardent, passionate, without form, without name, and wanting a vivifying principle, a soul that may understand, divine and breathe life into these yearnings, an echo, a call, the clash at length of two sentiments from which has always sprung the great events of humanity; and this impelling force is perhaps the strongest of all human agents. From it are born great works and great characters, as also that blending of enthusiasm, of loyalty, of admiration, above all, of gratitude for the strong soul who knows how to stoop to his fellow men to lift them into the path for which they had been blindly groping.

All peoples have felt these quickenings, all epochs have experienced these upheavals of the human mass, and to few has been accorded a welcome as enthusiastic and universal as to S. Dominic and his sons. We can imagine the passionate joy, which filled the heart of youth, when issuing from the semi-barbarous times in which the sword had been sovereign, it saw the dawn of the supremacy of the intellect, and began to learn that the superiority of man consists in the growth and development of reason, and in the perfec-

f the will rather than in personal and physical strength. So it was he young men of those days pressed rd to the field of knowledge with the ardor which in other times would carried them to the tournament or in thick of battle. A burning desire agitated their hearts; they longed to sanctify themselves, to study, to save souls. S. Dominic, who well understood them, built them convents, and made them apostolic

re the time of S. Dominic no religious order had proposed for its special either learning or the apostolate. Institutes previously established were

holy republics to which souls longing for justice and peace fled to seek life, labor, prayer, penance and mortification, virtues rare among men and native soil is the cloister. The saw from afar the happy cenobites as the traveler in the valley perceives the castles built on summits of the mountains. Rares a monk known to leave his cloister to visit men; a dense wall separates his dwelling from the world, of he seldom thought, and which indeed him only in the blessed hours of supplications to God, supplications turned aside the Divine wrath. His registers illustrious exceptions, it is but they were only exceptions. Dominic was the first who conceived and founded the Order of apostolic friars, contemplative missionaries called to sanctify not themselves, but also their fellow

as this fusion of the monk and the friar which excited the admiration of all in which he lived so that the work of preaching friar responded exactly to the movement of the time and defined vague desires, those hidden aspirations of youth and of the people. "Daring creation, irreconcilable union!" said "the vocation of one who must necessarily remain in solitude and sanctify himself tranquilly in a cell, is diametrically opposed to that of him who is called to labor amidst the noise of the world for the salvation of souls." But they who so did not consider that however in-

compatible might seem these vocations, however opposed they might be in reality, they mutually completed each other and when intertwined by the inspiration of a genius and the faith of a Saint, they formed an admirable and harmonious whole.

Indeed, this union of the two elements of the monastic and apostolic life so opposed of their own nature, is the secret of the resistance and vitality of our Order. Never were our apostolic virtues more vigorous than when they were found strongly grafted and rooted in monastic observances, and on the contrary, whenever and wherever this union has been weakened our moral and intellectual powers have grown proportionately feebler, and even the very foundations of our institute have been threatened.

The Order of S. Dominic is, therefore, not simply a monastic order, nor is it an order of preachers or of doctors. It is all these blended in one vocation. A Dominican is not a monk, nor a savant, nor a missionary, but all three at the same time. His aim is to save souls, and all in his life converges to this centre, study, teaching, monastic observances, solitude, prayer, science and art. The Order has a triple organism so that it may incorporate under its banner souls of tireless activity, souls sublimely contemplative, souls burning with the zeal of the apostles.

Like S. Dominic, his sons consecrated themselves to the salvation of mankind by every possible means, by the most untiring labor. Whatever promoted this end was at once employed. The noble and generous, all that broadens and dignifies man, all that elevates him in his own eyes as in the eyes of God, are cultivated in our Order with particular care and in the pages of history we find that the sons of S. Dominic have contributed no small part to the enrichment of humanity with all that is great and ennobling to our nature.

With us, as with the Roman Republic, "The good of the people is the sovereign law," our motto is "All for the salvation of souls," our apostolate is Catholic in time and extent, in the variety of sacrifice, in the universality of charity, and as a precious inheritance bequeathed by S. Dominic, is a crystal fountain, pouring

down from the heights, breaking into streams which fertilize the vineyard of the Church.

To save souls by the preaching of Christ crucified and the manifestation of the Divine perfections; to illuminate the world; to present an ideal to souls, to defend the bulwarks of society, to seat ourselves in the assemblies of savants and artists; to occupy chairs of learning in the most illustrious universities; to carry our apostolate into the depths of the wilderness, among the most savage tribes; in a word, to be in all acceptations of the word, apostles of the good, the true, the beautiful—such is our glorious vocation.

The world to-day has need of men called to so grand and useful a destiny and particularly here in our own America, where the harvest is so abundant, and the laborers so few. The wheat is ripe under God's sun, which gilds the waving fields, and the laborers should be ready to garner the golden grain, to gather it into the store-

house, to make it ready for the heavenly kingdom.

Multitudes of rare souls, of gifted intellects, are to-day trampling under foot their highest aspirations, crushing out their most beautiful ideals, augmenting thus the current of corruption which hurries us along and threatens to overwhelm us. With few exceptions they plead, vaguely but longingly, for light and heat, truth and virtue, learning and piety. They aspire to put themselves in touch with other souls, their brothers, full of charity and strength, who love men sincerely and who live but for the salvation of humanity.

May God hear our supplications and grant our desires by sending laborers to His harvest who may not be mercenaries. May He give us men, true apostles, brothers, preachers, generous souls, ready to abandon all for God, who may truly say, "Behold, we have left all, and have followed Thee."

A PRAYER TO OUR LADY.

(An imitation of Old English Verse).

MOTHER AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE, O.P.

Mary, Mother, hail to thee!
Mary, Maiden, think on me;
Mother-maid was never known,
Ladye, save in thee alone.

Sweetest Maiden, pure from stain,
Shield thou me from sin and pain;
From all evil guard thou me
Of thine endless charity!

By thy five joys, Ladye, win
Grace that I may fly from sin;
God's commands and Christian Faith
Let me know, and keep till death.

Help the souls I hold as dear,
Shield us all from hellish fear;
Guard us well from evil fame,
And from thoughts and deeds of shame.

For my friends I pray to thee,
Saved forever may they be;
By the five joys of thy heart
May they fly the tempter's dart.

For my foemen too I pray,
Let them find the better way,
That nor they nor I may die,
Parted from sweet Charity.

Sweetest Ladye, full of grace!
Every good in thee finds place,
Thou are flower of all our kind,
Help the weak and heal the blind.

Plead with Jesu as my friend,
Lead me to a godly end,
That anointed, houseled, shriven,
I may win my way to Heaven.

Ladye, I will trust in thee
That my prayer shall granted be;
I shall, Ladye, then be blithe,
Thee to greet with Aves five!

THE BLUNDERING OF AN AGNOSTIC.

REV. J. R. NEWELL, O. P.

In *The North American Review* for April the Rev. Minot J. Savage, D. D., a Protestant minister, appears in an article entitled "After Orthodoxy—What?"

This is a supplementary attack on Christianity in answer to "the deluge of newspaper articles and letters all over the land expressing surprise that 'a minister' could hold such opinions as he had advocated in a previous attack on Christian dogma in the same Review."

In passing, we note the point well taken by one of his numerous enquirers who asks, but receives no answer, why Mr. Savage retains the prefix "Rev." to his name. And we also beg to be informed on the use of the affix "D. D."

The article in question is a fair illustration of the way in which Protestantism, now on the rocks, must rapidly disappear beneath the pounding waves of that same "private judgment" or so-called "criticism" which it invoked in its rebellion against the Catholic Church. Mr. Savage touches unspairingly on every dogma of the Christian Religion, as also on some Protestant notions which are no part of the Christian dogma; and pretends to show how easily mankind could get along without the Christian belief. And yet all alarm for the Christian faith will cease in proportion as the human mind awakes to the truth that Protestantism is not Christianity.

For, Christianity is a supernatural religion or it is nothing. It comes to the world with a doctrine, a worship, a law, a grace, and a sanction which are clearly not of this world, but of a character transcending all human opinion; and while its teaching is surrounded by external evidence, documentary and historic, complete and unanswerable, the intrinsic truth of its teaching baffles all attempt at human demonstration, and appeals only to faith.

To follow Mr. Savage in his several onslaughts against the faith, let us take a rapid glance at the essential teaching and

uncompromising attitude of Christianity in the face of the world. According to it, the only true God, Lord and Maker of Heaven and Earth is the Eternal Trinity! —the Almighty, Eternal, Simple and Infinite Intelligence subsisting in three eternally distinct Divine Persons!—God numerically one in nature, numerically three in persons! According to Christianity, there is no other God. Nothing is done in Christianity of any validity except in the name of God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; and the revelation of this unfathomable mystery of the Divine Being was the primary object of Christ's mission to this world.

Again, the only hope of men is the Incarnate Son of God—Christ, the God man—the union and subsistence of the Divine and the human nature in the second person of the Eternal Trinity. This is the foundation mystery of Christianity. And this God-man, submitting to the unspeakable shame of the cross for human sin, and rising again for the world's redemption,—mysteries of infinite love and power transcending human thought. Furthermore, the mission of the Holy Ghost to this world—the coming down of the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity sent by Christ to abide forever with His Church, and who, from the day of the splendors of Pentecost until the end of time, renders testimony to Christ's eternal Godhead and truth in the divine rapidity of the Church's conquest and its enduring triumph over the combined opposing forces of the world.

And its worship!—the public worship instituted by Christ is the Christian sacrifice, a worship unspeakably divine—being no less than the living, deified humanity of Christ, in His sacramental existence in the Eucharist, and offered up to the Eternal Trinity by the hands of Christ's own divinely transmitted priesthood in perpetual commemoration and individual application of the Redemption accomplished on Calvary.

And the Gospel!—The law of Christ—the moral code of Heaven—a law which crucifies man's fallen nature in order to elevate men to a height of virtue inaccessible to all human effort;—a law whose perfect fulfillment by countless thousands of every condition in every Christian age and nation has created an army of saints and reproduced among men the perfection or moral beauty of Christ.

And the gift of Grace!—A supernatural force dispensed by Christianity alone, and enabling the soul to fulfil with ease, promptness and joy the highest Christian duty and virtue;—a gift conveyed through the Sacraments, which, again, are supernatural institutions of Christ infallibly conferring on the recipient, who places no obstacle, a holiness amounting to a participation of the Divine Nature.

Finally, Faith!—The divine faculty enabling the mind to seize firmly and intelligently to hold Christian doctrines—a supernatural light infused into the soul in baptism, manifesting, with a divine certainty, the truth of all Christian teaching;—a certainty resting, not on the weak and shifting sands of human opinion, but on the everlasting rock of God's own infinite knowledge and veracity.

This superhuman certainty of faith is sustained from without as, with the opening of reason and the growth of years, experience and reflection deepen our knowledge of the great Christian Church, whose unfaltering speech and whose every attitude reveal the stamp of that Divinity which reason looks for in Christianity as the masterpiece and witness of Christ. Her magnificent claim to the infallibility of her Divine Author meets the demand of the human mind in regard to Christianity, and displays the perfect harmony of her claims and mission in the world as Christ's accredited envoy. Her admirable unity and consistency in doctrine satisfy the mind which seeks in Christianity a reflex of the unity and consistency of the mind of Christ; her lofty moral code and corresponding sanctity of life reveal to our just demands the evidence in Christianity of the indwelling spirit of Christ—even the Holy Ghost; and her universal extent presents to rea-

son the practical and sublime reality of Christ's world-wide sovereignty; while her unbroken, historical continuity reveals to the mind the luminous and undeniable fact of Christ's all-conquering grasp upon the intellectual and moral world for all time.

This is Christianity and this is a supernatural religion if it is anything; but it is not Protestantism. The "Denominations" retain, indeed,—though to a rapidly decreasing extent—the sacred names and phraseology of Christianity; an unmeaning retention which the world has long since stigmatized as "cant," and which is merely the anomalous confusion that marks the modern transition period of Protestantism from its departure from supernatural Christianity, or Catholicism, toward final and inevitable paganism. This transition period may be called Rationalism; and this is "Minister" Savage's present religious stand. Retaining the terms, and, as he pretends, the substance of the Christian religion, he attempts to show Protestants that there is nothing in its teaching that need be considered superhuman or divine, but that amended of its "Orthodox errors," or supernatural character, we may retain and enjoy it as the fruit of the best thought and effort of man. We remark, though, an evident drift of Mr. Savage's thought toward a still deeper chasm, that is, toward naturalism—a state almost, if not quite, identical with paganism. In all this Mr. Savage but draws out the logical conclusions of Protestantism.

Begun in the sixteenth century, in a revolt from the universal Church of Christ, Protestantism is a congeries of conflicting human sects quarreling over the most vital doctrine of Christian revelation; while each sect vainly endeavors, like castaways upon the sea, to keep afloat by its own internal human efforts on some disjointed fragment from the wreck of Christian truth.

The fundamental principle of Protestantism is the declaration of the right of individual or private judgment in matters of Christian belief as against the so-called tyranny of the Church's authority; and by virtue of this principle Protestantism

stands divested of all supernatural character, and proclaims itself to be the mere natural human religion or opinion of man; and as a further and inevitable consequence of this principle it practically or impliedly rejects the entire Christian revelation.

For, without the assent of the mind by faith in a living authority in Christianity representing the very authority of Christ, no man can sincerely claim to hold its mysterious doctrines. Man holds a doctrine not by a parrot-like mimicry or a canting mummery of some transmitted form of words, but by the luminous and conscious grasp of the mind. Yet mere human opinion or private judgment is powerless to grasp the truth of the supernatural doctrines of Christ's Church. The Trinity! The Incarnation! The Divine Sacrifice! The Sacraments! And the Mysteries of Heaven and Hell! What has human opinion in common with these unfathomable secrets of another world? The intrinsic evidence of these doctrines exists

only in the Infinite Intellect of God; and hence when revealing them to the world the Son of God denied the power and the right of human opinion to criticise them, but commanded mankind to accept them by faith on the public authority of His Church.

There are individuals in Protestantism who are not Protestants, though called so, and it is not they, the unsuspecting passengers on board, but the crew, Protestant ministers, who have run the ship upon the rocks; and for these, as well as for our own Catholic people, we write, and we warn them against relying for salvation on any mere fragmentary Christianity. While beholding the breaking up of Protestantism under the dissolving influence of human criticism, we urge them to take the only right alternative for the preservation of the remnant of their Christian faith, to seek in the Catholic Church the necessary completeness of the Religion of Christ and the only sure foundation of Christian hope.

TWILIGHT'S SOLILOQUY.

SISTER M. XAVIER, VISITANDINE.

When sunset-rays no longer gild
The scenes that 'round me lie,
And stars are peeping, one by one,
From out the vaulted sky.

Hie away to some lone spot—
Some vine-clad garden bow'r,
Or quaff the sweets enchantment lends
To twilight's sombre hour.

There, as the shadows 'round me fall
And darkness creepeth on,
Sigh to think, that one day more
From life's short span is gone!

Ask: What hath it borne for me
To God's eternal throne—
And, will it be a pleading friend
When I stand there alone?

Mas! I know not till the veil
Be from my vision drawn,
And the all-seeing light of God
Upon my soul will dawn.

That dread moment, when I see
My lifelong mirror'd clear,
All I with hopeful joy or awe
My sentence stand to hear?

THE CHILD AND THE VIOLET.

EDWIN A. LEMAN.

Humble little violet,
Growing on the slope,
How your pretty petals,
Speak to me of hope.

Hope of being one fair day
Mild and meek like you,
And obeying God's dear will,
As you surely do.

Humble little violet,
I've been very bad,
'Cause I've had a stubborn will,
Which you've never had.

But I'll try my best to change
And be very good,
Like you and the tiny leaves
Growing in the wood.

Humble little violet,
You are very small,
But you are a teacher big
To us one and all.

You don't say much, but you show
How we ought to be;
Anyhow, it seems that way
To wicked little me.

EDITORIAL.

Two Dominican Saints are honored by the Church in May—S. Pius the Fifth, the latest canonized Pope, and S. Antoninus, a model of bishops.

S. Pius ruled the Church during a troubled period, and though his reign covered only six years, it bore abundant fruit for discipline and for the increase of piety. It was during his pontificate that the battle of Lepanto was fought—an event forever to be identified with devotion to our Lady of the Rosary.

S. Antoninus governed the diocese of Florence for thirteen years. His episcopate began when he had come near to the three score mark. The preparation for the office of a chief pastor which had marked his religious and priestly career, was abundantly crowned, after he had been obliged, by papal command, to assume the burden of the mitre.

We shall not anticipate our work on the lives of the Dominican Saints, by a sketch of these illustrious servants of God. We desire only to note the passing of their feasts, reminding our readers that in the lives of these sons of S. Dominic, are examples of virtue that may well be called splendid, that are nevertheless of practical advantage to the lowliest, for they are of humility, of prayer, of burning charity, of generous zeal, of tenderest love for our gracious Queen of the Rosary.

DOMINICANA warmly commends to its readers the work of S. Joseph's Deaf Mute Home, Oakland, California. This worthy institution carries on its noble mission, without state aid, entirely dependent on the zeal of the devoted sisters and on the charity of the public. S. Joseph's Home is among the cherished enterprises fostered by His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop Riordan. Naturally its chief support must come from the diocese of San Francisco, but its appeal to California charity, to charity even from afar, is one that DOMINICANA gladly publishes. On

this present occasion we call the special attention of our San Francisco readers to the announcement in our advertising pages, of the entertainment planned for the benefit of the good Sisters and their charges.

Wanton destruction of property, plunder of non-combatants, cruelty to prisoners, wholesale lying about the Boers by exaggerating their numbers and equipment, and by disseminating calumnies against them, are some of the charges that Truth is making in its indictment against England. These facts have come out slowly, and like murder, others as damning will come out surely. The slaughter of Boer women by British "soldiers" outnumbering them five to one is, perhaps, the blackest blot on the disgraceful record that England is making in this infamous war. Despite the death of the brave and chivalric Joubert, despite the heavy losses that the Boers have suffered, they are still undaunted in their gallant but uneven fight. Were it a matter of only two or three British, and not ten, as against each Boer, the Afrikanders would sweep Roberts and his hosts into the sea. Even against the terrible odds prevailing, the Boers are striking terror to the heart of John Bull.

The series of short articles on the Philippines which we are publishing are designed as a foundation to subsequent work that will deal with the present situation. Meantime, we abstain from comment on the various rumors appearing in the daily press. In due time we shall lay before our readers *facts*.

The latest information from the seat of the South African war, that has come by way of uncensored letters and from honest and impartial witnesses, places the Boers in a light even more favorable than that in which their friends, or at least the opponents of English policy, had

viewed them. Examples of humanity, of benevolence, of generous forbearance, of liberality in matters religious are proclaimed by men and women whose testimony is beyond suspicion. Among such witnesses are chaplains of the British army.

In painful contrast to Boer courtesy and sympathy, and Boer reverence for the dead, are shocking stories of British brutality and cowardice, of abandonment of their dead and wounded, even of their refusal to permit the Boers to exercise the last offices of humanity to the British slain. The true history of Spion Kop will prove not only how splendid was the victory won by Boer courage against heavy odds, but how gentle and noble was Boer humanity when the famous hill had been won. Majuba is eclipsed by Spion Kop.

Our readers have already approvingly observed that in each number we publish the words and music of a hymn. This feature of our work has been strongly commended, and already many expressions of appreciation have come to our sanctum. We are determined to continue this department. Our present tribute is in honor of the Queen of May. We hope that all our child friends will become familiar with it. We promise them another composition of rare beauty for the June number. Father Newell's heart and pen are devoted to the little ones.

Speaking of Catholic interests and the duty of our people because of the repeated disregard of our rights, because of the contemptuous treatment we have received in affairs concerning our "Colonies," the inhabitants of which are Catholics; and viewing the possibilities and the probabilities as to the robbing of the friars in the Philippines, the treaty of Paris to the contrary notwithstanding, we advocate something more than mere indignation personally expressed by individuals; we plead for unanimity, for concerted action to be taken by Catholics as a body, independently of any political party, in antagonism to no particular party, but in protest against repeated insult, and in determination to make such protest effective, as the only available way, no matter what

party may suffer, or what "statesmen" may be obliged to retire to private life.

It was not a party question, nor did the Senate divide on party lines when the vote was taken, April 7, which shuts out from our Catholic Indian schools all hope of recognition or material help, after June 30th, the close of the present fiscal year. Bigotry against the Church was the determining factor. Though little more than half the Senators were recorded, thirty out of forty-six voted against the very moderate and discriminating amendment proposed to the Indian appropriation bill by Senator Jones of Arkansas. An examination of the vote discloses the significant fact that the Administration Senators figure conspicuously in the anti-Catholic column. To what extent the Administration is responsible for the defeat of the reasonable measure proposed for the care of Catholic Indian children we may not, we cannot, say; but it is certain that the Administration was not "for" the measure, and this is equivalent to saying that the Administration was "against" it. Among those who did not vote we find Senator Mark Hanna. Shrewd Hanna! "Devilishly sly," like Joey Bagstock! But "it will not work."

We urge our readers to note this case of the Indian schools, as among the interests which demand Catholic action, intelligent, energetic, forceful, not on partisan lines, but because Catholic rights are denied on an alleged principle of "non-tarianism," which is the thinnest covering of persistent "church and state" business carried on by proselitizing sects.

With pleasure we record the names of Senators Vest, Pettigrew, Jones of Arkansas, Hansbrough, Daniel, Bate, Clark of Montana, Heitfeld, Carter, McLaurin, Kenny, Morgan, Taliferro, Martin, Turley and Money, the sixteen men who voted squarely for the rights of the Indian children, for a policy honorable to the Government, and for such recognition of Catholic rights and interests as are at stake in this important matter.

The reports from South Africa, of the Boer ranks reinforced by the grandfathers and grandsons, striplings and boys in

their early teens reminds us of Willard's celebrated painting. "The Spirit of '76." Should some other artist care to sketch the terrible scenes of 1900, he would find a spirit no less noble than that of '76, in distant Africa, and worthy of the brush of a genius knowing the meaning of liberty. And the brave wives and daughters of the much tried Boers? They, too, would furnish a theme thrilling, yea sublime, with an inspiration that should kindle even the heart of a degenerate Anglo-Saxon American.

Our readers have already an insight into the character of our serial story. We can promise them, however, that still greater interest lies beyond, that the unfolding of the plot will be accompanied by scenes and incidents of beauty, pathos and power.

The Feast of the Ascension of our Blessed Lord, the second glorious mystery of the Rosary, holds the place of honor in this May. For its light and its cheer, for its witness to the power and triumph of our risen Saviour, for its strength to our faith, its comfort to our sorrows, its hope to our faint-heartedness, for its significant telling of our heavenly home, whither we shall yet go, from the body of this death, the Ascension of Jesus Christ our Beloved Master, is precious beyond words.

Could we penetrate the interior of that holiest of homes, in the dear little House of Nazareth, and realize what one day there meant of loving union between Mary and Joseph, between Jesus and Joseph, we would readily admit with S. Alphonsus that it is Joseph's special grace to obtain for us the knowledge and love of Jesus and Mary; and we would understand this consoling thought, that the fuller our love for him, the more ardent our devotion, the nearer we draw to the likeness of the Blessed Model Himself. It is this growth in the imitation of Christ that will justify our hopes of S. Joseph's powerful aid in our last hour—that He may be with us in the closing scenes—near, as of old, to Jesus and Mary. May we all know the joy of the Master's coming; may we all

see the sweet face of our Immaculate Mother; and may S. Joseph crown our life's devotion by a death like unto his own, even in the arms of Jesus and Mary.

The celebration, on the first Sunday of the month, of the Feast of S. Joseph's Patronage, should be a reminder to all Catholics of the dignity and power and prerogatives of our Lady's holy Spouse. In devotion and tender love, S. Joseph should be to all the faithful, "a growing son."

This number of DOMINICANA is enlarged, because of the month of our Lady, to whom we offer special tribute in prose and verse. We feel assured that our readers will appreciate the quantity and the quality of this number of DOMINICANA.

BOOKS.

The imprint of Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine, is an assurance that the book bearing it is a delight to the book-lover's eye. We were not surprised, therefore, on examining OUR LADY'S TUMBLER, recently issued from Mr. Mosher's press, to find this dainty little volume printed on Van Gelder paper, with Chiswick head bands and rubricated initials, its pure white binding wrapped in Japanese vellum.

On reading the old legend one is instantly charmed by the large, clear, type, the broad margins, with the outline of paragraphs on each page; and gratification blesses the artistic taste of the publisher who so loves the spirit of his work that he endeavors to clothe it in becoming beauty.

The pathetic legend carries with it a practical lesson that can be of profit to the reader who sees beyond the quaintness of the twelfth century story. It is the lesson that merit accrues to our smallest actions when these are done purely for the love of God, that extraordinary works are not expected, but only that our ordinary duties be performed with a view to pleasing God.

But let us see the beautiful illustration of this truth in the case of our Lady's "Tumbler." A poor, unlettered man—so runs the legend—desirous of saving his immortal soul, enters the monastery of

Clairvaux. Hearing the monks chanting the psalms and offering holy Mass each day, he begins to feel that because of his lack of learning, his inability to share in this part of the religious life, he cannot give as much honor to Almighty God and His Blessed Mother as he would wish.

One day, finding a statue of the Blessed Virgin in a forsaken portion of the monastery, the poor minstrel, who had been a dancer, or tumbler, by profession, conceives the idea of honoring our Lady by performing in her presence his feats. So when the good monks entered the chapel to sing the praises of God, he spent the same period of time in dancing and tumbling.

Then, in his child-like simplicity, he would turn to the image and address the Blessed Mother in words such as these: "Lady, to your protection I commend my body and soul! Sweet Queen, sweet Lady, despise not what I know. I cannot chant, nor read to you; but I shall pick for you a choice of all my finest feats, all. Sweet Queen, of your pity and of your frankness, despise not my service."

Then he would perform for her such finely executed tricks as no others should behold. His efforts, to worship our Blessed Lady, were not rejected, for when faint and weary he lay prostrate on the ground, the Queen of Angels, accompanied by the Angel Spirits, came to cheer and comfort him. And when the hour of death drew near, these same Heavenly visitors were present, waiting to bear his pure soul to its everlasting home.

Is it not an exquisite sermon, telling us that Almighty God will not fail to reward our smallest efforts, particularly our love and devotion to His Blessed Mother? Where or when this quaint little tale first saw the light we know not. One of a multitude bequeathed to us by mediaeval France, it was translated into English by the Rev. Philip H. Wicksteed. Being taken from the old French, the translator has slipped in the use of "adore" for "worship." But, barring this, his work is well done.

GRANDMA'S STORIES AND ANECDOTES OF YE OLDEN TIMES, from the facile pen of

"S. M. X.," will not only be appreciated by the old, but will be welcomed by the young folks. In the amplitude of treatment given to the leading events of the Colonial and the Revolutionary periods of our country's history, the author has succeeded in enveloping old names and old dates with a decided fascination. As we listen to Grandma's narration of many beautiful anecdotes in the lives of our nation's heroes, we seem to hear the throbings of the hearts that beat more than a century ago. The descriptions of the Colonial homes of "Bushwood" and "Blenheim" take a warm hold upon the feelings and we gladly pay the tribute of our reverence to the patriots who lived and loved and fought there in "Ye Olden Times."

The Angel Guardian Press, Boston, has brought out this instructive little volume in an attractive dress of red and gold.

MAGAZINES.

In *The Century Magazine* for March a paper of special value is a well written account of Robert Herrick, an English poet, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Mr. Aldrich gives a good description, not only of the poet, but of the man as well. While one can see that he admires and appreciates the depth of thought that underlies the seeming lightness of many of Herrick's verses and would wish his readers to discern the good that within the poet lies, yet he is impartial with regard to the man, showing forth his faults as clearly as his virtues.

As there is but little known of this poet, whose verses are becoming recognized more in our own day than ever before, those interested in literary work will find pleasure in perusing this article.

Another good contribution is a sketch of Giacomo Meyerbeer, a musical composer of our own time, from the pen of Moritz Mozkowski. The writer, unlike so many so-called "musical" critics, being a thorough musician himself, knows whereof he writes, and from the words of one so experienced in the divine art we can learn much regarding the composer Meyerbeer and his works, and incidentally of the opinions of other noted composers.

In the April number "Browning in

Asolo," by Katherine C. Bronson, will afford great pleasure to the many lovers of Robert Browning and his poetry, who will desire a glimpse of the latter portion of the poet's life.

"Talks with Napoleon" is a series of papers of which this is the third. They are based on the original record made by Napoleon's physician, Dr. B. E. O'Meara. Very noticeable in this account is the manner in which England endeavored, slowly but surely, to end the life of the great soldier. History repeats itself, and what this nation sought to accomplish nearly one hundred years ago, may not be beneath her to-day, with regard to those who are trying to maintain their rights and independence. God help General Cronje!

It is sad to read of poor Napoleon's religious convictions, to hear from the lips of the man who once said "The happiest day of my life was that of my First Communion," utterances that prove him to have been a materialist, to hear him affirming that the soul is formed of electric fluid, and making other assertions equally ridiculous.

The Century always affords profitable reading, and its successive numbers can be recommended for various features of merit. *The Century* pursues a policy broad, dignified, liberal. It maintains a standard that is of the highest excellence.

In the March number of *The American Ecclesiastical Review* a very important series of papers is commenced on the subject of Altar wines. The author is Mr. John A. Mooney, of New York, a scholar and accomplished writer, who never discusses a question without bringing to bear on it learning, thoroughness of treatment and grace of finished style. This series, which will include four articles, is one of great interest to the laity, as well as to the clergy.

We hope that these valuable papers will make most of their readers appreciate that "wine" is often not wine, and that those in search of wine need a bush to guide them nowadays.

The finest specimen which we have ever

seen of a special edition published by a Catholic journal is the Easter number of *The New World*, Chicago. More than 170 large folio pages comprise this fine issue. The Church in Illinois is the theme; and in text and illustrations the reader will find a very valuable contribution to the history of Catholicity in the United States. We congratulate the editor and the publishers of *The New World*, and we compliment Chicago energy and enterprise for their splendid work so handsomely presented in this number.

We have not sufficient space to enable us to present becoming extracts from *The Irish World* of April 14 and 21, but to all our readers who wish to learn of American shame in the Philippines; of the alleged bigotry of General Otis; of his proposed expulsion of the friars; of the real significance of Queen Victoria's visit to Ireland; of "the renegade Irish" who are fighting in South Africa; of England's infamy in the Transvaal, and of her misrule in India; and finally, of Webster Davis' great speech for the Boers, delivered in Washington on April 7, all of which are topics of living interest, our earnest advice is: Obtain a copy of those issues of *The Irish World* and study them. Such reading will be wholesome.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart for April publishes the recent pastoral of Cardinal Langenieux on Christian education in France. In the same number the admirable work of the Assumptionists is summarized in so effective a manner that to it we refer our readers for edifying details. We had intended to deal with the subject, but *The Messenger* can be consulted for the gist of the question. These two contributions, apart from other excellent matter, are of special value. Californians will be interested in the sketches of Mary Baptist Russell, who was so long identified with the work of the Sisters of Mercy in San Francisco.

Those who desire to read Senator Vest's fine speech, in which he "wiped the floor" with the A. P. A.'s, will find its text in *The New York Freeman's Journal* of April 14.

OUR LOVELY QUEEN of May.

Words by REV. J.R. NEWELL, O.P.

Music by A. F. LEJEAL.

Quasi Allegro

1 As once again the earth glows bright In beauty's glad ar-ray. To
2 All smiling in its glad new birth Mid myriads flowers gay; Iast

Mary Mother of grace and light, We lift our hearts and pray; we should be mis-led by earth, Be Thou our guide and stay,

O Moth-er! Guide our steps a-right
O Moth-er! Teach us life's true worth

Our lovely Queen, our lovely Queen of May! of May!

3. High Heaven's chosen daughter Thou! 4. For Thee allelant's sweet flowers grow,
Gods world thy garden gay! All birds sing tuneful lay
And all things thy sweet rule allow; Sun, moon and stars and fair rainbow,
All own thy rightful sway! For Thee shine night and day!
O Mother! To this truth we bow, O Mother! Make our hearts warm glow,

CALENDAR FOR MAY.

- 1—SS. Philip and James, Apostles. (Benediction.)
- 2—S. Athanasius, Bishop and Doctor. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
- 3—Finding of the Holy Cross.
- 4—S. Monica, Widow. (Benediction.)
- 5—S. Pius V. O. P., Pope. (Benediction. Plenary indulgence for all the faithful; C. C.; visit a Dominican church; prayer.)
- 6—Patronage of S. Joseph. (Benediction.) Three plenary indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at at Procession; prayers; (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament; prayers.
- 7—Octave of S. Catherine of Siena, O. P.
- 8—Apparition of S. Michael the Archangel.
- 9—S. Gregory Nazianzen, Bishop and Doctor. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
- 10—S. Antoninus, O. P., Bishop. (Benediction. Plenary indulgence as on 5th inst.)
- 11—S. Stanislaus, Bishop and Martyr. (Benediction.)
- 12—B. Jane of Portugal, O. P., Virgin. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
- 13—B. Albert of Bergamo, O. P., Confessor. Plenary indulgence for the members of the Holy Name Sodality.
- 14—B. Giles, O. P., Confessor.
- 15—Conversion of S. Augustine, Bishop and Doctor.
- 16—S. John Nepomucene, Martyr. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
- 17—B. Antony Pavonio, O. P., Martyr. (From April 9.)
- 18—S. Venantius, Martyr. (Benediction.)
- 19—S. Peter Celestine, Pope. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
- 20—B. Columba, O. P., Virgin. Plenary indulgence for members of the Living Rosary.)

The regular monthly musical service will be given at St. Dominic's Church, this evening at 7:30 p. m. The program will include: "Ave Maria" (Archadeit), choir; soprano solo, "I Will Extol Thee" (Costa). Miss Roeder; bass Solo, Sig. Wanrell; "O Salutaris" (male voices), (Gounod); "Tantum Ergo" (Rousseau), choir; duet, "Ecce Panis" (Dubois), Miss Roeder and Mrs. Smith. Organ selections: "Toccata" (Mailly), "Marche Pontificale" (Widor), "In Paradisum" (Bubois), "Intermezzo" (Rheinkigh).

- 21—B. Antony Neyrot, O. P., Martyr — (From April 10.) Rogation Day.
- 22—S. Servatius, Bishop. Patron of the Dominican Order. Rogation Day.
- 23—B. Louis Mary Grignon, O. P., Confessor. Rogation. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
- 24—The Ascension of our Lord. Second Glorious Mystery of the Rosary. Three plenary indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (This may be gained from first vespers, about 2 o'clock on afternoon of the Vigil, till sundown of Feast. (2) C. C.; visit any church; prayers; (3) C. C.; visit the five altars of any church, or one altar five times—the indulgence granted for the Station Churches in Rome.
- 25—Translation of our Holy Father S. Dominic.
- 26—S. Philip Neri, Founder of the Oratorians. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
- 27—B. Peter Sanz, O. P., Bishop and Martyr, and his martyr companions of the Order. (Benediction.)
- 28—B. Mary Bartholomew, O. P., Virgin.
- 29—B. William and Companions, O. P., Martyrs.
- 30—S. Ferdinand, King.
- 31—Octave of the Ascension.

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A CONVERSATION IN JUNE.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

"Oh, mother, do listen! Here is something beautiful!" cried Marguerite Allington, rushing in with shining eyes, blue as the sea. "Miss Dormer has been writing in my Birthday Book."

Very softly, as if with a new sense of reverence, the petted daughter of this beautiful home, read the following lines:

THE SACRED HEART.

Pure as tenderest lines of light
In the East ere dawn is bright,
Soft and still as seraph's flight,
Our Jesu draweth near.

Silent—lest we wound Him more—
Tender, whispering o'er and o'er!
Heart of Love! our souls outpour
Responsive bloom and cheer.

A momentary silence fell between them.
Then the mother spoke.

"Miss Dormer surely has a spiritual gift. Her thought is very sweet. A striking figure, too, always, that of the faint, white dawn. Only this morning I stood watching the creamy lines of early day-break, and their slow, gradual uprising was like a strain of music."

Just then Miss Dormer, who was visiting Mrs. Allington came in, somewhat weary and flushed with the exertion of a mountain ramble. The young girl hastened to meet her, pouring out thanks for the rich June thought which had fallen on the page of her dainty album.

"It is like a plume fresh from Paradise!" she cried, in eager admiration.

Miss Dormer smiled.

"June is devoted to the special adora-

tion of the Sacred Heart, I think—is it not?" inquired Mrs. Allington, with a trifle of the hesitation which marks the approach of many people to a religious topic.

Miss Dormer gave quiet assent.

"It is one of those beautiful devotions your Church seems to revel in," continued Mrs. Allington, thoughtfully. "We poor Protestants, out in the twilight, do not know the ways of Holy Church, in these and many other matters. If we, ourselves, had not met you, my dear Miss Dormer, we should never have known. But now that we understand the thought we do sympathize. The love of our Blessed Lord is no dearer to you than to us; only we are dumb worshippers, helpless to give it voice."

"The roses give it voice, mamma," put in the young girl, "the budding roses of June. Miss Dormer took me to S. Dominic's one day last week, and the altar of the Sacred Heart was all ablaze with buds and blossoms. It spoke for itself."

"There is no more exquisite emblem of the Sacred Heart than the rose, the royal rose, the rose of the golden centre. Its velvet petals symbolize the soft impact of the Divine on the poor human soul. How full of meaning, too, its thorns! and its perfume—the sweetness which clings to it though broken or bruised under foot, and lingers even to death."

"The sweet unfolding of its blossoms is to me its supreme charm, one closely akin to the fascination of dawn, as you have given it," pursued Mrs. Allington, still ad-

dressing Miss Dormer. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation and the Divine approach is imperceptible in its adorable slowness. Yet the waiting soul is irradiated, unawares! The how and when, mode and moment, alike wrapped in mystery; the drawing near of our Lord, like the suffusing of rose-light, remaining a holy secret till His hour come, till He Himself softly says, 'Peace! It is I.'"

Miss Dormer was looking with deep interest. She had not thought Mrs. Allington a woman likely to feel spiritual truth, in such introspective fashion.

"What mistakes we make about people!" she said to herself. "Our measuring sticks never fit them. It ought to teach us humility."

"That is the Vesper bell of S. Dominic's," cried Marguerite, her quick ear suddenly catching a distant silvery peal. "It always sounds like a voice calling."

"It is because you are listening, my dear. 'Your spirits are attentive,' as Shakspeare puts it." And she breathed a silent prayer for the young heart so eager to learn of sacred things.

"And here comes our good friend, the Professor, to brighten our discussions with his wisdom," added Marguerite, still impetuously, as a familiar step made itself heard on the avenue. "He is like a revolving light on the sea coast, that flings radiance in every direction."

After cordial greetings and the delivery of messages from absent friends, with which commodities the newcomer seemed laden, he settled down into a heap of gorgeous cushions, in a "cosy corner," and began a series of general investigations.

"I interrupted your chat by coming in, I perceive," he remarked to Mrs. Allington. "I beg pardon! But what was your topic and where were you last?"

"There is no battle for you 'to scent from afar,' if we may liken you to the war horse of Scripture, Professor. No controversy on any vexed question! Mrs. Allington was admiring the beauty of our Catholic devotion to the Sacred Heart, and entering no protest—no, not one!"

"Indeed!" said the Professor, with a reverent gravity that became him well. "You have reached the highest theme of

all—the Sacred Heart as the wondrous Centre of that Universe whose circumference is also divine. If I climb up into Heaven, Thou art there; if I go down to hell, Thou art there also. If I take the wings of the morning and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there also shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.' Dante, in the *Divina Commedia*, echoes the Psalmist. He is held by the hand, whether in Purgatory or Paradise, this blessed guidance being vouchsafed to meekness and obedience. His conception of Paradise being concentric—as Flaxman also gives it in his wonderful outline drawing of 'The Angel Rose'—we have wheels within wheels, circles within circles, like planetary orbits, around the Sacred Heart afame with love, a love outflowing from that centre to thrill a redeemed universe."

"It is a truly Catholic idea—is it not?—that of the centre and its circles?"

"I think so. It seems universally received. But see, Mrs. Allington, how the attitude of the individual soul varies with its own special standpoint. The Protestant looks from without towards that beauteous Centre and admires, as in sooth he must; while the mental standpoint of the Catholic is at the Centre itself, from which he looks out with distrust upon the world and its forces. It is this opposite habit of mind, this difference of intellectual attitude, which divides the great masses of men rather than any disbelief on the part of either of the great revealed truths concerning the Infinite Centre or its Divine circumference. Perhaps a better grasp upon the wonderful faith of the Psalmist would avail for much reconciling."

"That is our need," cried Miss Dormer, with a bright glance of comprehension. "We pray for it; then go to work for the overthrow of our prayers. The Protestant evokes the ghost of Martin Luther, to vex and irritate all that a ghost can—it really seems to be a good deal!—while we thunder Church anathemas in return, instead of approaching him with these precious Divine mediations of the Sacred Heart and the precious Blood till he, too, kneels and adores."

"ie enough!" cried Marguerite, eag-
"I can't see the use of taking the
by its red-hot end."

ugh went round the little circle.
does seem a sort of Sancho Panza
ture," assented the Professor; "sure-
er an inspiration from the Sacred
!"

the smile died away on Mrs. Alling-
face, as she resumed, seriously:
e is such a wealth of beautiful doc-
and equally beautiful observance in
atholic Church, so many springs of
g are hers to touch; she has so much
rt for sorrowing souls—in short, so
sweet ways of winning over the op-
n—that it surprises the non-Catho-
see how little use she makes of
It is missing advantage she might
gain. When the Protestant reaches
ace where he says, 'This is all beau-
I cannot help sympathizing with it!
racts me with what may even be a
attraction. I cannot say whether
ight or wrong, taken as dogma, but
it!—then, I think the real difficulty
en met and bridged. The things he
he will learn to believe; those that
him will steal away, one by one,
his because the attitude of the soul
red. It gazes at its cathedral win-
from within, not from without, and
t shine in scarlet splendor."

hanced upon something, the other
observed Miss Dormer, "which
a case in point. We are all study-
uskin in our Literary Club. Having
ed his famous 'Stones of Venice,' I
i on to the volume entitled 'S.
s Rest,' the production of his old
In the latter, chapter VIII, he frank-
rs: 'As I reread the description I
thirty years since, of S. Mark's
h—much more as I remember, forty
since, and before, the first happy
spent in trying to paint a piece of it,
my six o'clock breakfast on the little
able beside me on the pavement in
orning shadow, I am struck almost
silence, in wonder at my own pert
Protestant mind, which *never thought*
moment of asking what the church
een built for!

'acitly and complacently assuming

that I had had the entire truth of God
preached to me in Beresford Chapel, in
the Walworth Road—recognizing no pos-
sible Christian use or propriety in any
other sort of chapel elsewhere, and per-
ceiving in the bright phenomenon before
me nothing of more noble function than
might be in some new and radiant sea-
shell, thrown up for me on the sand—
nay, never once so much as thinking of
the fair shell itself, "*Who built its domed*
whorls, then?" or "*What manner of crea-*
ture lives in the inside?" much less ever
asking, "*Who is lying dead therein!*"

"Further on—he is speaking of the Du-
cal Chapel, bright with marble and gold,
enshrining the body of S. Mark—he says,
anent this relic, 'Whether God ever gave
the Venetians what they thought He had
given, does not matter to us. He gave
them at least *joy and peace* in their imag-
ined pleasure more than we have in our
real ones.'

"And he gave them the good heart to
build this chapel over the cherished grave
and to write on the walls of it '*St. Mark's*
Gospel,' for all eyes, and, so far as their
power went, for all time."

"But it was long before I learned to
read that; and even when, with Lord
Lindsay's first help, I had begun spelling
it out, *the old Protestant palsey* still froze
my heart, though my eyes were unsealed;
and the preface to the 'Stones of Venice'
was spoiled, in the very centre of its other-
wise good work, by that blunder, which
I have left standing in all its shame and
with its hat off—only putting the note to
it, '*Fool that I was!*' "

The Professor, who had been listening
intently while Miss Dormer read from her
note-book, was first to speak.

"That is candid confession. Ruskin is
always frank! I know the book you refer
to, 'S. Mark's Rest.' It pays enthusiastic
tribute to Venice and her Saints—S. Theob-
odore and S. Mark—having a chapter,
moreover, of warm commendation for Car-
paccio's marvelous picture of S. Jerome.
A book, too, of high ideals, surprisingly
honest in its endeavor to show how her
grave religious belief upheld the early
glories of Venice. It shows the Catholic
faith walking hand in hand with beauty

DOMINICANA

in the building of noble churches and the painting of noble pictures. Ruskin emphasizes all this, and at the close of a reverent chapter on the Tomb of S. Theodore, turns with one fiery sweep upon his own now saintless England. 'Oh, good reader,' he cries, 'who hast ceased to count the Dead bones of men for thy treasure, hast thou, then, thy Dead laid up in the hands of the Living God?' Yes, indeed, an intense book full of eager reparation."

"Truly, a case in point," assented Mrs. Allington, answering Miss Dormer's look. "The new insight is won at last—through the guidance of some kindly Catholic, it seems—but how slow the process! Think of it! Thirty or forty years!" And Mrs. Allington sighed. Yet, in a moment, she went on with brightening face. "I noticed, in particular, what Ruskin says of the 'joy and peace' which the old Venetians found in their faith. It is the 'responsive bloom and cheer' of Miss Dormer's verse. Our poor human hearts do answer to the Christ-love, when they once perceive it. They gladden beneath its exquisite Divine approaches; they bow in swift contrition before the Condescension of the Sacred Heart. Love awakens love, as deep answers deep... I fancy the devout Catholic, out of this devotion, gains a deeper knowledge of our Lord's Human Nature than the Protestant who makes that Humanity his special study. The more intense insistence upon His Divinity, peculiar to Catholics, seems to intensify this also. They seem to grasp both truths."

"Do they not grasp *all* truth!" rejoined Miss Dormer, quickly. Her friend made no reply. "Does not one truth touch another equally beautiful?—one golden link bringing on the next—in the same way—till her whole theology of authorized belief rounds into a Divine circle? That is why I venture to say, my dear Mrs. Allington, that if a soul accepts, as you do, this doctrine of the Sacred Heart with its infinite depths of love and tenderness, its sacrificial power, its revelation of the Infinite Beauty, that soul will soon accept other cognate beliefs as held by Holy Church."

"It is like the rose again," cried Mar-

guerite, who had been listening, eagerly. "If you pull out its petals, you spoil the blossom. Its perfection calls for every one!"

"I fancy we Anglicans have pulled out some, to our own great injury. The joy and peace, which should come to us like the rose fragrance—and which really did come to the early Venetians—is dimmed and diminished exactly in proportion to the number and relative importance of the beliefs denied."

The Professor looked grave. "I fear you may be right, Mrs. Allington. It is not so much the one petal lost, but we do dread the break in completeness. We always have the feeling that a gap is abnormal; no one can help it. We long for perfection of faith, for its sphericity of Divine whorls, the Sacred Heart of our Lord, its Eternal Centre."

"The peace and joy must come from that Center, Professor, as of Divine necessity. What else could come from our loving Lord? He gives the best gifts."

"True, my child," said the Professor, smiling down into the blue eyes raised to his own—for Marguerite Allington stood high in his favor. "And the Sacred Heart is equally the Source of Power. Miss Dormer, did I not see one of your sonnets somewhere on this theme? It was called 'Supremacy.' "

"I have it here," put in Mrs. Allington. "I liked it, and saved it."

"Let me read it," he remarked, "as a fitting close to this discussion. Time is passing, and I have an engagement at five o'clock." His beautifully modulated voice fell into more than its usual earnestness as he read these few lines, the writer's tribute to the might of love:

The greatest force on earth—I, too, would
say—

Is not the dynamo's unearthly might,
Nor its bewildering glory-blaze of light,
Nor power of atmosphere, in new display!
Silent and tender as the break of day

White in the East, ere rosy dawn is
bright,
Swift as a seraph's unimagined flight,
That force controls with Sacrificial sway.

O hidden love, rare crown of tenderness
Set on our trembling, all-unworthy
brows!
Deep-Wounded Heart! Thy solemn mute
caress
Makes answering power. O warmth of
eager vows,
Where with our souls, ablaze with love of
Thee,
O sweet Christ-Heart, would meet Thy
clemency!

THE SECRET OF GROSSMEISTER CLIFFS.

MARGARET D. O'BRIEN.

APTER VII—INTERLACHEN.

"not."

I pure rang out the voice on the air, waking echoes among distant and startling loungers in the neighboring rocks, who leaned forward to catch a the speaker. On the brink of a height stood a boy, apparently six summers. A single false would cast him into the gurgles far below; a motion to run him down the steep mountain went. His nurse, a strong German, who stood some feet above him to move, so angry looked the knew that his anger had rendered oblivious to all danger. Seated, therefore, on a projecting whispered coaxingly, as German can:

"Buy; I will get you other flowers more beautiful than these," and she delicate purple bells that grew t down the cliff.

said, sullenly; "I want these." boy stooped the woman's face as she drew one step nearer he in the eyes. Short as six summers he had taught him that her nt, "You must obey." He is foot and cried louder, but, e ear could discern, with less

"You dare not."

approach, he was lost. She tly—oh, so gently—her eyes him, as if their glance would to the rock on which he stood. ie was, even in his passion, as e lookers-on. His finely shaped idant curling hair, firm fore-, quick eye, strong, sensitive nised for future years great wer, but the slight hollow in lip and the somewhat retreat- est you in doubt as to what he me in manhood. If the boy be

the work of nature, and man that of art, grace and discipline could correct defects which else should render useless his noble gifts.

He gave one angry glance at his nurse, and turned, quick as an arrow, for the flowers.

"You—you—young—how dare *you!*" And a strong hand held him at bay.

The boy, nowise daunted, tried to shake off his captor.

"How dare you?" he exclaimed, choking with anger.

"I dare to save you from destruction, you—you naughty, wicked boy."

"I am not naughty, nor wicked. Who are *you*, to hold me back from these?" And his tone was firm, while he pointed to the flowers. "I want *them*, and I *must* have them." He gave a short, quick tug that almost freed him. "Who *are* you?" he repeated, looking at the tall figure above him.

"Who am I? I am an American giant, big and free, that can shake you little Swiss boy all to pieces and throw you piece by piece to the fishes in the lake below. Do you believe I can?"

"You can't," said the boy, sullenly, the corners of his mouth pursing and his eyes somewhat dim.

"But I shall, unless you promise to obey your nurse."

The young man turned the boy's face in the direction of the woman, who had not stirred, so lost was she in the sense of his danger.

"Obey *her!*" Contempt crept into the boy's every feature.

"Yes, *obey* her, and keep away from danger. Come, promise, or I shall begin." And he gave the boy a shake. "Are you making up your mind? I have mine made up."

The child's eyes grew larger. For a second they looked wistful. Then he ceased to tug, pouted a little, sent three or four

pebbles flying down the rocky path, but made no answer.

"You will not promise? Then I must prepare to begin."

"No, you can't shake me to pieces," the boy muttered, sullen but subdued.

"Who will prevent me?"

The child looked up at him: "Mamma," he said, and great tears gathered in his eyes. "She has only me."

"Harry," called a voice from the cliff. "Let him go. You have teased him enough. He must take you for 'Jack the Giant Killer.'"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Harry. "I do not mean to tease him, mother, but I do mean to give him a good lesson."

"Well, Harry Beaumont, to think of you giving lessons in anything, much less in obedience!"

As the name was pronounced in clear, sharp tones, a man who had been concealed among the rocks, apparently enjoying the sunshine, quickly came to the edge of the cliff and looked on the group below.

Throwing down his compass, he swung himself, with the agility of a practised mountaineer, from rock to rock, to the level on which Harry Beaumont stood. With a cry of joy, the latter extended his hands.

"Carl, my dear Carl!"

"Harry, my dear old school friend!"

Their hands clasped tightly, their eyes moist. All else was forgotten in the great joy of this unlooked-for meeting. Harry was the first to recover himself and to speak.

"Where have you been these years, Carl?"

"Where have I been, Harry? I can scarcely answer that question to myself. I have been over the world, but"—Carl looked towards Rosa and Mrs. Beaumont—"your wife and mother, Harry?"

"Not so fast, old man. What makes you think me married?"

"I cannot say exactly. Circumstantial evidence, I think." And Carl smiled and glanced at the beautiful boy that stood holding on by Harry's coat skirts.

The child had seen the man come down the rocks and longed to question how he had done so, but, fearing that the Ameri-

can giant might keep his word and shake him to pieces, he stood waiting his opportunity.

"This," said Harry, "is a young gentleman I was about to shake to pieces. You came in time to save him."

"In time to save him!" echoed a voice so close that both men started. It was the nurse, frowning though her face was pale. For a second Carl caught her glare; then an imperious light flashed out from his deep eyes, but instantly, with a smile tender as a woman's, he moved towards the boy.

"Guy," he mummured.

The woman read his action, and quick as lightning shot between him and the child.

"You shan't!" she muttered through clenched teeth, and, snatching up the boy, walked hastily down the rocky mountain road.

"Carl, are you ill?" said Harry, surprised at what he saw, but would not hurt his friend by questions.

"Yes, a little," assented Carl; "but come. I see your mother and sister. Wonder who it is that monopolizes their beloved." lingering on the last word.

"Whence dropped you, dear Carl?" said Mrs. Beaumont.

"Why, certainly, from the clouds," said Rosa, coming up with a glad look in her eyes and hand extended in welcome to her brother's friend. "I watched him dropping!"

Carl laughed. He was dear to both mother and daughter for Harry's sake, before they knew him, for what he was in heart and mind; afterwards for his own, because of his goodness and honor. His was a character to influence others, to rule, to govern. One felt it in his presence, read it in his bearing, his dignity of manner. And yet he never sought distinction in the brilliant arena of politics or public life; he remained content with his home pleasures, his studies, his travels.

"How did you know we were here?" asked Harry.

"Very simply. I was up there"—he waved his hand—"trying to find the age of an old folded stratum, when I heard you accost that child"—his face paled a

little—"in no gentle tones. I paid no attention until some one mentioned your name; then like a flash I recognized your voice, and thought the moments long until I clasped your hand.

"Harry's eyes dimmed. "Glad science did something kind for once. She is a cold, unkind mistress. I would not serve her."

"Hush! hush! Harry, you have not tested her pleasures. They are sweeter, more peaceful and more lasting than those of party or ball."

"My dear fellow, you have no experience of party or ball, so cannot vouch for their qualities."

Carl's rare smile showed conviction of his experience.

"Doing Interlachen again, Mr. Wallenstein?" said Rosa.

"No, Miss Beaumont; personally, I have no desire for that, unless I could be of service to some friends."

"Then how do we find you here?" continued Miss Beaumont, rather thoughtlessly.

Carl flushed, but no one observed it, for Harry queried:

"Yes, Carl, what took you here this summer?"

"Circumstances," coolly looking into the heights above.

"Of the heart?" Harry added, quizzically, gazing at the waters below.

"Well—may—be, though not of the kind to which you refer." Carl's lips tightened.

"Come here," said Rosa, who had gone a few yards in advance. "See where that ill-tempered urchin wanted to go in order to get these bells."

"The shaver!" said Harry, looking indignant.

Carl's face paled as he looked over the precipice into the waters below.

"What a death!" said Mrs. Beaumont, with breath abated.

Carl started back, and stretched out his hand mechanically.

"No! no!" he hoarsely exclaimed. "Death! Who said death?"

"I," answered Mrs. Beaumont, looking into his face. "I was thinking, if the boy fell over."

Carl drew back, his eye flashing as he muttered:

"Must this last forever? Must it haunt me?"

"What?" said Rosa, who had overheard his last words and thought them strange.

He started for a second, but quickly recovered, and, with a tone and look peculiarly his own, replied:

"Forgive my abstraction, Miss Beaumont. I have lately been very ill, and since then rather nervous and irritable."

"You nervous," said Harry, with mock gravity. "Who ever heard of a nervous giant? I know I never did."

"Well, Harry," said Carl. "Now you not only hear of him, but you see him."

"Phew!" exclaimed Harry, sending a stream of smoke into the clear air and watching it until its turns and eddies and swells were lost among the mountain mists. Turning to Carl, he queried:

"How came you, Carl, to have nerves? At college we never had any."

"True," said Carl, "but now, for me at least, I discover I have the honor to sign my name to some. Shall I tell you how I discovered that I owned such possessions?"

"Oh, yes," said Rosa, girl-like. "We are anxious to know."

"I think, as my story may occupy some ten or more minutes, we should find seats."

"As you will," said Harry. "Here, mother, on this dry moss; Rosa, you next; the nervous giant and myself on this rock. Now, Carl, begin in genuine fashion."

"Harry," reminded Mrs. Beaumont, and Harry meekly interlaced his fingers, looked repentant, turned one thumb over the other, and said, in mimicry of Rosa: "Please begin, Mr. Wallenstein."

"Since I am thus encouraged," said Carl, "I fear beginning. I have nothing wonderful to relate."

Harry looked at the sky and reversed his thumb action.

"In April or May, I forgot which——"

"No matter," said Harry.

"I made a flying visit to Virginia."

"Wings," whispered Harry.

"My father's place borders on S. Mary's Convent, Howard Heights."

Rosa started; Harry had irritation of the throat.

"I spent a few days with my father in the old manor house, which, by the way, is fast going to ruin for want of proper care. My father is too old and feeble to manage affairs. Besides, since mother's death, he leads a hermit's life; he is pleased to have me travel, because when there I break in on his meditations. So, during the two or three weeks I was there, I spent most of my time out doors. One day, weary with hunting, I laid myself to rest on the strip of land that runs between the canal and river. The day was warm and clear. I could distinctly see the rocks on the Howard side of the river. A young girl stepped out on an uncertain ledge. She could not see me, but every movement of hers was visible to me as I lay prone 'neath brush wood and tangled weeds."

Rosa almost jumped, and, leaning towards her mother, whispered: "Bella!"

Carl, gazing out over the lake, did not notice the motion.

"I knew there was a girl in it," said Harry. "She is always there when a fellow gets into trouble."

"Judging others by yourself. Illogical," said Rosa.

"I know not," continued Carl, "but I could not move my eyes from that girl, nor my mind from fear of danger, though I had no certainty. The cliff shook beneath her lightest step, as I ascertained by the ripples on the waters. The girl sang. I listened, tried to shake off my presentiment, and was about to return home when a wild scream struck my ear. The girl, I thought! One glance showed me all. Some part of the cliff had caved in; the young lady doubtless thought all was going, and sprang out into the middle of the stream, where the current was rather strong. Another second, and I was beside her. I thought she would rise, but she did not. I dived, fortunately for her, but unfortunately for me."

"Saw her, beautiful, lost heart, under water!" soliloquized Harry.

"I found her held down. Either her gown had caught on a stump, or was held by a portion of the cliff just fallen. I tugged with all my force; she was uncon-

scious; I saw danger for us both; I invoked our Lady of the Rosary, who must have helped us, for immediately the dress yielded. In my anxiety I forgot the power of tension, and I was dashed against the cliff, receiving an ugly wound in the head. As I struck for the shore I felt I was growing unconscious, and that both of us would be lost. Then I heard shouts. I recollect nothing further till I awoke one day and found my poor father by my bedside, weeping like a child. Dr. Thornsby was in attendance. I looked at him and smiled as I heard him ask, "What brought him there?" It seems that some farmhands had rescued the young lady and myself."

"Why, Mr. Wallenstein," said Rosa, who had been eagerly listening, "you saved Bella Schiller! She was in my class at school, was one of my best friends, and I was there the day she fell into the river. We never could discover who saved her. Some girls called him a hero; others said he was not of much account, since he never came to inquire how she was. We had very many opinions on the subject, and to think it was you!" Rosa's face glowed with excitement.

"It was I, Miss Beaumont, and I think those who concluded he was of 'no account,'" said Carl, "were about correct—did they base their judgment on his not calling to inquire for the young miss' health: for, even if I had not met with an accident myself, I doubt if I would have allowed myself the pleasure of calling at the convent on such an errand."

"And Dr. Thornsby!" continued Rosa. "He never told the Sisters nor Mrs. Schiller, and he attending you all the time, Mr. Wallenstein!"

"Nor did he mention to me anything of the young lady I had saved, so he was as communicative to us as to you."

"True," said Rosa, thoughtfully, "and he knew how Bella was to have graduated with us, and what interest all our class took in her case."

"Probably that was his reason," added Harry. "Besides, he did not want you all trying your nerves at a swim, in order to work up a romance. Not every day you find millionaires sleeping on banks of riv-

ers ready to play hero for any silly girl that considers herself justified in jeopardizing her life for a bunch of moss, a dried butterfly or a fresh-water clam!"

"You would not risk yours for anything," said Rosa, looking reproachfully at her brother.

"Well, I would consider," he replied, coolly.

"In the great joy of her discovery," said Mrs. Beaumont, "Rosa forgets to tell you that Miss Schiller is here with the Countess Alworth."

"Then I shall be likely to meet her, for the Countess and I are old friends."

"Indeed!" Mrs. Beaumont elevated her eyebrows.

"Yes; I called on her a few days ago, and promised to see her again next day, but was obliged to send her an apology, as other matters demanded my attention. She told me she had a surprise for me."

"She must have meant Miss Schiller," said Rosa. "Bella is beautiful, Mr. Wallenstein, and so queenly in her bearing. At school we all thought her perfect, and girls are severe critics on each other's personal appearance."

Carl smiled, but made no answer.

"That Miss Bentley is a fine type of womanhood," said Harry. "Out of the line of ordinary girls, I fancy, from what I saw of her at the commencement."

"She is all that you can imagine, in soul and intelligence," said Rosa. I have never known any girl with her brilliancy, her rare gifts and strange reserve—you would almost say shyness; but nothing about Starry is wanting in elegance; she is unique."

"Whew!" ejaculated Harry. "Carl, post your guards."

"No danger," said Carl. "The fortress is secure."

"The strongest walls yield to constant"—

"I thought," said Mrs. Beaumont, breaking in on Harry's sentence without any ceremony. "I had never seen any one look so charming and graceful as Miss Bentley on the day she graduated."

"You refer, mamma, to when she stood leaning on her harp?"

"Yes; also when she turned to recite her

farewell. The grand harp, the lovely, graceful girl, robed so simply, her easy motion, all made up a picture that creates new pleasure at each remembrance."

"May I ask, Miss Beaumont, from what State is Miss Bentley?"

"From Pennsylvania, the southern part."

"I think I have heard my father speak of an old family of that name. Mr. Bentley was a lawyer. His health failed, and he was obliged to give up his practice."

"I think it must be the same, for I have heard Miss Bentley frequently say that she was no heiress and never had any hope of being such."

"Poor girl!" said Carl, looking thoughtfully away. "If she live long enough, she will discover that wealth alone cannot give happiness—in fact, sometimes it rather increases misfortunes."

"Starry—Miss Bentley, I mean. We called her Starry at school. She cares very little for wealth. I never heard her express a desire for such, except once, when we asked would she like to travel?"

"And then?" Carl appeared interested.

"A wistful look grew in her eyes, and she said in a tone that told when she felt deeply, 'Nothing can be accomplished without money.' Mamma would have taken her with us, but Miss Bentley is very proud."

"Carl," asked Harry, "do you go to Countess Alworth's this evening?"

"Until now I had no intention of going. In fact, I said so to the Count, whom I met some hours ago up among the rocks; however, I can give reasons for my change of purpose."

"I am pleased, Mr. Wallenstein," said Mrs. Beaumont, "to find that you are not one of those who enter change of purpose from just reasons as weakness."

"I have never," said Carl, "regarded a change made on these grounds as weakness, but rather as strength."

"However, some are so mistaken on this point that they think if they say 'Yes,' they must absolutely adhere to that, no matter what bears against them."

"That would be rash, or, more correctly, obstinate."

"Oh, mamma, come up here," called

Rosa. "You lose all the beautiful sights afforded by this clear day. Truly, Interlachen country is worthy the attention it receives from strangers. No wonder you come again to enjoy it," she said to Carl, who had joined them.

"You must not think that alone drew me to Interlachen. Causes far removed from love of scenery wooed my presence."

The strange, dark look of his face and the firm compression of his lips told that the causes, whether proximate or remote, were unpleasant and powerful.

"But pardon me, Miss Beaumont," he continued, with his old bright smile and a wave of his hand towards the chateau and pretty village of Spicz, "you were attracted by yon remains of former splendor."

"Yes, I should like to know something of their history."

"The real history, if I may so speak, is hardly known. Some say the Romans were the first to build on that site. The castle is believed to be of Roman origin, the city that was of Vandal; for historians say that the Romans, in their march, reached Spicz. The ramparts which you see near the church are said to have been raised to oppose Attila."

"So far back?" said Rosa, thoughtfully.

"So far back," repeated Carl, going on. "The castle, anciently called 'Goldene Hop,' was the favorite residence of Rodolph I. For many years Spicz and environs belonged to his family. Then it passed into the hands of one Chevalier de Bubenberg, and from him to Louis d'Erlach, to whose descendants it now belongs."

"It is a grand old place," said Mrs. Beaumont, raising her glasses. "Rodolph d'Erlach, commander of the Bernese troops, fought bravely for his canton at the famous Laupen."

"Yes," said Carl, "many scions of d'Erlach have rendered signal services to Berne."

"What of that strange inscription down by the Aaar, between Spicz and Cinigen. It must record something relative to their house," said Harry.

"Yes, it refers to a sad old tradition not found in the family history."

"These traditions connected with great houses of Europe are generally sad and true."

"Unfortunately, experience confirms the fact."

"To what, or to whom, does the inscription refer, Mr. Wallenstein?" asked Rosa.

"To a brother and sister, Miss Beaumont, the last representatives of the house of Bubenberg. They were to be united in marriage with the family of d'Erlach. On the morning of their wedding they went to walk by the side of the lake, were surprised by a storm, blown into the waters and drowned. The depth of the lake at the point of the inscription is 350 feet."

"That was sad," said Rosa, greatly interested. "Are theirs the tombs I notice in the church?"

"No, the tombs are those of Sigismond and François I. d'Erlach. Sigismond was either very pious or very eccentric. He had his tomb built long before his death, and went there regularly to pray."

"He must have been very holy," interrupted Rosa.

"His is the tomb," he continued, "on which the epitaph commences 'Nasci. Laborare, Mori.' He had graven sixteen figures, leaving space for two others. Tradition says some asked him to change 6 to 7. 'No,' said he, 'it is not necessary.' He was apparently in good health then, yet he died in that year."

"Poor man! he had a presentiment of his approaching death."

"Do you believe in presiments," said Mrs. Beaumont, gravely.

"Sometimes, Mrs. Beaumont," he replied, with a strange look in his eyes. "Then they so impress themselves that they compel you to give them attention, and in these cases, I think, they are sent for our good, but these things are rare, and perhaps mere matter of temperament. Turn this way, Mrs. Beaumont. Look beyond this ledge. You see that delicate spire striking up between the castle and mountain?"

"Very pretty."

"That is Frauleusee, named from a small lake situated on the heights, near which is a chapel dedicated to S. Columbanus, countryman of S. Beat, who plays

pious a part in the legends of Italy. Once the chapel was a pilgrimage, but since the Reformation has served as a dwelling house." "Changes surprise me more than said Rosa. "I can understand church falls to ruins, how shrines neglected or forgotten, but how an turn to human purposes what God's own I cannot comprehend. Evidence of this about us everywhere, and I saw them also in many Italy."

"To-morrow, Carl," said Harry, who etly listened, leaning over the catching fish play hide and seek aters, and a few butterflies glance er in the sun, "we go over that ler."

"Eschi?" asked Carl.

something there Rosa wants to

Vallenstein, I have heard friends e gone there speak of the church e places of interest in its neighbor so I have engaged Harry to take iller, Countess Alworth, mamma self there to-morrow. We shall the heights. Will you join us, if ee?"

"Thank you, Miss Beaumont; I shall assure. My time is entirely at my position. For sake of preventing of brain, I make pretense of some hours daily."

He looked at Harry.

"It shall not prevent you from coming. Recollect, you must make our our home Harry, and you must be yes again."

expressed his appreciation of Mrs. it's kindness, and promised to of her permission.

"Yes," said Rosa, pointing to the of the rocks on the waters, "see it is. We shall scarcely have less for dinner."

He looked at the beautiful girl, and how insignificant were the arti-salient compared with her own per-irrums.

"We leave," said Harry, "pro-the day after to-morrow. What

shall it be, Carl? You are up in all the curiosities of Oberland."

"What have you seen, Harry? Knowing this, I may be able to help you."

"What have I seen? Well—really—I forget. I never pay much attention to what I see, provided mother and Rosa are pleased. They remember."

The young man turned to his mother for information. In reply to his appeal, Mrs. Beaumont said:

"We have been to the Abbey S. Gall, that great Irish Saint, who left his country and home to bring religion and civilization to Helvetia, and also to that remarkable spot, Pfeffers."

"Yes," said Carl, smiling, "quite a contrast from the home of the blessed to the infernal regions."

"Only their awful representations."

"Pretty dreadful, though."

"I did not think of the contrast at that time. Now that you mention it, I do find it strange and striking, but to return: From Pfeffers we went to Coire, Reich-man Via Mala. The grandeur of the last named filled me with awe. We have also been to Schaffhausen to see the falls of the Rhine, and to some places about Brienz."

"Have you done Fluden, S. Juste, or the Devil's Bridge?"

"Not yet."

Carl seemed glad.

"Then I shall have the pleasure of showing you these marvels of nature."

"When?" asked Rosa.

"To-day is Tuesday. Thursday we may take the steamer at noon for Neuhaus; thence a diligence to Interlachen, thence boat and diligence for Fluelen. Afterwards, any conveyance we wish for our points. I think it will take nearly two weeks to visit the historic scenes I have in view. However, I believe their connection with history, their savage grandeur and sublimity, will repay your trouble and fatigue. So," and Carl extended his hand to Mrs. Beaumont with the affection and reverence of a son, "au revoir until to-morrow."

"No, not to-morrow," said Harry; "only until this evening. You have promised to

meet us at Countess Alworth's. Have you forgotten Miss Schiller?"

"No, I cannot easily forget her. She has given me cause ever to bear her in remembrance."

"Yes," said Mrs. Beaumont; "she brought you to death's door."

"She may bring him there again," said Harry, dryly.

"It is true, Mrs. Beaumont," continued Carl. "I guess the old champion was peeping through his blinds to see who approached. He has keen senses; to him softest footsteps are perceptible. Mine were forced and heavy, so they saved him any strain of ear."

"Wonderful how you recovered from that wound," said Mrs. Beaumont, while tears sprang to her eyes.

"Yes; Dr. Thornsby considered it next to a miracle. Some one must have been praying for me."

"May be your mother, and the Sisters, if they knew," said Rosa.

"Aye, if they knew," repeated Harry, with a peculiar curl of lip. "As if a whole community of ladies should know and not tell. I do not believe they could."

"Harry, Harry," said his mother, tapping him lightly on the arm, "beg pardon of the ladies present."

"Oh, mother, we have an old adage that pleads in my favor, however——"

"However!" said Rosa, "we shall be late. Good afternoon, Mr. Wallenstein. Come, mamma." And she led the way to the valley.

Harry, with his mother, followed. Carl watched them until an angle of rock broke his view. Then, with a sigh, he returned to his self-imposed task, his thoughts full of the woman and the child.

To be continued.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

EDITH R. WILSON.

Angels, strike your harps of gold;
Tell the wonders manifold
 Of the Feast of God!
White-robed saints, in peace unending,
At the heavenly altar bending.
 Sing the story
 Of His glory:
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest,
Living and life-giving Feast.

Saint of Aquin, lead the chorus
Of the blessed, passed on before us;
 Sing the Feast of God!
Standing meek amid the rest,
With the white Host on thy breast.
 Tell the story
 Of His glory:
How the Victim all Divine
Gives His Flesh as bread and wine!

Ye for whom the Lamb was slain,
For whose sake He rose again,
 Sing the Feast of God!
Though no lips may reach the measure—
Of that all surpassing treasure,
 Sing the story
 Of His glory:
How His vesture, red and white,
Veils His beauty from our sight.

Earth and sky, together blending,
Join to sing His love transcending;
 Sing the Feast of God!
Humble hearts that bow before Him,
Saints who face to Face adore Him,
 Tell the story
 Of His glory:
Of the Flesh, our flesh redeeming,
Of the Wounds with radiance gleaming.

For this fairest month of roses
Hidden mysteries discloses
 Of the Feast of God.
Sweetest perfumes fill the air,
Redolent with Nature's prayer.
Can our hearts forbear the story
Of His Eucharistic glory,
When Creation keeps the Feast
Of her own Eternal Priest?

DOMINICAN MISSIONS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

SISTER GABRIEL, O. P.

IV.

s view the consoling result of the ion of these high and holy principe success that attended the f the zealous missionaries among ge tribes.

de Castro and his companions elved with fraternal embraces by iciscans of Manila, as their breth been received at Goa. After en- he hospitality of the Franciscans ort time, the Dominicans erected nt upon a piece of land near the t, purchased by Dominic Salazar, of Manila. This convent was y blessed on August 16, 1587. This on became at once the center of : zeal and the home of science. standing the cares and fatigues ble from their undertakings, the reachers devoted themselves un- gily to the practice of ardent d scientific research. Their pro- ay be judged from the establish- the University of Manila in 1616, ich so many thousands of students one forth with high degrees of

ooner had intelligence reached ncerning the work of the Mission ndreds of Friars Preachers left the provinces to join their brethren in them land; and, after long and voyages, they arrived in the Bay la. It would be impossible to catare the names of all these daunt- oes. A list of a few, however, will terest.

r John de Cobo and Louis Gan- ith five companions, reached the nes in 1588. They were followed t year by Father John Chrysostom, d been detained in Mexico by a illness. Francis de la Mina, Castellar, Alphonsus Montero and others were next to arrive.

Michael of St. Hyacinth acted as

guide to twenty of his brethren; and in 1596 Peter de Ledesma accompanied a still greater number. Francis de Morales, followed by a legion of missionaries, presented himself at the Philippines in 1598. In a word, the emigration from Spain was general, so great was the ardor of these evangelical laborers to win souls to Christ.

A General Chapter, it is true, encouraged this apostolic aspiration, but the impulse of zeal was so strong that in one day thirteen of the religious of Salamanca prostrated themselves before their Superior and craved permission to devote themselves to the work of the Mission in the Philippines and in China. This permission being granted, they set out immediately, taking with them merely their cloaks and travelling staffs; their example was soon imitated by many of the brethren.

As successive bands of religious arrived at the Philippines they united themselves to the brethren that had preceded them in the same regular observances and in the same good works. They meditated continually upon the words of the Apostle to Timothy: "Take heed to thyself and to doctrine; be earnest in them. For doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee." Thus they advanced daily in the path of perfection and became firmly convinced that the more their lives resembled that of Christ crucified the more efficacious would be their preaching. Gladly did they embrace pov- erty, fatigue, hunger, thirst, heat and cold; in a word, whatever presented itself in the form of suffering was welcomed and joyfully borne so long as it enabled them to win souls to God.

Behold the valiant sons of S. Dominic as they enter the land darkened by ignorance and error. At the approach of these heralds of the Gospel, faith, hope and love cheered the souls of the poor crea-

tures that had wandered so long in the labyrinths of vice.

Having planted the faith firmly in Manila, Parian and the neighboring suburbs, they advanced toward Batan and traversed the most remote provinces of Pagaisnan and New Segovia. Leaving the glad tidings of the Gospel with the inhabitants of Luzon, they proceeded to the Babuyan Islands, and even as far as Japan.

Following the course marked out for them by John de Castro, these truly apostolic men, armed with the shield of confidence in God, penetrated fearlessly rugged mountainous country, travelled with blood-stained feet the burning desert sands, and toiled with unfaltering trust over wild tracts of country filled with treacherous morass.

THE MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

Within the realm of glowing June,
As in a golden shrine,
Is filly set a priceless Boon,
A Gem of gems Divine.
O, favor'd hours! Bright month of flowers!
That with such loving art
Dost make, amid thy blooming bowers,
Home for the Sacred Heart!

Above Its rose-built altars there
Thy sunbeam tapers glow,
And from thy lily-censers fair
Sweet streams of incense flow;
Their loving part with tend'rest art
Thy wild-wood minstrels take,
Thus singing: "Man! Behold the Heart
Lance-wounded for thy sake!"

Throughout the glowing days of June
Low at thy temple's shrine
O bid me bend, to bless Thy Boon,
Immortal Love Divine!
Thy "Golden Door" thus bowed before,
Love-builded, may there be
Within my soul, forevermore,
A worthy home for Thee.

Above Its Grace-decked altar fair
May Heav'n-sent sunbeams glow,
And incense-clouds of fervent prayer
Thence wafted Heavenward flow.
While Love's sweet part with tend'rest art
Each spirit-throb shall take
Forth pulsing praises to the Heart
Lance-open'd for my sake!

TO THE SACRED HEART.

EDWIN ANGELO LEMAN.

I my heart have oft times given
To the creature, but in vain;
Cold repulse has swiftly driven
Back my thoughts to Thee again.
I discerned that Thou wert jealous,
Even of such love as mine,
And wouldst have me to be zealous
Only for Thy Heart Divine.

IN EDEN.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

Sang the white rose to the red,—
"Flame like thine I once possessed."
But my crimson fire all fled
As the sunlight in the west
When I heard that there was sin
In the garden where I blow;
Pale as ashes have I been
Since I heard it long ago."

Thus replied the crimson flow'r
When the white rose sang her song.—
"I was fair till in one hour
Close to me came sin and wrong;
Then with shame I bowed my head,
And I blushed the long day through;
Now I bloom the deepest red
Tho' I once was white as you."

LAKE GENEZARETH.

ESTELLE MARIE GERARD.

On Lake Genezareth a weary wave
Sinks slowly to its rest, and hilly cloud—
Of molten gold with sunset glory lave
The rose-flushed west, ere coming twi—
light shrouds
In misty shadows the departing day.
'Twas here, O Christ, the hearts of men
were thrilled;
And, throbbing 'neath the magic of Thy
sway,
Their depths with love and saving grace
were filled.
And hung entranced upon Thy Words
Divine!
Grant Thou, dear Lord, our hearts as
theirs may glow
With soul-consuming love for Thee and
Thine;
And, gleaming with their God-lent
purity,
On wings of Light they'll soar afar to
Thee,
And from Thy Heart estrangement
never know.

OUR LADY IN PASCHAL-TIDE.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

"Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!" sings the priest at the altar, where the lilies bend in snowy ranks to honor the risen Lord.

"Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!" sing the responsive choir.

"Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!" sing the angels in their blissful ranks, saints in the fullness of God's beatitude.

"Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!" warble the very songsters of our groves with trills of rapture.

And can our Lady be silent while creation thus attunes its voices to the triumph of the world's Redeemer? Rather let us believe that she who intoned her own Magnificat in so sweet a voice when welcomed by her cousin, Elizabeth, was the first to utter the joyous Alleluias which welcomed the return of her Son to the world He had so lately redeemed with His most Precious Blood. There is, in fact, the tradition that before even Mary Magdalene made her visit "early, when it was yet dark," to the sepulchre, Jesus had hastened to His Mother, where she was pondering upon the blessed prophecies concerning His Resurrection, and art, faithful to her mission to give to the eye what the word, written or oral, gave to the ear, has represented this scene with all the vividness of perfect Faith, perfect Hope, perfect Love. The picture we have in mind is a circular picture from the ancient German school before the Xth century. The scene is her own chamber. The couch has not been touched; through all these hours she has kept her solitary vigil when, through the closed doors, like an apparition, comes her risen Lord, her loving Son, living, no more to die! He comes as one in joyful haste. In His hands, His feet, are the prints of the nails, but the anguish of death, even to its last trace, has departed, and He comes before her fresh with the glory of the Resurrection in every limb and feature. The left hand carries the cross-marked pennon of

the Victor; the right is raised to bless the mother who bore Him and who suffered with him on Calvary. And this Mother herself? Sitting in deepest thought on the floor of her chamber, she has not time to rise, but the book of prophecies falls from her hands, which are raised with the joyfulness of a Mother, and her gentle eyes meet His not so much with surprise as with the never-to-be-spoken gladness of an unparalleled joy. This was the first manifestation of His risen glory, and this picture is always the one to greet our eyes on the morning of the Lord's rising again, the Easter morning, the dawn of Paschal-tide.

Have we ever allowed ourselves to pause so as to contemplate, in all their marvelous plenitude, the joys of the Virgin Mother during these forty days of Paschal-tide? Have we ever pictured to ourselves the unbroken rapture of those days, the sense of the actual possession of a treasure, in which the eye, the ear, the very heart, was satisfied, in which there was nothing left to desire, but which had a horizon, a future of which these forty days were a prelude? With our Lady, there was no blindness of the heart, but wherever the Lord might be, to her He was present. Tradition tells us that during these blissful forty days He visited every country, every province, every spot on which an altar was some day to be raised for the worship of His Real Presence. The earth He had created suffered with him during His awful crucifixion; sun, moon and stars were indeed darkened, but the earth itself was rent and opened its graves under the anguish of its sympathy. Now it thrilled with intense joy under His footsteps, and sent up through the wintry sod, in every clime and region, the blossoms which could no longer hide themselves, but sprang, as adorers, to make His pathway glorious.

These are the traditions; and Mary, in spirit, travelled with His impassible body

as truly as we see her, in Raphael's Sistine Madonna, floating over the round world with this same Divine Son in her arms. We have never begun to realize the intimacy existing, always, between Jesus and his Mother, which would enable us to understand how He made Himself continuously visible to her during these forty days, and how supernatural was the life of our Lady; supernatural beyond what we can conceive; yet of this we can have no doubt, and to this our circular picture is the key. There was a marked manifestation to Saint Mary Magdalene; one, two, three to His disciples; but to Mary there was one long manifestation; her reward for her three hours standing by Him as He hung upon His cross.

The V. Rev. Dom Guéranger, O. S. B., in his unrivaled work, "The Liturgical Year," giving the sentiment of each feast, each fast, each season, says of these apparitions: "Be Thou Blessed and glorified, O Conqueror of Death; for that, on this day, Thou didst six times appear to Thy creatures, so to content Thy love and confirm our faith in Thy Resurrection! Be Thou blessed and glorified for having consoled Thy afflicted Mother by Thy dear presence and caresses! Be Thou blessed and glorified for having, with a single word of Thine, brought joy to Magdalene's heart! Be Thou blessed and glorified for having gladdened the holy women, and permitted them to kiss Thy sacred feet! Be Thou blessed and glorified for having, with Thine own lips, given Peter the assurance of his pardon, and for having confirmed in him the gifts of Primacy, by revealing to him, before all others, the fundamental dogma of faith. Be Thou blessed and glorified for having encouraged the drooping confidence of the two disciples of Emmaus, and for revealing Thyself to them! Be Thou blessed and glorified for having visited Thine apostles and removed all their doubts by Thy loving condescension! And, lastly, O Jesus! be Thou blessed and glorified for that, on this day, Thou hast so mercifully given us, by Thy holy Church, to share in the joy of Thy holy Mother, of Magdalene and her companions, of Peter, of the disciples of Emmaus and of Thine own Apostles!"

But if we are said to share in these apparitions, how much more truly was Mary a partaker of their joy? When He walked with His two perplexed disciples to Emmaus, talking with them, interpreting the prophecies concerning Himself, until, having constrained Him to tarry with them, He was "known to them by the breaking of bread"; by the Sea of Tiberius, where He met on the shore His weary and disheartened disciples as unsuccessful fishermen, to fill, first, "their net with great fishes," then to welcome them to His own feast—that Fish which was to be His symbol as Saviour of men—which He had laid on the coals kindled by His own breath, and made ready for their refreshment so that they again knew Him in the breaking of bread: in that upper chamber where the disciples were gathered for fear of the Jews, and among them Thomas, who was called Didymus, and lo! through the closed doors came the beautiful presence of the risen Lord, with that benediction, sweet above all benedictions: "Peace be unto you!" then calling to Him His faithful but doubting disciples said: "Put in Thy finger hither and see my hands, and bring hither Thy hand and put it into my side; and be not incredulous but believing"; at all these scenes Mary was present in spirit if not bodily, which last, even, it would be hard not to believe, so at one were the apostles with her: was present, then, let us take it for granted, and heard that whole-hearted confession from the lips of Thomas: "My Lord and my God!" heard it and rejoiced in it as in all the other manifestations, while she herself was within that invisible glory which surrounded Him to the sight of angels. Yes, Mary had already visited with Him, in spirit, that Limbo where He consoled Adam and her own mother, Eve, from whom she had taken the disgrace of her disobedience, as so many of the Fathers have said, and which S. Austin so truthfully expressed in his homily for the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin; and it was one of the pious beliefs of those ages, when the imaginations of Christians were occupied with scriptural subjects, that Adam and Eve and the great prophets and her royal ancestor, King David, and

loved spouse, S. Joseph, accompanied on His first visit to her, and that angels made sweet music for although we know, to Mary's ears no music like the voice, in a whisper, of her beloved Son. way we may follow Jesus forty days of His risen life on Mary's with His; and we never before, as we have said, the intimacy between the Son other. Blessed intimacy, which mortals, are invited to share if ever so few moments, allow to follow the attractions of life, and become companions of invites us to His Paschal-feast. ther scene comes before us, Lord—drawing to Himself the which had gathered around his resurrection, accompanied by the holy women, faithful the horrors of the Passion, the Virgin Mother herself, now r of the Church which He had ed them to Mount Olivet, and ned into Heaven before their , adoring, loving eyes! Here it Mary took her rightful place e apostles, the disciples: and bright cloud received Him out ght, it was Mary who followed rit above the heaven of heavens east, where He was welcomed merable host of angels, and re tive bosom of the Father with host, still bearing in His hands, His open side, the marks of His love, by virtue of which He m or reject us, at our individual the general judgment.

this scene that such artists as Giotto, Fra Angelico, Luca della ut, above all, Perugino, have happiest proofs of their genius, rapturous expression of their oration. Perugino's "Great As" as it is called, will always keep among the most exalted conf his genius. The grouping of es, the introduction of S. Mat after this time, took the place and even of S. Paul, who was still later, show that the com-

position is intended for an ideal, not an historical, representation of this scene; this intention being carried out by the attitude of S. Paul, who is looking out of the picture, instead, as the other apostles, following with his eyes the ascent of the Lord. Especially is this following true of S. John, but even more ardently of S. Peter, bearing in one hand the keys, but the other raised, not only in an ecstacy of admiration, but as if shading his eyes from the blinding vision of his glorified Master returning to His own place in Heaven. Nothing more benignant, at the same time sublime, has ever been limned by mortal hand than this ascending figure, in its mandorla of cherubs' heads, the pierced right hand raised to bless the faithful from whom He is being separated, the other pointing heavenward, as if drawing their hearts to a contemplation of His heavenly beatitude; but, more than all, the head gently inclined toward them, the eyes bent affectionately upon their, all centered in Him, tell the story of divine love without one shadow of reproach, as even Leonardo da Vinci could not truthfully give it in his "Last Supper." It is in the very center of the apostles, directly below the ascending figure of her Son, that we see Mary, the head thrown gently back, the raised eyes meeting his, the hands joined in silent adoration, the whole personality so meekly maternal, yet so altogether rapt, as if her heart were ascending with His heart, her soul with His soul, as if the body itself might follow His. And yet it was fifteen years before that longing heart, that soul, every sense of that immaculate body was allowed to follow Him!

Who will not stand hushed under any bereavement when we pause to consider what these fifteen years of separation meant to Mary? And when the Paschal-candle is extinguished in our own sanctuaries after the chanting of the gospel on the Feast of the Ascension, do we not seem to understand, for a moment at least, the fifteen desolate years which Mary spent in this world to carry out His work of Redemption in the Church, divinely established during the forty blissful days of His resurrected life on earth?

But although our Paschal-candle has been extinguished, still one more scene remains to complete the Paschal joys, no less than the descent of the Holy Ghost. Not as desolate mourners did the little band of apostles and disciples, with the holy women and the Virgin Mother, return to Jerusalem from Mount Olivet. They knew, indeed, that they should not again walk with the Master upon earth; but their hearts had been enlarged, the eyes of their minds had dilated, and the injunction which He had laid upon them to "return to Jerusalem," there "to wait for the promise of the Father which ye have heard (He said) from my mouth," was faithfully obeyed. They returned to that same "upper room" where the Last Supper had been eaten, which had been consecrated by so many apparitions of the risen Lord, all "persevering with one mind in prayer, with the women and Mary the Mother of Jesus and His brethren;" when, the days of Pentecost being completed, and they were all together in one place, "suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a mighty wind coming, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting, and there appeared to them parted tongues as of fire, and it sat upon every one of them."

Here, then, according to the Acts of the Apostles, as written by S. Luke, was Mary, the center of the apostolic group as she was of the Church itself, supplying from her own memory, and even from her own personality, such facts in the life of our Lord as were not known by ear or eye to the apostles: supplementing what was known, filling every gap of narration. And here art has found her, just as the great Doctors and Fathers found her, her hands joined in adoration, the head bowed gently under this new joy, this new con-

solation, and on her head the parted tongue of pentacostal flame.

The most satisfying of all the representations we know of this scene is a window in the Cathedral of Cologne; the vitrified transparency preserving the glory surrounding the mystic Dove, symbol of the Holy Ghost descending upon them, and the tongues of living flame. And what a revelation is not this picture! On one side of the Virgin Mother is S. Peter, on the other S. John, both raising their eyes to the illuminating Dove; but Mary's eyes are closed, her head inclined, as if within herself she felt the same adorable Presence as when she said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to Thy word."

That instinctive dread of death, which clings to every intelligent being—to the saint perhaps even more than to the sinner, since the awful possibilities that wait upon our dissolution have been more earnestly meditated upon by the religious man than by the worldling—may well prompt us to dwell upon the beautiful events of the first Paschal-tide in which our Lady participated so fully. Even our Lord was pleased to submit Himself to human conditions so far as to shrink from death, and we, poor mortals, can not expect to be freed from this instinctive dread. But this much is certain, the contemplation of the Paschal joys should make a large part of our spiritual exercises at this joyful season, and not the least joyful of the "Alleluias" which rise to heaven should ascend from the hearts of Christians, who, having taken part in the ceremonies of Palm Sunday, Passion, Holy Week and Easter, and tasted the sweetness of the Paschal-feast, can sing in the words of the Breviary:

"And now the Red Sea's channel past,
To Christ our Prince we sing at last."

Oh, balmy and bright as moonlit night,
Is the love of our Blessed Mother;
It lies like a beam
Over life's cold stream,
And life knows not such another,
Oh, life knows not such another.

The Angels' Queen, the beautiful Queen, . . .
Is the sinner's patient mother;
With pardon and peace
And the soul's release,
Where shall we find such another?
Where shall we find such another?
Father Faber.

A MERRY CONFERENCE.

General Conference of Protestantism, which convened in Carnegie Hall, New York, and ran for a month, May 1st, thus passing into oblivion.

Our first announcement that such a conference was to be held we naturally expected to witness an attempt, at least, of so-called Orthodox Protestantism now driven to bay—to make a demand for its life, and to restate its doctrinal basis—if any exist—claim to be regarded as an authentication of the Religion of Christ. We led to expect this much from the conference by reason of the alarming state of unbelief among the Protestant laity, as also from witnessing relentless attacks on "orthodoxy" made by Protestant ministers of the best type, but more especially by incitement that a counter conference—"Congress of Liberal Religion," to be held at the same time by a Protestant ministers of the said best type. We expected "Orthodox Protestantism to come out bravely in what remnant of Christianism it still pretends to retain, and hope we followed closely the conference as fully reported in the *New York Sun*, but, from all that we heard of its doings, we have simply the completeness alike of our amusement and disgust.

It of numbers and personnel it was a assemblage. There were representatives of eight countries; the delegates

fifteen hundred, besides six missionaries—"noble six hundred" here were seventy-five meetings; stated total attendance was one and sixty-five thousand, while, at no session, such celebrities as Roosevelt, ex-President Harrison, President McKinley lent to the lustre of their distinguished presence. Nevertheless, in view of the

claims of Protestantism, and the spiritual needs of the souls whom she assumes to guide, the conference was a lost opportunity. For, beyond the usual Protestant pulpit platitudes, and some "tall-talk" about "the solution of modern problems," not an article of the Christian creed was formulated nor affirmed, nor a single anti-Christian theory taken issue with; but, on the contrary, the first delegate—and that an innocent Methodist "bishop"—who attempted to state the basis for the claims of Christianity was promptly and completely "sat upon" by the Conference, on the expressed principle that "what can't be settled had better not be discussed"!

Having thus from the very start effectively shut off all statement of Christian doctrine as dangerously calculated to show up the shameful diversities, or more shameful absence, of Christian belief among its delegates and participants, the big conference proceeded harmoniously enough, and in pleasant mood harped gently and exclusively day after day on the glory of "Foreign Missions."

It was an extraordinarily cheerful conference. For, as if this "Foreign Mission" theme were an exhaustless "source of innocent merriment," the audience and the delegates and the invited guests kept beating a lively accompaniment to the several speakers in peals of almost continual laughter—"prolonged laughter!" "repeated laughter!" "general laughter!" intermittent laughter for several minutes!" "Ex-President Harrison laughed heartily." "The old dearie! "The President laughed!"—"Roosevelt was bent double with laughter!" It seemed a huge ecumenical joke, though possibly this seemingly immoderate and unaccountable laughing fit that seized upon the conference might be discovered by a reflecting mind to spring from a genuine and healthy sense of humor resting on rational ground. For, that such a disorganized, undisciplined, doctrineless, religious rabble—such a scatter-brain, anarchical burlesque on Christ's Church as

Protestantism is, from its birth in rebellion to its latest evolution in empty churches and universal doubt, should offer its ministrations for the divine task of converting the heathen to the faith and penance of Christianity, is funny enough, when the joke is grasped, to throw an enlightened convention twice the size of Carnegie Hall Conference into prolonged convulsions of side-splitting laughter.

And just how it is that while so apathetic regarding the integrity of the Christian Faith within its own ranks, and while consciously and admittedly "unable to settle" what that Faith is, Protestantism can exhibit such apparent zeal for the conversion of the foreign heathen, is a problem whose solution might lead to some very curious discoveries.

It is certain that the date is very recent when it awoke to the sense of any duty incumbent on Christianity to carry the Faith into heathen countries; and when its ministers ventured, in the wake of Anglo-Saxon aggression, to land on heathen shores, they found the Catholic Church there and already in possession of flourishing Christian missions.

But, by a seemingly congenital instinct, or rather mania, to dog the footsteps of the Catholic Church in order to undo its work, Protestantism, instead of pushing out into original fields of operation, invariably erected its comfortable "parsonage"—with its Mrs. duly installed—contiguous to the humble shanties of the Catholic Mission, the partial success of its work of destruction becoming, in due

time, perceptible in the perversion—on consideration of support or employment—of a few unsatisfactory and untrustworthy subjects among the native Catholic converts.

The fated failure inherent in its anti-Catholic propaganda has followed Protestantism, like its evil genius, into its remotest foreign enterprise; and hence this device of the big conference boom to "raise the wind" by drawing largely on the purses of a still numerous "gullible" portion of the Protestant laity—mostly women of the "Mrs. Jelliby" type.

Besides, as the fortunes of war have brought Uncle Sam's battleships to wake the dreamy silence among the islands of the Orient, the opportunity for Protestantism—ever dependent upon gunpowder supremacy—to secure college lands and university tracts in our recent and prospective foreign acquisitions was altogether too propitious to be neglected.

That some such satisfactory arrangement was completed between the Protestant Missionary Clique and the present Administration is strongly suggested by the enthusiastic concern in the object of the conference manifested by McKinley and other political leaders. This opinion is confirmed by the uniform hilarity which characterized its meetings—in much the same fashion as obtains on the conclusion of analogous business transactions in which the mutual satisfaction of the contracting parties is strikingly and amiably expressed by treating and joking. It was, in truth, a merry conference!

Mary, "Queen of Virgins,"
Thus we love to call
Her who is, through Jesus,
Mother of us all.

To this "Queen of Virgins"
Lilles of the field
As she walked the meadows,
And sweet homage yield.

But a sweeter homage,
Than the lilles even,
Can a Christian maiden
Yield the Queen of Heaven.

Thoughts whose guarded whiteness,
With her lilles vie,
Hearts whose chaste affections
Keep a heavenward eye.

Courage, meekness, patience,
Modest look and mien,
Win the dearest favor
Of our blessed Queen.

Mary, "Queen of Virgins,"
Aid us by thy prayer;
Lilles never needed,
As we need, thy care.
Eliza Allen Starr.

EDITORIAL.

A balmy day, a day of genial sunshine, of refreshing breezes, a day of such marked loveliness and charm that it came with the early morning like a pleading invitation to the woods and the mountains, it lingered through the happy hours like a welcoming, delighted host and when the twilight deepened into the evening gloom, it bade a regretful adieu, as with a benediction, to the merry throng that melted away, each group seeking its own "home, sweet home," on the night of May 16!

A delighted gathering of fathers, mothers and children, of young men and young women, brought together in the name of S. Dominic's annual excursion for a day of innocent recreation and healthful fun, for a family reunion of the many friends of the Dominican Fathers in San Francisco!

An early start across the bay, a special train in three sections, a quick run through some of California's most pleasant places, and before the noon hour had struck, Glenwood Park in the heart of the Santa Cruz Mountains was reached!

And then, the family luncheon parties over, the games, races and dancing duly followed—making one round of gladness for young and old till the time of departure for home was announced.

The prizes were numerous, varied and valuable, and winners and losers alike enjoyed the sport of the contests which closed without a jarring note. Bubbling fun and constant mirth, with unfailing decorum and an entire absence of aught that could mar a Catholic family gathering, justified the officials of railroad and park in their declaration that S. Dominic's picnic was distinguished, as in former years, for its tone and character, representative of the best Catholic life in these parts.

Thus the congregational outing for 1900 has passed into history, but its happy memories will long linger with those who made the trip.

The fifth centenary of the birth of Gut-

tenberg, the inventor of typography on the principle on which we have it to-day, is an event set for this month in the ancient German city of Mainz. In a subsequent number we shall tell our readers something of this great man, and incidentally of the "art divine," with the fame of which his name is so gloriously linked.

The feast of the coming down of the Holy Ghost on the Apostles, known as Pentecost or Whitsuntide, is dedicated to the Third Glorius Mystery of our Lady's Beads. It is, therefore, a day of special light, of inspiration, of the fire of divine love, of the sweet unction of the Holy Spirit for all who love His Most Holy and Immaculate Spouse, the Blessed Mother of our Lord. May all such share abundantly in the grace that will preserve them not only from quenching the Spirit, from grieving Him, but even from resisting Him in slightest ways!

The glory of the Paschal-tide passes with these early June days, but the month reserves for Catholic piety the great feasts of the Holy Trinity, of Corpus Christi, of the Sacred Heart, and of the commemorations of the Forerunner of our Lord, and of His chief Apostles, S. Peter and S. Paul. Verily it is a blessed season, redolent of devotion, rich in grace, full of the splendor of things divine.

During the lovely days of June especially dedicated by Catholic piety to the honor of the Sacred Heart, Rosarians should remember the power of our Lady's Beads to draw souls to that blessed Source of grace, the precious Fount of Jesus' love for humanity. Next to the Heart of our Divine Lord comes the most pure Heart of His dear Mother in beauty and glory before God, and in grace and power for needy man. It is of faith that above all the children of Adam Mary's immaculate Heart was conformed to the divine model. Thus is she God's most favored instrument for helping us attain to the likeness of her Son.

Perfect example in all things, she is ready by her power and her love, and in answer to our Rosary prayers, to mould our poor hearts till they gradually grow into some resemblance of the Master's own.

Let the children of the Rosary remember, therefore, that as the great object of this devotion is to bring them to the imitation of Christ, they should not omit that which is the most powerful means of effectually answering this pleading of the Sacred Heart--namely the loving study and faithful following of our Blessed Master.

Let many *Ave's* go up before her throne, in gratitude, in reparation, in earnest petition that all the members of God's Church on earth may strive more faithfully to attain, in some degree, the measure of the stature of Jesus Christ.

This is emphatically a work for the children of S. Dominic, in whose Order special devotion to the Sacred Heart living and loving in the Sacrament of Love, was taught and practiced, even before the time of the revelations granted to the Blessed Margaret Mary. In this spirit the Most Reverend Father Larroca, then General of the Order, addressed an earnest appeal to all the members of the Order on August 28, 1889: "Though we do not consider it necessary, yet since the opportunity is given, we consider it timely to urge upon you the greatest devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Let us then be careful never to separate in our meditations and affections those things which God has joined together; for from the very Heart of our Saviour, as from their root, bloomed forth those mysteries by which the redemption of the human race has been made perfect, and which, collected in the Rosary, daily procure for men salvation and true liberty."

Following this salutary exhortation, all true Rosarians will, while telling their beads, decade by decade, remember that the Sacred Heart is beating through all the mysteries, giving in each, whether of joy or sorrow or glory, a new pulsation of love for us, and pleading, too, with the divine yearning that longs to possess the hearts of all His children: "Son and daughter, give Me thy heart."

May we be inspired with the spirit that will teach us, in the joy and the sorrow, and the glory of the Beads, the lessons of the Sacred Heart! It ought to be for us as a loving feast, and for our wearied, burdened souls as a blessed repose and a refreshing rest, to wander in our Lady's Rose Garden during these pleasant days of June, beads in hand, dwelling on the unmeasured love of the Sacred Heart, and making such return as our weakness will permit. Lingering lovingly by our Mother's side, she will finish the work. Her Immaculate Heart will plead, and her pure hands will take our sin-stained hearts and she will fashion them into some likeness to her Divine Son's. And this is the meaning of true devotion to the Sacred Heart; this is the crown of our Lady's love; this is the triumph of her Beads.

The beautiful article by Miss Eliza Allen Starr, on our Lady in Paschal-tide, was belated. Though but a few days of this gladsome season remain, we present this paper to our readers, assured that it will be appreciated, that it will now as tenderly promote devotion as if it had appeared in May.

On May 5 the fair which had been held in Benicia from April 21 closed with great satisfaction to priests and people. The Fathers and Sisters desire to express their deep gratitude to the many friends, Catholic and non-Catholic, not only in Benicia, but in San Francisco, Vallejo, Port Costa and other places, whose interest and generosity contributed so largely to the success of the enterprise. As already announced in DOMINICANA, the profits derived from the fair will be devoted to the completion of S. Catherine's fine hall, a large and commodious annex to the Academy, which replaces the historic building of earlier days.

A special word of indebtedness is gladly recorded because of the unfailing zeal of the ladies who so actively shared in the management and direction of the fair. DOMINICANA is pleased to be the spokesman of the pastor of Benicia, and from personal observation the editor can bear corroborative testimony to the warm commendations uttered by Father Riley.

atifying to note that the
hich were nightly features
were varied and artistic, in
nd drama. And perhaps
erally applauded perform-
of the singing of "The
e children of the Junior
minic's, San Francisco, on
April 30.

boat, the little troupe, ac-
their director, Father Jones,
athers from San Francisco,

Benicia, where they were
he Dominican Sisters of S.
ademy. As DOMINICANA has
d its judgment as to the
girls composing this little
all confine ourselves to a
the Benicia journals—*The
Herald*.

says (May 5): "A large
in attendance, and to say
e pleased 'would be putting
the youthful singers cap-
body with their beautiful
singing was perfect.' The
s was one of the most beau-
resting entertainments ever
nicia audience, and all who
essed the highest apprecia-
fforts of the children, who
t harmony, and who, though
s, are exceedingly old in

the Prior of Benicia gave
a picnic to the Sulphur
y of delight. As Father
great favorite with the chil-
ience was a special pleasure
May 2 all returned to San
in by special boat.

est" outcome of the recent
ish-Regiment-Queen's-visit-
d other drivel is the inser-
onvocation of York of S. Pat-
n the Calendar of Saints for
of England prayer book.
glish believe the Irish to be
d "gullible" verily many of

ed that nearly fifteen hun-
school teachers will attend
ion of the Harvard Summer

School, Cambridge, Mass. As an evidence
of the spirit guiding those who have the
affair in charge, a recent number of *The
Pilot*, Boston, says that "the directory pre-
pared for the use of the Cuban teachers
during their stay in these parts omits
nothing but the Catholic churches." Of
course, the zealous clergy and Catholic
laity of Boston will not be wanting in
care and attention, but it is well to note
the spirit that would represent to our
island visitors the purely secular and non-
Catholic side of American life, and that
places as "the dean of the women's de-
partment" (a special committee appointed
for the guidance of the Cuban women
teachers), a rank proselytizer, who for
twenty years has systematically sought to
destroy the faith of Spanish girls.

The celebration of the Pentecost should
remind all Catholics of the need of culti-
vating a special, tender and personal de-
votion to the Holy Spirit, the Third Per-
son of the Blessed Trinity. "It is our
earnest desire," wrote the Sovereign
Pontiff, in his Encyclical of May 9, 1897,
"that piety may increase and be inflamed
towards the Holy Ghost, to whom, es-
pecially, all of us owe the grace of follow-
ing the paths of truth and virtue." In this
devotion Rosarians should excel.

In 1896 Mr. Joseph Chamberlain made
the following declaration: "To go to war
with President Krueger to enforce upon
him reforms in the internal concerns of
the Transvaal, in which successive Secre-
taries of State have repudiated all rights
of interference, would have been a
course of action as immoral as it would
have been unwise." He was then, as he
is now, Secretary of State for the Col-
onies, a position of great power and dignity
in a British Cabinet. When, therefore,
Mr. C. determined to do in 1899 what in
1896 he declared would be unwise and im-
moral, he cunningly aimed at one pur-
pose, and he achieved it: he drove Presi-
dent Krueger to begin the war, though
every one knows that Oom Paul's of-
fensive was really a movement defensive.
And the result, which, so far as England
is concerned, is a most infamous war,
the unscrupulous ex-Radical, the Judas-

Iscariot of Gladstone, now unblushingly designates as "a just, righteous and necessary" conflict. Even British insolence and effrontery have no parallel to this in their long story of shame and greed and hypocrisy.

If interference in the internal affairs of the Transvaal were immoral and unwise in 1896, what has occurred within three years to transmute the immorality and unwisdom of 1896 into the righteousness and justice of 1899? Nothing! Only that the Boers defied the abettor of the scoundrels, Jameson, of raid "fame," and Rhodes, of worse "fame"; and that President Krueger prepared for the inevitable, prepared to defend his country, not against the English people, but against a combination of criminals who have betrayed the honest English people, and who have sought, under various pretexts, the destruction of the South African republics.

Of course, the end is not far distant, and yet even the conscienceless "Christian" governments of Europe, even the great Republic of the West, "the land of the free and the home of the brave," as misrepresented by "Anglo-Saxon" "statesmen" (God save the mark!) must stand amazed at the splendid showing made by the two little states waging for more than eight months a war of courage, of skill, of unexpected successes; against a nation outnumbering them four hundred to one. The "bully" of the world is at last humbled, for in the "conquest" of the Boers, English infamy reaches its lowest ebb, and shame unspeakable, unless where love of truth and liberty is dead, awaits the crowning act of British "triumph" over the seemingly doomed Boers who committed the sin (unardonable in an Englishman's eyes) of holding that they were not of inferior clay.

On whatever meat the modern Britisher hath fed, his growth of greatness in insolence is such that in his arrogance he accounts as denial of his "never-to-be-denied" superiority the humblest claim to "any sort" of rights that "inferior" races dare make.

The Boers committed this crime, and as a nation they are to be blotted out; and to

the everlasting shame of Ireland her degenerate sons have no small part in this foul work. To the everlasting shame, also, of the United States, a condition holds at present of such servile subserviency to England, whose "colonizing" and "civilizing" track many would follow, that our country's cry is stifled, and to the Boers are denied that recognition, cheer and help which the great heart of our liberty-loving people would so generously and unstintedly have given to the struggling republics of South Africa.

But God reigns, and England will yet come before His bar. Loving our native country, we should pray that the abomination of imitating England in the unholy ways of "civilization," "the flag," "commerce" and "trade," in the accursed hunger for gold, may not rest on our dear land, as a withering blight of things higher, of things spiritual and noble.

During May the following Dominican academies held their closing exercises: S. Mary's, San Leandro, on the 23d; S. Vincent's, Vallejo, on the 29th; College San Rafael, on 31st. S. Rose's, San Francisco, and S. Catherine's, Benicia, have placed their commencements for the present month as indicated in the calendar.

MAGAZINES.

The May number of *Harper's Magazine* closes the one hundredth volume and the fiftieth year of that popular periodical, which is now generally accepted as distinguished for thoroughness and excellence in every department. We are particularly struck by the delicacy, refinement and artistic expressions of the engravings. Miss Mary Stilwel's pictures illustrating the beautiful sketch of "The Angel and the Child," by Howard Pyle, are peculiarly appropriate to the subject treated. "From a Winter Note Book; a Study of Nature and Man," the latest from the pen of Rudyard Kipling, is interspersed with passages remarkable for their beauty and force of description. His depiction of the turning of the leaves in autumn and the cheerlessness of the long white winter are enhanced by illustrations of the scenes described. The openi-

s of Mr. I. Zangwill's new serial, "Mistle of Elijah," are powerfully . The story is a study of social and life in England. The frontispiece, "Night, Allegra," is a happy production of Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. A., conclusively written paper on "The in Asia," by quoting the late Sir Hunter on the Asian question: "I advent of the United States in the a new power for good, not alone island races that come under their it also in that great settlement of an spheres of influence in Asia, if we could see aright, forms a problem of our day." Mrs. Humphrey's "Eleanor" is most enjoyable , and promises to become a liter cess. "Father and Mother; a Mystery presents W. D. Howells to us in a d agreeable light. We note with e short stories from Owen Wister, E. Wilkins, Katrina Trask and "Fifty Years of Harper's Maga- by the present editor, Mr. Alden, to the confidence and sympathy of titude of readers, who cannot fail gnize the efforts of *Harper's* to be- national factor in a country enor- i extent and wide in divergence of opinions and customs.

Catholic World for May is particu- tractive in the illustrated, descrip- tives. "The American Villa at Grandalfo," by P. L. Connellan; "A Southwestern France," by Alice n; "In Sight of Gran Sasso," by E. Pittart. Miss A. A. McGinley has a article on "The Scope of the Cath- cial Settlement," which is worthy study of the would-be philan-. Rev. James J. Fox, D.D., gives al treatise on "The Dudleian Lec- 1899." Minnie Gilmour concludes eet, pathetic story, "The Song of d." James J. Walsh, M.D., gives a of "Three Great Biologists." There some short stories and poems of

Carmelite Review, a very inter- eries of articles is published under ding "Notes of a Pilgrimage to the and, with Impressions en Route."

The writer is a Passionist Father who has travelled "with his eyes wide open," and who knows how to wield a ready and graceful pen. The magazine of our Lady of Mount Carmel is doing excellent work for devotion and for the apostolate of the press.

From the May number of *Lippincott's Magazine* we take, with due acknowledgment to the author, Robert Gilbert Welsh, and to the editor, the following dainty and pithy quatrain on optimism:

Though earth be old and full of ancient ill,
Above its cradle happy mothers croon,
And though the sight lie heavy on the hill,
True lovers meet beneath the changing moon.

Lippincott's maintains its old-time reputation for agreeableness in variety, for the satisfaction of a finished story in each number, for the lighter veins in verse and prose, and for a fair measure of the solid.

It would be well if all the "shouters" for "expansion," "imperialism," "manifest destiny," "trade following the flag," and other catch words, would read a thoughtful, conscientious and ably written paper in *The Atlantic Monthly* for May, entitled "Nations and the Decalogue." Mr. Sedgwick has done a notable service to the cause of public morality. His article deserves careful reading; and such reading we advise.

BOOKS.

From B. Herder, St. Louis, we have received (1) THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS, by Herbert Cardinal Vaughan, a beautiful little work worthy of our best commendation. (2) THE CHURCH OF CHRIST, THE SAME FOREVER, by D. McErlane, S. J., a compilation intended by the author as a charitable offering to all who believe in the inspiration and in the consequent authority of the Holy Scripture. Father McErlane has gathered together the words of Holy Writ demonstrating the powers conferred by our Blessed Lord upon His Apostles, and through them on their successors. To the inspired text the author has added a concise and vigorous comment. At times his anxiety to be brief occasions a hait or lameness in his style, but he has made a serviceable book, and the publisher has becomingly done his part.

THE HEIRESS OF CRONENSTEIN, by the Countess Hahn-Hahn (adapted from the German by Mary Allies), illustrates social life in varied phases in the picturesque town of X. situated on one of the branches of the Rhine. Florestine Cronenstein, the heroine, a young lady remarkable for her beauty, accomplishments and virtue, is honored and beloved by all who know her. She is particularly interested in the career of two friends, one a theological student, the other a sculptor. She becomes the happy wife of a young nobleman and spends many peaceful days at his ancestral home of Seeheim. Learning that her young friend has given up his idea of becoming a priest, through a mad infatuation for a vain and frivolous girl, Florestine makes every effort to reclaim him, but finds that his mind is filled with materialistic ideas. He perseveres in his obstinacy, outrages every filial duty, and is only brought to repentance by a message from Florestine on his deathbed.

Florestine's husband renews a habit of gambling which he had concealed from her, until he not only squanders his own fortune but also that of his wife. In her loving efforts to save him she sacrifices Cronenstein Castle to pay his debts of honor. The Count meets with a sudden death by drowning. Florestine's strength is broken under the terrible shock and she gradually passes away, mourned by all who have met her—honored and loved for her noble self-sacrifice. Her last word was the joyful *Magnificat*, for God had made her instrumental in saving two precious souls. Benziger Brothers, New York, publish the book in a most attractive form.

JACK HILDRETH ON THE NILE, by Marion Ames Taggart, excels in thrilling and exciting adventure. The hero, a young American, deeply imbued with humanitarian principles, finds during a journey through Egypt many occasions to test his humane tendencies. In his attempt to rescue two poor slave children in the streets of Cairo from the hands of Abd el Barak, the chief of a pious brotherhood—but secretly an unscrupulous slave-trader—Jack incurs the enmity of that exalted personage and finds his life threatened on

all sides. Making his escape he sails up the Nile and strikes into the interior, where he has learned that another slave-trader is about to pass with a large number of slave women. Against terrible odds Jack liberates them, thus adding the fierce chief, Ibn Asl, to the list of his enemies. Falling later into the hands of Ibn Asl, he is subjected to horrible tortures, but finally escapes and has the satisfaction of seeing the unjust oppressors brought to punishment after which he returns to his native land. The novel is full of glowing descriptions of the villages and the customs of the mysterious tribes clustered by the storied and eternal Nile. The book, which is illustrated, is well brought out by Benziger Brothers, New York.

Trios and quartettes with appropriate diction and pleasing melody, suitable for commencements, are as hard to find as the proverbial "needle in a haystack." The appearance of such should, therefore, be welcomed as marking an acceptable addition to musical literature.

We recently received some very worthy specimens, in this line, of the melodious and harmonious work of Mr. Alois F. Lejeal. The music of each forms a lovely setting for the excellent sentiment of the words, and can be rendered easily and with expression. The "May Song" is an especially sprightly, bubbling little piece, filled with the twitter of birds and the perfume of the budding flowers. Another charming composition is "Farewell Song at Close of School Year." It is bright and pleasant, with a little minor strain, thrown in here and there, which emphasizes, as it were, the parting that "may be forever." Every teacher seeking music adapted to Commencements will be pleased with these gems of ensemble singing. We heartily endorse them, and wish them a widespread recognition. The present list includes "Graduates' Farewell" (two or three female voices); "Farewell Song at Close of the School Year" (two or three female voices); "At the Close of School Examination" (two or three female voices); "At the Opening of School Examination" (two or three female voices); "See! the Sun in Splendor Shining" (two or three female voices); "May Song" (soprano and alto); "Song of Welcome" (two or three voices). The publishers are J. Fischer & Brother, New York.

HYMN TO THE SACRED HEART.

Words and Music by Rev. J. R. NEWELL O.P.

Andante con diversione

1 O' Heart of Jesus! Home of love Where God and man u.
2 O' Heart of Jesus! Mer-cy seat Of God in hu-man

nite! To earth and highest realms a-bore Sole fount of life and
breast! In Thee the weary find re-treat, And re-ay-bar-ded

light! Heart meek and gentle as the dove, Though un-gra-nate Thy
rest! Heart more than fondest mo-ther's sweet, Of all hearts tender

might, Though in... st. nite Thy might!
- est! Of all hearts ten... der - est!

3 O'Heart of Jesus! Fount of joy! 4 O'Heart of Jesus! Sea of woe
God's face shone clear in Thee! Whose depths no line may sound!
Its constant vision thy employ Whose saving waves in pity flow
From earliest infancy ' The sinful world around'
Thy state God's bliss without alloy In Thee our sins are cleansed as snow,
Thy life an ecstasy! And all our sorrows drowned!

5 O'Heart of Jesus! Glory's throne!
By God head deified!
If we our sinful deeds bemoan,
And stand with Thee allied,
Our hearts united with thine own
Shall reign all glorified

CALENDAR FOR JUNE.

- 1—BB. Alphonsus and Companions, O. P., Martyrs (Benediction.)
- 2—Vigil of Pentecost (Fast.)
- 3—Pentecost. The Third Glorious Mystery of the Rosary. Four plenary indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at Procession; prayers; (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament; prayers; (4) C. C.; visit Rosary altar at any time from first Vespers on the Eve till sunset on the Feast; prayers. A plenary indulgence also for members of the Living Rosary. Communion Mass for Senior Rosarians, 7 o'clock.
- 4—Of the Octave. Meeting of Rosarians. Meeting of the Rosary Reading Circle.
- 5—Of the Octave. Beginning of Novena for Corpus Christi; 6 (Fast), 7, 8 (Fast), 9 (Fast) Of the Octave.
- 10—Trinity Sunday (Benediction.) Plenary indulgence for the members of the Holy Name Sodality. Mass for the Sodality at 7 A. M.; meeting at 3 P. M.; meeting of men Tertiaries at 2 P. M.
- 11—S. Barnabas, Apostle. Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society.
- 12—B. Stephen Bandelli, O. P., Confessor. Commencement exercises of S. Catherine's, Benicia, in the Academy Hall.
- 13—S. Antony of Padua, Franciscan. Beginning of Novena for Sacred Heart.
- 14—The Feast of Corpus Christi.
- 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21 of the Octave. Benediction each day of this Octave. On Sunday, 17, meeting of women Tertiaries.
- At the regular monthly musical service to be held this evening, 17th inst., Don Lorenzo Perosi's Oratorio, "The Resurrection of Lazarus," will be rendered. The solo parts will be taken by Miss Lily Roeder, Mrs. H. L. Smith, Mr. J. F. Veaco, Mr. Philip Paschel, and Sig. G. S. Wanrell. The production will be under the direction of Franklin Palmer, organist of the church. The other musical numbers will be: Solo, "O Salutaris" (Giorza), Miss Roeder; five part chorus, "Ave Maria," choir; "Tantum Ergo" (Dubois), solo and choir. Organ solos: Prelude (G. M. Detthier); Aria (J. S. Bach); Grand Fugue in D major (Bach).
- This presentation of the Oratorio by Padre Lorenzo Perosi is the first announced for San Francisco. It will be, therefore, an event of special interest to lovers of music in this city. For the accommodation of those who will avail of the opportunity to hear the now distinguished Italian priest's already celebrated work, DOMINICANA has prepared a supplement containing the text of the Oratorio, in Latin and English.
- Note—The monthly musical services, omitted during July and August, will be resumed in September.
- On 19th, commencement exercises of S. Rose's Academy in Native Sons' Hall, San Francisco, 2 P. M.
- 22—The Sacred Heart of Jesus. (Benediction.)
- 23—The Ten Thousand Martyrs. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
- 24—Third Sunday after Pentecost. S. John the Baptist. (Benediction.)
- 25—S. Leo the Great, Pope (from April 11). Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society.
- 26—B. Margaret of Castello, O. P. Virgin (from April 13.)
- 27—B. Peter Gonzales, O. P., Confessor. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
- 28—S. Irenaeus, Martyr.
- 29—SS. Peter and Paul, the Apostles. (Benediction.)
- 30—Commemoration of S. Paul. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) This day marks the beginning of the devotion of the fifteen Saturdays, in preparation for the Feast of the Most Holy Rosary. A plenary indulgence may be gained on three of these Saturdays, chosen at will. Conditions: C. C. on each Saturday; visit Rosary Church; prayers. An indulgence of seven years and seven Lents may be gained on each of the other days.





OUR LADY AND S. ANNE.

(After the painting by Carl Müller.)

DOMINICANA

I.

JULY 1900.

No. 5

OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O. C. C.

"Our Lady of Mount Carmel, thus
Sometimes thy name is known;
It tells of the badge we wear,
To live or die thy own."
Adelaide A. Proctor.

a few days ago the writer received
r from a venerable Jesuit, stationed
e Pacific Coast, wherein the good
enthusiastically wrote of the great
rs wrought through the Scapular of
essed Lady of Mount Carmel. From
tter let me quote these significant
"How often poor sinners refuse
laments, and hardly do I receive
into the (Scapular) confraternity
ey make their confession."

the old story, just told at your
Golden Gate," dear readers of Do-
NA, and the same is being repeated
here in this vale of tears whilst I
ese lines. It is the story of Mary's
or sinners. Experience has taught
t our Blessed Mother has mostly
ested her love and power through
rosary and Scapular. I need not
to you the miracles of the former;
now them too well. Of the latter,
a word will be in season, since
nonth we specially commemorate
essed Lady of Mount Carmel.

Carmelite ought to be at his ease in
sing the sons and daughters of St.
lc. Perhaps this comes from the
at in our Breviary—on the feast of
rmelite martyr S. Angelus—I read
sixth lesson that upon that Car-
s "arrival in Rome he was recog-
by the holy men Francis and
ic, who held him in honor, and ad-
i him to their friendship."

I must couple my few remarks on our
Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel and her
Scapular with a word or two about the
Carmelite Order.

It is a venerable tradition that our an-
cient Order was founded about nine hun-
dred years before the coming of our Lord
and Saviour Jesus Christ on Mount
Carmel in Palestine by the Prophet
Elias.* In our liturgy we have the Mass
and Office of S. Elias, all of which is ap-
proved by the Holy See. Moreover, in
S. Peter's in Rome, among the statues
there representing the founders of the re-
ligious orders will be found that of S.
Elias, indicated as the founder of the Car-
melites. There are proofs in abundance
that the sons of the Prophet remained on
Mount Carmel until the Christian era.
At times they were driven from their
abode of retreat by the Saracens, but they
invariably returned, and to-day—at the
close of the nineteenth century—the Car-
melites are still in possession of their an-
cient home.

As I write I have before me the letters
of an eminent Passionist, Father Blakely,
who speaks of his recent visit to Mount
Carmel. He tells us that "from the time
of the Prophets, indeed, with but occa-
sional exceptions—due mainly to Mus-
sulman persecutions—this holy mountain
has been the abode of pious men, who
have walked in the footsteps of those (S.
Elias, S. Eliseus, etc.) messengers of
God," and "they still continue to emulate
the zeal of their zealous prototype and to
fight the battles of God." "With zeal

* See III Book of Kings, 8.

have I been zealous for the Lord God of Hosts"† was the motto of S. Elias, and those words to-day will still be found on our coat-of-arms.

The progress of Mohammedan power in Palestine made it more and more difficult for the Carmelites to live in peace, hence numbers of them abandoned Carmel and settled in Cyprus in 1238. In course of time they spread in all directions until we see Carmelite Provinces encircling the earth. After passing into Europe they found it necessary to live in common, and no longer as hermits. Hence the rule drawn up for them by S. Albert in 1200 was approved, and Pope Innocent confirmed them as an order in 1247 under the title of "Friars of our Lady of Mount Carmel." Our Order is recognized as a mendicant one, and in England and Ireland our Fathers and Brothers are known as "White Friars."

England was one of the first countries in which our Fathers settled after their dispersion. In that land, once known as "Mary's Dowry," commenced the history of the Scapular. In 1245 the Carmelites held their first Chapter at Aylesford, in Hampshire, and elected Simon Stock, an Englishman, their General. This Saint was an ardent promoter of devotion to the Holy Mother of God, who, tradition says, as a child, with her mother, S. Anne, frequently visited the hermits on Mount Carmel.

During the time that Simon was General great troubles disturbed the Church, and many persecutions were raised against the Order of Carmel, some persons opposing its privileges, and others disliking the honorable title given to us of the "Brothers and Sisters of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel." In the midst of his troubles S. Simon with many tears turned confidently to the Queen of Carmel. He begged her, who had ever been so favorable to her Order, to grant it some peculiar privilege or sign by which all would know that she was the special protectress of the Carmelites. The saint composed several Latin poems and prayers in honor of the divine Mother. One most efficacious little prayer of is—at times called "miracu-

† III Kings, chap. xix.

lous"—is that entitled the "Flos Carmeli," of which there are very many translations. One of the best versions, perhaps, is that which is thus Englished by the Reverend Kenelm Digby Beat, a Father of the London Oratory. It runs:

"Carmel's fair Flower!
Rod blossom-laden
Smile on thy Dower
Meek Mother-Maiden!
None equals thee.

Grant us a sign
Thou dost protect us.
Mark us for thine;
Shine and direct us,
Star of the Sea!"

On July 16, A. D. 1251, while praying fervently in his convent oratory at Cambridge, the chronicles of the Carmelites tell us that the Queen of Heaven appeared to S. Simon Stock, and presenting to him the brown Scapular of his Order she thus addressed him:

"Receive, most beloved son, the Scapular of thy Order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and to all Carmelites, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire; behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, a covenant of peace and everlasting alliance."

It is to commemorate this extraordinary event that the Holy Church has instituted a festival on July 16 in honor of the Blessed Virgin under the title of our Lady of Mount Carmel.

Only a few years ago His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, granted a Plenary Indulgence for each and every visit to a Carmelite church on July 16. This is a privilege similar to that of the well-known one of the Portiuncula for the Franciscans and to the great Rosary indulgence of the first Sunday of October in Dominican churches.

Speaking of the Brown Scapular, I should say here that all the companions of S. Simon and our historians insist that the Blessed Virgin actually left a material garment in the hands of S. Simon. Does it still exist? There is a strong opinion in our Order that it does. Some are convinced that the original Scapular is at present guarded as a precious heirloom in an old English family.

There is another Carmelite privilege which is related in the famous Sabbathine Bull of Pope John XXII. He says therein that the Blessed Virgin appeared to him, and speaking of the Carmelites, and those

ed with them by wearing the Scapular, she promised that if any of them died before their death. "This holy indulgence," says this Pope, "I accept, corroborate and confirm." A decree of the same, published February 15, 1613, makes it lawful for the Carmelites to believe in the Sabbatine Indulgence. For this privilege it is necessary to practice chastity according to one's state and to recite the Little Office of the Immaculate Virgin.

I have opened up a large field, and I will not present say nothing of the other subjects of interest to lovers of the Scapular—the great Indulgences, masses, etc. Nor have I mentioned our ancient liturgy and our Rule, briefly only of matters of general interest to that large family who wear the Scapular. And they are legion.

Arrington, the eminent Irish Carmelite, says that "there cannot be less than a hundred millions invested in the Scapular all over the world." I also but mention our Carmelite—St. Teresa, Mary Magdalene, John the Cross and the many holy men and women of our Order who found the crown during the French Revolution.

lution and in famine-stricken Ireland.

One thing do I earnestly beg all clients of our Lady of Mount Carmel and the wearers of her livery—*wear your Scapular always!* The great Bossuet said that "the Scapular is no useless badge." And not long ago Cardinal Vaughan said that "the Scapular of Mount Carmel is the badge of an Order of devotion. It is an external mark or sign that the person wearing it has been enlisted under the banner of the Queen of Heaven, as a knight bound to the honor and service."

The divine Mother came twice down from Heaven to place in our hands an efficacious means of salvation. She appeared to two holy friars, her most devoted sons—St. Dominic and St. Simon—and through them she has given us two bonds of love which draw us towards Heaven, viz. the chains of the Rosary and the cords of the Scapular. When dead we hope to have placed in our hands our cherished beads and on our shoulders our beloved Scapular. Little, though, will this last kind act of friends avail if during life we severed our hands from the Rosary or stained the garment of the Immaculate Virgin.

Wear our Mother's livery always and until the end and then can you hope that she will show her love to you, sinner though you be, and lead you to the "Mountain of Holiness, hilltop of Zion, eternity's rest—to the true Carmel land."

SAINTE ANNE.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

other of the Virgin mild,
Our heart is mercy's fount, we pray
That thou wilt bid thy gentle child
To h'or and guide us lest we stray.

the skies that o'er us bend,
Through the path our footsteps press,
It is upon our way descend,
Pity on our dire distress.

Guard us 'gainst error and unfaith,
The sneers that mock our simple trust,
The gruesome form, sin's haunting wraith,
That bows us shamefaced in the dust.

Surrounded by the cruel foes
That urge us onward to our fall,
Mother of Heaven's Mystic Rose
In childlike trust, on thee we call.

Knowing not vainly we appeal
To thee, and to thy Virgin Child,
Rejoicing that our souls will feel
The mercy of the Undeified.

THE SECRET OF GROSSMEISTER CLIFFS.

MARGARET D. O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER VIII.—THUN.

THUN, chief town of the Oberland, situated on the Aar, some miles from the lake whence it takes its name, is one of the most picturesque places in Switzerland. The purity of its air and the beauty of the surrounding country make it a chosen retreat for aristocratic families who seek, in summer resorts, ease and social pleasure, rather than amusement and fashion.

Persons of gifted minds are generally satisfied with home-bred joys, combined with those afforded by nature, even in her tamest moods. Those who have no resources within themselves seek pleasure in the turmoil of fashion and in the bustle of society. Such persons map out regions of happiness for themselves, some of whose lines they may reach, but whose full dimensions they can never compass. By common consent fashion was banished from Thun. There people dressed, dined, rode, drove or boated, how, when and where they chose. Among those who had purchased property in the suburbs were M. Beaumont and Count Alworth. Beaumont Lodge was a gem equalled but not surpassed in taste and elegance by Rosenschloss, the residence of the Count.

The Countess was a woman of refined mind, whose delicacy of taste was manifest in pillar, arch or cornice of her sumptuous home. She was about to leave Interlachen, but before her departure for the season she wished once more to gather her friends around her.

Parties, at Rosenschloss, were always select and brilliant. In their arrangement her faultless tact and happy discernment of character never failed to aid her judgment. She gave unqualified satisfaction to her guests. Love, rank and wealth were hers to use or to abuse. As absolute sovereign she swayed the sceptre of her small but mighty empire. Her power was strengthened by Miss Schiller, a lady whose beauty attracted even those most

indifferent to its charms. Cold and haughty, yet graceful and dignified, Bella moved through Europe's elite—a queen.

"What a magnificent woman," said an old German baron to Countess Alworth on that night.

"She is certainly very beautiful," said the Countess, a look of admiration lighting up her own fine eyes; "hers is a noble character. She is, moreover, a woman of great intellectual gifts."

"Yes," he responded, slowly lifting his glasses, "she has a charming face, indicative of vigorous, poetical genius, with all its sweetness and polished elegance, but," the Baron paused—the Countess smiled.

"But what, Baron?"

"But not quite expressive."

"Curious! But so many entertain that opinion, I know," she continued, rather to herself than to the Baron, "I cannot call it opinion, for it is certainty, yet I would banish the—"

"Expressionless, my dear Countess, this is beyond your power of charm. You can charm away cares, blues and—and—and anything but facts, and these, my dear, are beyond you! However, the young lady—"

"My dear Baron, you analyze the child."

"Partly for your own benefit; and, partly, I must confess, for the pleasure it affords myself."

"I thought self had some part in the exercise—even the greater."

"No, no. Allow me to finish my portrait: taste, in outlines of mouth; strong passions, in chin; strength and fidelity, in all."

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed, as Bella at that moment looked towards the Countess, "what a magnificent, speaking glance! Hers must be an ardent yet analyzing mind."

"Baron, only you are a very old man—and a very intimate friend, I should resent your analysis of my protege."

"My dear Countess," and the Baron looked aggrieved, "do you suppose seventies, going on eighties, have become insensible? I must conclude such is your belief, for I have never known you to be regardless of another's feeling."

"I believe no age beyond feeling—"

"I rejoice," interrupted the Baron, as if much relieved, "I could not be deceived in your views of humanity. Eighties, my dear, even eighties, are susceptible of affronts."

"Rather a stride, Baron, still," and the Countess noticed a shade on the old man's face, "still within bounds of our subject."

"Heart of our subject, madam, love of our kind! If we love we take care not to hurt, so!" The Baron raised his hand, half closed his eyes, poised his head on right shoulder and waited the answer of the Countess.

"So, Baron," as she took his word, "we avoid whatever may displease; but, does such avoidance always evidence love for him whom we would please, or a high estimate of him we would not displease?"

"Not always. In some cases it might refer to frivolities; in others, to narrowness of mind."

"Then must character fall in our estimate when well known?"

"I must know your definition of well!"

"Take it at Webster's."

"Then, my dear, the majority of characters should lose."

"How?"

"Simply, were hearts well known, motives would be more easily divined, and probably actions might decrease in value, as intentions that stamp them become public."

"That holds; but, as most actions are performed from pure, simple motives, what have the actors to fear?"

"Granted they have nothing to fear, how many will credit the simplicity of the motive?" he asked.

"Most persons, for human nature, however censorious, prefer truth to falsehood. I have always believed that a knowledge of character renders one more gentle, more lenient, more indulgent."

"Do you regard as true the lines and angles indicated by physiognomists as a measure for characters?"

"To a certain extent, yes; experience of many ages goes to support their testimony; but natural circumstances, and especially the supernatural gift of grace, frequently modify characters."

"Yes, I have a belief that, from the actions which naturally a man would perform, he may refrain by grace. A will to perform evil actions supposes an equal will force to restrain him (on the simple law: reaction is equal to action), if the impulse in the will be allowed to act. I read a fact lately that sustains this opinion."

"What was it?"

"I read that a skillful physiognomist who examined the heads of Vincent de Paul and Voltaire found that their natural propensities had been alike; and yet the former became a saint and the latter—"

"How do you do, Countess?" said a deep, rich voice, and Carl Wallenstein sank into an unoccupied seat by her side.

"Ah, Mr. Wallenstein, I am glad to see you," and the Countess, evidently well pleased, extended her hand in warm welcome. "Have we succeeded in winning you from your beloved solitude? This merits notice."

"Is it so great a merit to fly one's self for a time to enjoy the charms of wit and beauty, ever elements of your social gatherings?"

"Thank you, Mr. Wallenstein; a compliment from you is rare and should be appreciated."

"I fear that when you learn a third ingredient of the charm that drew me this evening, you may not appreciate my compliment."

"Does it rank lower than those you have already mentioned?"

"I fancy with us men it does, but with you ladies it holds a pretty high rank."

The Countess looked into the dark face beside her, with its serio-comic expression, and smiled.

"I am all curiosity to know," she said.

"That is the third element, 'curiosity.' "

"Yes?" said the Countess, with an elevation of her delicate brows and a slight tinge of irony in her tone. "No more?" she asked after a pause.

"A little more," Carl said in his leisurely way, "you promised me a surprise."

"That," said the Countess, "I had almost forgotten, I want to present you to Miss Schiller. She was my companion at school, of course some years my junior. I had not seen her from that time until this summer. She is a lovely girl, and as good and amiable as she is lovely. Besides she is a great heiress."

Carl frowned.

"Hers is a beauty," continued the Countess, "that would grace a ducal coronet."

Carl's face darkened. He turned the conversation on general topics, the star statesman of the day, music and poetry. Each in turn was discussed in a lively and interesting manner. But Bella's beauty had caught his eye, the instant he entered the room; and he had watched her for some time at a distance ere he joined the Countess and her group. Now he almost regretted his promise to Harry. The beauty and dignity of the girl pleased him, but he felt only weariness and dislike when her fortune was mentioned. The possession of wealth had no part in his ambition. No vain, idealistic visions disturbed his imagination when fortunes were laid at his feet. His wife should be a woman whom he could honor, love and cherish for her virtue and intellectual endowments. On mere physical charms, which a few years may destroy, he set little value, and far less on those of rank and fortune. His heart sought a love above and beyond these, and until it found such, he had resolved to shun society as much as possible. .

He moved in the highest circles as a spoiled child, everywhere courted, privileged and envied. Few men of his age, ability and fortune could receive honors, adulations and favors with such imperturbable coolness, such unmoved dignity of mien. He liked his friends for themselves and not because of their riches, nor stations, nor titles. Hence the frown when the Countess referred to Bella's wealth.

Recollecting herself, the Countess looked towards Bella and said:

"Come, Mr. Wallenstein, Miss Schiller seems weary of Lord L.'s arguments; you know, he revels in what he calls his 'topics,'"

"Indeed," said Carl, "and to relieve her, you present me. Are you not kind, Countess?"

"Kind? Certainly, and complimentary also, for I assume that you will give her more pleasure than this titled Englishman."

"I did not interpret your thoughts in that sense."

"What man ever does interpret the whole of woman's thoughts? Men seldom think of reading between the lines for us, while it is there that we must generally look, otherwise we should seldom understand them."

Carl laughed, but he felt that a measure of truth went with this remark.

"My own words," she continued after a pause, "recall a thought expressed by Baron C. just as you joined us."

"May I have the pleasure of hearing it? He is a very clever man, and likely to say clever things, by which I may in this case benefit."

"His remark isn't very clever, nor do I agree that clever people always speak as cleverly as they think and write."

"Conceded!" the Baron said, "that few men judge actions by the simple motives that lead to these actions."

CHAPTER IX.—THE MEETING.

"Why should they judge otherwise?" said Carl.

As he spoke his face paled, his lips tightened, and slightly turning his head he took advantage of a movement among the dancers to look sharply at the Baron, who was discussing the benefits that might arise to Thun from the construction of a canal to be built during the coming winter.

And Bella, was she much changed? Had the world spoiled her by its adulations? Had it wearied her by its flatteries? Had it shallowed her conception of all things high and holy by its money worship? We think not. To be thus treated was to her second nature. She had never known anything contrary. She cared so little for the persons who flattered or worshipped, that she never reflected whether it was her fortune or herself they valued. The world considered her cold and heartless, wrapped in scep-

tical ideas of life. Her pale, beautiful face was so passionless that some critics questioned if any external object could stir the calm deep of a soul that never suffered its characteristics to appear. She had ways and lines of conduct not common to those titled "heiress." Her notions and sentiments touching everyday life were elevated, yet simple. That she might be able to effect some good through her immense wealth she ardently hoped. Sometimes she whispered this to Rosa, and both agreed that their work should some day be undertaken. They never mentioned this in society, for they shrank from comments.

Thus on the whole the world had not changed Bella in heart or principle. Tonight she was her own proud, reserved self, as of old, her face a shade paler, her eyes a little deeper; her figure more mature, more womanly; her bearing more gracefully at ease than her years demanded. Wherever she passed, murmurs of admiration followed in her wake.

Since her accident, her health had not been robust. Sometimes she complained of strange dull pains in chest and side; and those who watched her closely perceived, now and then, a bright, hectic flush of cheek, and dark rings round her lustrous eyes. These symptoms her mother noticed with inward anxiety, but when she mentioned them to Mr. Schiller he put her off with a fond "pooh! pooh!"

Mr. and Mrs. Schiller and Bella had spent June in Sicily, July in Naples. They were about to start for Thun, when business recalled Mr. Schiller to America. Mrs. Schiller and Bella remonstrated, but he said the call was imperative. Mrs. Schiller was unwilling to let him return alone, and still more unwilling to take Bella home so soon. The Countess Alworth, having called on Mrs. Schiller, found her in this dilemma. The elegant Countess settled it at once. "Mrs. Schiller, let Bella come to us. The Count and Mr. Schiller have known each other for years; and, as you know, Bella and I have been at school together, so she will be perfectly at home and you will be conferring on me a great favor."

Thus Bella came to be alone at Rosen-schloss. Beautiful, indeed, she appeared this evening in her snowy toilet, relieved at throat and waist by clusters of violets, whose purple hues contrasted well with her rich hair and eyes. While the subject of the old Baron's remarks, she stood near the conservatory door, in the shadow of an oleander then in bloom. The dark green of its leaves and the delicate pink of its blossoms served to heighten her loveliness.

"My lord," she said, with her cold smile, "you know it is argued that accurate judgment is not friendly to eloquence."

"Wherefore?"

"Because slight relations make no figure in the mind of him who is occupied in close reasoning."

"That is the general opinion, yet some very eloquent men have proved an exception. I believe the power of close reasoning to be the result of habit rather than of nature."

"It may be: the mind, continually confined to one mode of thought and action, becomes grooved, and strengthened in force, if you will, for that particular mode;; but what it gains in strength it loses in sympathy. I fancy those calculating reasoners are seldom moved by sentiment or passion."

"So much the better, they will have the less to suffer—and be less dangerous to any cause they may undertake to defend."

"Yet sympathy, my lord, is a good alleviator of suffering. Feelings are the springs of the soul. How cold, stern and uncongenial would the world become were it guided by reason alone. What would become of God's beautiful precept of Charity?"

"It would flourish. Would not reason teach it to all men?"

"No, we might preserve its letter, but surely not its spirit."

"And herein lies one of the great evils of the day."

Bella turned to join her friends.

"Miss Schiller," said the Countess, coming up at the moment and touching Bella lightly on the arm with her fan, "allow

me to introduce my friend, Mr. Wallenstein."

The Countess looked upon this as the introduction of the season. "now very handsome they are," whispered the guests. "How well suited to each other," thought the Countess, turning her attention to some new arrival. Bella flashed on Carl one of her cold, haughty glances, but it was caught up and reflected back by the more intense, more electric, light of the calm, penetrating look that met hers, and appeared to read the very depths of her soul. Her eyes seemed held for a second by a power beyond herself, and for the first time she felt that she was in the presence of a mind superior to her own. Her soul fell back to question itself, to marvel whence this power. Was the vanquisher vanquished, the haughty humbled? She lifted her eyes in appeal to the strong face of the man beside her. He knew his power, read her appeal and smiled, his own peculiar smile, gentle as a woman's, yet manly as the manliest. Gentleness is power, else could God ever be so patient with man or men magnanimous with the littleness of their kind?

"I have heard your name frequently from M. Beaumont," said Bella, trying to begin a conversation.

"Yes," leisurely, "Harry was ever an enthusiast over his friends"; and Carl appeared as if he could never be enthusiastic over anything.

"His is a noble, generous heart, Mr. Wallenstein, not to be measured by rules and lines of everyday men of his age and standing in society." Bella was not passionless now. Could readers of physiognomies behold her, would they have written her "expressionless?"

"When we were boys at college I learned that, Miss Schiller; and I find that years have not changed either his heart or his disposition."

"Not an iota."

She was beginning to overcome her awe. Carl's was a sympathetic nature that seldom failed in placing at ease any that touched his feelings or aroused his interest, as Bella's unconsciously had done. A tone, sigh or look is often sufficient to effect this, so curious are hearts.

"I hope the world will not spoil him," continued Carl, "you are aware, of course, that he is a millionaire," and his lip curled.

"Yes," Bella's tone was sarcastic. "It seems the fashion now to do homage to your money and to forget yourself. I must own I should desire a few friends who would regard only myself and forget my bank account. Often I long to be poor."

The beautiful girl looked more beautiful as she expressed this desire, common in a modified sense to Carl himself. A new chord in his heart was touched.

"Have you any particular end in desiring poverty, Miss Schiller?" asked Carl, looking down into the depths of her glorious eyes.

"No, Mr. Wallenstein, only I am tired of hearing my fortune coupled with my name. It makes one feel so small."

"It does!" emphatically said Carl.

"I should like to be esteemed for myself," said the girl, after a pause, "and society seems to ignore this."

"Society!" Carl's brow grew dark, he paused, then continued calmly. "I can deeply sympathize with you, Miss Schiller." His tone thrilled her soul. "I know its hardness and its mockeries."

Bella looked up into his face, then her eyes drooped and she was silent.

"So the Countess leaves in a few weeks," said Carl with his wonted coolness. "I regret"—his tone changed, as at that moment Miss Beaumont and her brother were announced. "I regret," he resumed, "but Miss Schiller, your friends approach." With gay animation Bella stepped forward to welcome them.

"What a match!" Harry whispered to Rosa. "They would make a noble couple."

"Hush!" said Rosa, "what would people say if they heard you?"

"I guess they would express the same thought, but they have no sweet sister like mine to whom they can give their confidence."

"What a brother!" said Rosa, while she bowed to Lord L., who had made efforts to gain their attention.

"You are very late," said Bella, when

greetings had been exchanged, "supper is announced."

That night when Bella reached her room she walked to a mirror, and for a few seconds gazed earnestly at the glowing face reflected in its silver depths. A softer look was in her eyes, a sweeter smile about her lips than ever before.

"I am beautiful," she murmured, "tonight I value its worth." She stood a few

seconds in thought. "I never could love," she said to herself, "but where I could reverence. Am I worthy?" The hands clasped, the eyes drooped an instant and the proud head was tossed back, the queenly form erect. "But then he shall never know." Turning to her maid she said, "I am ready."

To be continued.

THE CALL.

SISTER ROSALIA, O. P.

Athwart the incense-perfumed air,
On chancel aisle and altar old,
Glinted the arrowy sun rays fair,
In a mist of purple, rose and gold,

Touched into life the vesper gloom,
Lit with a halo that glorified,
The raven hair of a chorister
Who knelt at the feet of the Crucified.

"Take up thy cross and follow Me!"
Eternal Wisdom's thrilling call,
On the listening heart of the gentle boy,
Softly the tender accents fall.

Up from a heart with rapture filled,
Out from a soul with love afame,
Welled the swift answer, passion thrilled,
Sweet Lord, I follow in Thy Name.

"Take up thy cross and follow Me!"
Canst fathom all that message holds?
Slowly thy loving, brave young heart
Must prove the anguish it enfolds.

Lord, lead me on, though o'er the path
Ne'er falls one flash of pleasure's ray.
What tho' the road be steep and rough
Since thou hast sanctified the way?

Years passed—the goal he sought is
reached.
With holy sacrificial hands,
In manhood's glorious strength and hope,
The priest, the Lord's anointed, stands.

Yet oft upon his spirit brave
The waters of affliction roll;
Deep answers deep with anguished cry,
Within the ocean of his soul.

And he will know in that glad day,
The kindness of the chastening rod,
When Heaven's starry gates swing wide
For him, a faithful priest of God.

The loss of home and love and friends,
Of all the human heart holds dear,
The exile from his native land,
The loneliness—the bitter tear.

The friendships proffered false and vain,
The hollow hearts, and all the brood
Of griefs that follow in their train,
The serpent's tooth—ingratitude.

Yet not on Calvary's Mount alone,
Else had the fainting spirit failed,
Glimpses he had of Tabor's light,
Now shining clear, now softly veiled.

As when he whispers all his grief
Softly into the chalice pure,
Or when he leads some wandering one
Back to the path of faith secure.

When gently o'er some erring soul,
"I absolve" is whispered low,
Confirming gracious promise given,
Of cleansing e'en as white as snow.

When high o'er rapt, adoring souls
The consecrated Host he lifts,
The deep abysses of his heart
Give thanks for this, the Gift of gifts.

Thus in the shadow of the Rood,
Through days of storm and nights of
stress,
He finds in triumph over self
Life's high and perfect loveliness.

Oh, may he hear in loving tones,
When Life his conquering banner furls,
The music of the Master's voice,
"One soul is worth a thousand worlds."

DOMINICAN MISSIONS IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

SISTER GABRIEL, O. P.

IN a letter dated November 3, 1592, the Most Rev. Master General Hyppolyte Mary Beccaria announced to the Friars in the Philippines that their apostolic labors had been solemnly approved by the General Chapter of Venice—that body having canonically erected the Convents of the Philippines into a Province of the Order of Saint Dominic. The Master General earnestly exhorted them to perseverance in their self-sacrificing work, reminding them of the glorious victories they were daily gaining for Christ, which in some measure compensated for the losses daily sustained by the Church in Europe, from the awful ravages of heresy. The Province of the Holy Rosary stands without a peer in its record of eminent and self-sacrificing missionaries that have laid down their lives for the faith. For a period of over three hundred years the See of Manila was filled by zealous Friars Preachers, prominent among whom were Dominic de Salazar, Michael de Benavidez and Thomas Badia, New Segovia, New Carcaras and Zebu were likewise blessed by the ministrations of Apostolic men, whose virtue and erudition won for them the honor and esteem of all, making them, as it were, chiefs in the Colony.

Speaking of the authority enjoyed by the religious in the Philippines, M. Jurien de la Graviere says: "Naturally, in a country so Catholic as the Philippines, religious authority goes hand in hand with civil authority. The Kings of Spain, in their solicitude for their new subjects, had appointed a special defender, who in the Council of the Government bore the title of Protector of the Indians. This precaution, however, could not have saved the Tagal population from the abuse of power by unscrupulous agents had not the religious offered to their neophytes an immediate and more efficacious protection. The missionary dwelt in the midst of the natives whom he had conquered for Christ

and for the crown of Spain. He was the peacemaker and consoler of the infant community that sprang up in the midst of the virgin forest. He was the judge of the needs of his parishioners and a powerful advocate for their rights against the unreasonable demands of a local and superior authority."

New Segovia was, of all the missions, the most dangerous on account of the barbarous cruelty of the Indian tribes. Many of the Friars became victims of their savage fury, among whom were Father Alphonsus Garcia, who was horribly mutilated, his body being thrown to unclean animals; Brother Onuphe was beheaded June 8, 1625; Joseph of St. Mary was murdered by the Indians in 1670; and Dominic Perez was killed by the Tambales in 1664. It would be impossible to follow the footsteps of these glorious apostles in their efforts to convert the fierce Negritos, the Tambales, the Mandayas, the Fotols, Igorrotes and numerous other tribes. The success attendant upon the indefatigable labors of the Dominican missionaries is evidenced by the existence of six provinces, on the island of Luzon alone, containing seventy-five parishes. Bindonoc in the Province of Tagaloc, numbers 22,— 690 inhabitants; Lingayen, in the Province of Pangarinan, 20,570; there is scarcely a parish of less than 1,000 souls; four number over 20,000; seven, over 10,000; fourteen over 5,000. Eighty-six Friars Preachers minister to the needs of the people, exclusive of those employed in the Missions of Ituy, Paniqui and the Batanes Islands.

At Manila, the center of this evangelization, is established the Convent of S. Dominic, the Mother House of the Province of the Holy Rosary, to which are attached thirty-one religious; the Convent of S. Thomas, where theology, canon and civil law are taught, is in possession of Chairs of the Royal University

nilla. The Dominicans conduct the *Convento de St. John Lateran*, to which is attached an orphanage, a hospital for the sick and other charitable institutions.

From these statistics we may add the tribute of the testimony of the French missionaries who, journeying through Luzon, enjoyed the hospitality of the various religious orders: "The religious of all the Augustinians, Observantines, Lectors and Dominicans are filled with the spirit of their holy state, practising the purity of life to the great edification of the people. The missions are active and fruitful. There the friars are not regarded as useless; the Government of Spain is fully convinced that it is to the missions alone that it is indebted for the salvation of the Philippine Islands. A Spanish physician residing in Manila tells that a single friar can do more towards improving the condition of the people than ten men."

In reaching the Capital we were received most cordially by the Dominican Fathers, who manifested much unusual kindness. Not only are missionaries comfortably lodged, but they have been supplied with money for the expenses of travel into Anam, China and so on. It was with mingled feelings of satisfaction and regret that the French missionaries bade adieu, in 1825, to the dearable brethren of S. Thomas' College, carrying with them sentiments of deep gratitude. A learned Bishop of Manila, Vicar Apostolic, who had many opportunities to observe the daily practices of the religious communities of Manila, speaks in their praise: "The Dominicans have singularly edified me by the austerity of their fasts, the devout recitation of the Divine Office, and the quiet of their daily meditations. Their piety appears in their countenances and commands the respect of all that see them."

The sons of S. Dominic have ever reflected in their lives the character of their beloved Father, and they have truly inherited his apostolic spirit. Notwithstanding all the trials to which these holy ones were subjected the faith is as deeply rooted in the Philippines to-day as it was

in the days of John de Castro. The Church has ever been a friend to progress, although she is and ever must be opposed to that progress which but leads to destruction and is only a step backwards towards a godless barbarism. Her natural and necessary action, both upon the individual and upon society, is that of a reformer. Her disciplinary laws are noble models of what legislation should be, and modern quacks might learn much therefrom for the public weal did they but apply themselves to the study.

Let us consider the force of these high and holy principles in the civilizing effects of the Religious Orders in colonization. The Philippines to-day exhibit to the world the only instance of a colonization preserved and accomplished in the Christian spirit in which it was commenced more than three hundred years ago. History cannot refuse to Spain the glory of having been, notwithstanding incontestable abuses, the first nation in the world that has conquered and civilized savage tribes in a truly Christian spirit through the instrumentality of her Religious. In sad contrast to the gratifying results accruing to the labors of the Friars in the Philippines let us place the failure of English Protestant civilization in North America and in British India. In the former country the remnant of the native tribes that was not overcome by physical force is slowly vanishing under the civilizing influence of opium or fire-water; in the latter country during the past century millions of souls have perished by fever, plague and famine brought about by the cruel and heartless greed of relentless English rulers.

In South America, on the contrary, under the influence of Catholic Spain, notwithstanding the obstacles which the passions of man have opposed to colonization, notwithstanding the fearful violence which the Church and the Dominicans have had to combat, notwithstanding the envy and jealousy of other nations, the policy of extinction and proscription of the races has not been pursued; the blood has mixed. The descendants of the ancient inhabitants are Christians and fill important positions in civil life. Many of

the savage tribes could have been reclaimed for the Faith had not the schemes of clamoring politicians in their mistaken zeal to separate Church and State brought about moral impoverishment to those once flourishing colonies. Up to the present moment the Philippines have not experienced similar misfortunes; whether its code, a monument of paternal solicitude, was impreserved with a greater mildness, with a spirit more eminently Christian; or, because of its remoteness from contending nations; or, in fine, because of the indefatigable defense of the rights of the Indians by the Religious Orders, certain it is that this colony is essentially moral and pre-eminently Catholic. The laws in the Philippines have been made solely in the interest of the Indians—conquest and occupation having been perpetuated in order to conduct the Tagal to Heaven by a path of flowers. Before so incontestable a result shall Spain and the Religious Orders be reproached with having manifested weakness, or with having been too indulgent to the Indians in the Philippines? If it appear folly to the worldly-wise it certainly "worketh unto justice"; for blessed are they that have not "taken bribes against the innocent." In confirmation of the effect of the Religious Orders on the native tribes in the Philippines, let us hear Father Manuel de Rivas in his recent work on "The Missions of Tonquin." He says: "The conquest and conservation of this magnificent colony of the Philippines are due solely and exclusively to the Spanish Friars who acquired for themselves the love and good will of the natives; instilling into their minds from their infancy sentiments of deep religious piety. As their obedience proceeded neither from servile fear nor

from personal interest, but from the dictates of conscience guided by the light of faith, they ever proved themselves capable of most heroic sacrifices."

"The Tagals have ever loved Spain for bestowing upon them the gift of the Christian faith. They look with distrust upon all foreigners and especially detest the English. They have not forgotten the barbaric cruelty with which they were treated by England when that nation sought to take possession of Manila in 1762. So greatly was their rage excited by that military occupation that every man with 'red hair,' should he venture to travel through those islands, ran the risk of being assassinated as belonging to that hated country."

Let us contrast the condition of affairs in the Philippines, where the Religious have introduced civilization in a truly Christian spirit—with that existing to-day where the Catholic missionaries are not the center of colonization. Let us examine the sacrifices of time and money sustained by various countries in their efforts to subdue the savage tribes by armed force—such conquests are of short duration—unlike the enduring submission of the millions of souls brought under subjection to the sweet yoke of the Gospel. The civilization of the Philippines by the Augustinians, Franciscans, Jesuits and Dominicans stands out to-day a sublime spectacle, despite the prejudices of the moment, vivified by the divine principles which shall continue through new states and new laws; the Church can not fail, she shall last, for hers are the words of the Saviour: "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

Mother of Mercy! day by day
My love of thee grows more and more;
Thy gifts are strown upon my way,
Like sands upon the great sea-shore.

Though poverty and work and woe
The masters of my life may be,
When times are worst, who does not know
Darkness is light, with love of thee?

But scornful men have coldly said
Thy love was leading me from God,
And yet in this I did but tread
The very path my Saviour trod.

Thy know but little of thy worth
Who speak these heartless words to me;
For what did Jesus love on earth
One half as tenderly as thee?

Get me the grace to love thee more;
Jesus will give if thou wilt plead;
And Mother, when life's cares are o'er,
Oh, I shall love thee then indeed!

Jesus, when His three hours were run,
Bequeathed thee from the cross to me.
And oh! how can I love thy Son,
Sweet Mother, if I love not thee?

Father Faber.

CONTENTMENT.

LOUIS B. JAMES.

O sweet blush Rose a-hiding low
 Lift thy gentle face to me,
 And tell me why you're blooming so
 Where thy beauty none may see.

"I had no choice of home," she said.
 A flush on each fair cheek;
 "My parent Rose this life had led,
 Should I a brighter seek?"

Ah! me, I sighed, this proves content,
 Would thy sweet joy were mine;
 On pleasure's baneful toys I'm bent,
 While restful peace is thine.

AT EVENTIDE.

DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

When dewey morn on the mountain hung,
 And sprinkled radiance o'er the grass
 and flowers,
 I hurried through the meadows, scatter-
 ing showers
 With careless feet; or by the brook,
 where clung,
 Along the edge, white violets, I flung
 Myself upon the bank; and there for
 hours
 Listened to bird-songs in the blossomy
 bowers,
 And with the birds my heart as lightly
 sung.
 Lo! now the sun has passed below the
 west,
 And twilight clouds already change to
 gray;
 But fear comes not; for from the east
 the moon
 Breaks gorgeously above the mountain's
 breast;
 Each drop of dew, empearled with the
 ray,
 Shines, and my soul still sings a joyous
 tune.

VACATION TROUBLE.

EDWIN ANGELO LEMAN.

The folks at home don't understand
 What's meant by a vacation,
 And that's why summer seems to me
 A time of tribulation.

There's always something to be done,
 Some kind of horrid work;
 And prim Aunt Jane gets preaching on
 The duties that I shirk.

My sister Nell insists I am
 The worst she ever met,
 And says that I'm enough to keep
 The household in a fret.

And brother John, deep-voiced and tall,
 He helps to rub it in,
 By saying I'll grow up to be
 Of less use than a pin.

He tells of all the work he did
 When he was home from school.
 To hear him talk you'd surely think
 His boyhood went by rule.

And pop and mom regret my case,
 By lecturing on sloth;
 But I am sharp enough to see
 It's just a trick with both.

They want to stir me up to b'lieve
 I'm bad as they all claim,
 Yet underneath their scolding I
 Can see they're very tame.

But no one dares to say a word
 When grandma is around;
 They keep the peace about my faults
 As if they were all bound.

'Cause grandma has a memory
 And knows they used to be
 Far worse to urge to do a turn
 When they were young like me.

EARLY PRINTERS.

SISTER GABRIEL, O. P.

On the 25th of June, of this year, the people of Mainz celebrated, in a special manner, the fifth centenary of the birth of John Gutenberg, the man to whom—after centuries of controversy—the world accords the honor of having invented Typography, as understood and practised at the present day. The occasion seems a fitting one to review briefly some of the different methods prevailing in various ages of preserving and disseminating literature, the advancement of which has experienced so mighty an impetus through the wonderful invention of this great man.

The most distinguished members of the ancient and honorable craft of printing were the Egyptian sovereigns. Modern research has found the key for unlocking the treasures of a far-remote antiquity, and from the exhumation of past ages we have an accumulation of documentary testimony worthy of our highest consideration. Apart from bearing witness to the authenticity and veracity of the Sacred Scriptures, these ancient inscriptions establish the fact that we inherit from our forefathers certain beliefs concerning the religious and moral life of the human family that have of necessity existed since the origin of society. Many of the extracts written on papyrus, or on the linen bands enveloping the Egyptian mummy, are quotations from the *Todtenbuch*, or Book of the Dead, which is said to have been dictated by Thoth, the Egyptian God of Wisdom; this book contains one hundred and sixty-five chapters of hymns, prayers and theological instructions. A portion of the Book of the Dead was found at Hermopolis, written in blue, on a cube of *Baaker*, in the reign of King Maukaura, the builder of the third great pyramid, who lived 3633 B. C.; thus proving that its composition was anterior to the reign of the Shepherd Kings, and, consequently, before the time of Abraham. Some curi-

ous copies of parts of the Egyptian *Ritual* may be seen in the Louvre.

An important record of the deeds of Thothmes I. (1633 B. C.) is preserved in an inscription on the rocks in the neighborhood of the third cataract of the Nile. The famous king, Thothmes III., 1600 B. C., who is styled the Alexander of Egyptian history, set up a tablet of Victory in the Great Temple, upon which is engraved the oldest heroic poem known to history, wherein we find the Greeks mentioned for the second time in the history of Egypt. Thothmes III. carved the names of six hundred and twenty-eight vanquished nations and cities on the walls of Karnak. In one of the illustrated inscriptions published by this monarch we read: "Here are all sorts of plants and all sorts of flowers of the Holy Land, which the king discovered when he went to the land of Ruten to conquer it." The king swears by the sun "that all is plain truth; there is no trace of deception in that which I relate. What the splendid soil brings forth in the way of productions, I have portrayed in these pictures." One of the obelisks of Thothmes III. adorns Central Park, New York, to-day.

Some of the stamps used by the ancient Egyptians to make impressions on bricks are now in the British Museum. The impressions were made while the brick was soft and damp, and they endured after it had been dried. Bricks made by the Babylonians more than 2,000 years ago have been found in the ruins of that city bearing Nebuchadnezzar's name. We also find a cuneiform inscription of six hundred and twenty lines describing the buildings and temples upon the restoration of which the king had concentrated his energies, so that, in his reign, the city was called "Babylon the Great."

That the Hebrews had the custom of printing or tattooing on flesh we learn from the nineteenth chapter of Leviticus,

it is forbidden to practice that art. In the Book of Genesis we read that seals used on letters, or, rather, as emblem of authority, as the signet ring. In the first Book of Kings (xxi, 8), is an account of the use of seals in sealing or attesting letters. The ancient Chinese certainly had (as moderns cruelly practice) the "art" of printing on living cattle—branding the cattle. From their (what they used as we use wax, we not), we may judge that they knew nothing of letter-press printing—in a form, at least. The early Christians used of lead seals. We have the invention on the pommel of Charlemagne's sword: "I will maintain with the point I have engaged to do with the hilt" that is, set his seal on.

We do not know when money printing was introduced, but the method has not been, the coin being stamped with the seal but seals were engraved; hence the printer's art preceded the printer's.

We have no knowledge of the tools, or of which they were made, that the Chinese used three thousand years ago for exquisite engraving on hardest stone, jasper and porphyry. From the book of Exodus we know that the Jews did engraving during their captivity. Engraving of maps on metal plates brought to a high standard of excellence by the Greeks. Herodotus tells us that Aristagoras, 500 B. C., appeared before King of Sparta with a brass tablet on which was marked all the cities of the habited globe, also the rivers, seas. In Hindostan, deeds for land transactions engraved on copper were in use before the Christian era. Strange, though engraving so long preceded letter-press printing, the art of printing from end plates followed that of printing types. The Chinese were the first to attempt to print by covering the seal, or engraved, with some fluid-like ink, impressing upon another substance like wax to reproduce the image, instead of formerly, forcing the seal upon a soft substance like wax or lead. Foong-taon,

the originator, who lived in the tenth century A. D., did not engrave, or cut in, but by placing the wet copy on a block of wood and marking thus all the characters, he cut away all the other parts of the face of the block, thus forming raised letters—really combined type, or a plate! And today, nine hundred years (or, as they claim, nineteen hundred years) after their invention, they follow the same method, or did until very recently. However, this is quite natural, as their system of signs (a language all alphabet and no words, or all words and no alphabet) would render movable, cut types almost impracticable, five thousand (some say sixty thousand) characters having to be mastered before one could read the Chinese language with facility. Contrast this with our twenty-six letters and their almost limitless combinations.

Marco Polo, the first European known to have penetrated China, tells of the printed paper money in use among the Chinese as early as 1275 A. D. This is about the only reliable information we can obtain on the subject. As early as 1295 A. D. the two Cunios, nephews (?) of Honorable IV., began to print from engravings on wood. Playing cards were devised in 1350, to amuse the mad Charles VI. of France. They were printed from blocks, precisely after the Chinese method—perhaps as a result of Polo's account, and thus the game (which ultra people condemn) was the occasion of improvement in printing. It was not until the year 1440 that the world witnessed the effects of an invention that was destined to revolutionize Europe—an invention not merely the evolution of former methods, but the result of intelligent and earnest application of rare inventive faculties. Before John Gutenberg there is no one that can justify a claim to his method of casting *metal type* in a mold. Although some improvements have been made upon his process, the most important features have endured after the lapse of almost five hundred years.

INFLUENCE OF THE ORDER OF S. DOMINIC IN THE APOSTOLATE.

(Done into English from the Spanish of Rev. Ildefonso Izaguirre, O. P.)

BY SISTER SERAPHINE, O. P.

ELOQUENCE is the most difficult of all the arts, and sacred oratory is its highest development. It follows, then, that S. Dominic must have possessed a divinely inspired genius, a wonderfully gifted intellect, a richly endowed soul, to have raised almost instantaneously, the army of preachers that, from Spain to Muscovia, from Sweden to Persia, fired the hearts of the peoples.

To explain such a phenomenon, let it be remembered that eloquence is the daughter of passion. Rouse a passion in a heart, and inevitably it seeks outward expression; it materializes, so to speak, in torrents of words. Vain would it be to seek to move the souls of others, if in one's own there be neither enthusiasm nor inspiration; if one's own nature be cold and self-concentrated; if in one's own heart there burn not the flame of that love which "endureth all for the sake of the beloved."

Passion is, of its own nature, indifferent, and will be good or bad according as its object is worthy or unworthy. It is like a dagger. To snatch it from the hands of another, for fear of some possible injury he may inflict upon himself, would be as absurd as to wish to break the lyre of Homer because to it he sang of false Gods. Far be this from us! Let us rather take the lyre of the inspired singer of old; let us chant the name and the glory of our God, while the earth listens enraptured, and the heavens respond to our hymns of praise. For the same sublime harmonies of inspiration ring out in the songs of the Greek bard as roll through the majestic strains of the Hebrew Psalmist, and the passion which so often has blasted the soul of man wrought out his salvation on Calvary.

The secret of S. Dominic, then, was his passionate love for God and for men. He loved without rule or measure; he loved

blindly; he loved God more than aught else; he loved man more than his own life, and in the manifestation of this love he reached through the sublimity of his sacrifice to the heights of heroism. In S. Dominic's heart these two loves formed but one; his ardent, deep, passionate devotion to men was born of that other longing of his soul for God, deeper still, burning more fiercely, yearning more unceasingly for the presence of its beloved. Through the transparent veils of human reality it reached even to the Divine Reality. In the noble peace of his intelligence, in the triumphant confidence of his faith, in the invigorating joy of his soul, it penetrated into the innermost recesses of his heart, where he saw shine the light of Infinite Wisdom, and felt the pulsations of Eternal Love.

We must not marvel, therefore, at the wonderful influence of our Saint upon the young men of his time, nor at the burning enthusiasm with which they responded to his call. Neither must the sublimity of his utterances astonish us, because he who has once in his life loved passionately has at least once been eloquent. S. Dominic was this always, and, what is more, he inspired his disciples, without creating schools of rhetoric, solely by rousing in their hearts the ardent zeal which inflamed his own. They followed him as others had followed Peter the Hermit; they became Friars-Preachers, as in earlier days others had become Crusaders.

From the universities of Europe there came masters and students to the Patriarch's standard. Blessed Jordan of Saxony, the successor of the Holy Founder, gained more than a thousand young men to the Order by the charm of his preaching.

"The style of this Friar-Preacher," say the chronicles, "was so fascinating, his bearing so distinguished, his personality

so striking, and his counsels so persuasive, that those who did not wish to be converted to the new Apostolate fled from him in fear, and, it is told, said among themselves: 'Let us not listen to the sermons of Master Jordan, for he is more seductive than the most beautiful of women.'

Almost instantaneously, or, speaking without figure, within the space of three months, S. Dominic had opened the portals of his first Convent in Rome to more than a hundred Religious; and, by the end of five years, he had founded seventy monasteries, filled with the flower of the learned men of the age, and with young men thirsting for knowledge. Rare fruitfulness succeeded then to the slowness of growth which had previously characterized the destiny of the saintly Founder.

Is it strange that from these ardent young souls, moved, to the depths of their being, by the ideal of their new apostolic mission, should burst forth burning words, that eloquence should spring spontaneously and copiously from these generous, impassioned hearts, and that we should hear from their lips sentiments portraying their own sublime heroism?

The Order of S. Dominic exemplified all that there was in that age of the most courtly, the most fearless, the most intellectual, the most noble and generous. Like their Father, his sons loved to be poor even to mendicancy in a time when the Church was rich. In an epoch when she was sovereign mistress of the world, they strove for no other influence over men's souls than that conferred by truth, no other dominion than that which is derived from virtue. As apostles, they loved God and man, and believed in both; they had received in their hearts the flaming dart which has always made saintly souls irresistibly eloquent.

Aside from this power of inspiring love, without which genuine eloquence is impossible, the Brothers-Preachers knew how, at the same time, to make use of the species of oratory most suited to the times. Truth is one, yet it speaks various tongues, because the spirits to which it is directed are so widely divergent. We do

not speak to the child in the same words as to the young man, and not to him as to one experienced in the knowledge of life. We do not speak to savages as we would to civilized peoples, nor to an age of faith as we must to one of unbelief and rationalism.

The true orator, then, is he who knows how to reach his audience, and true eloquence consists in this, that, wishing to impress his ideas upon another intelligence, the orator expresses himself according to the nature of these conceptions, and the dispositions of the individual character. He must identify himself with his hearers; he must study them, observe them, make their sorrows his own, must divine their aspirations in order to lift them up, to give them form, to direct them towards the highest good; and, like the mariner, who must know the laws which govern the material universe, the apostle of truth must study well the invisible forces and agents controlling the relations of man with his Creator.

In this lies the secret of the success of our first Dominicans; they made use of all to lead men to God, and, knowing the supporting point for heaven-reaching aspirations, they made themselves "all things to all men." They were obdurate only to error and vice; they gained souls through a perfect understanding of the human heart and through the tenderest indulgence to the miseries of mankind.

From this followed their immense popularity, of which we, here and there, catch glimpses. "In one year," says a reliable author, "half the sermons delivered in Paris were given by the Friars-Preachers, and, generally speaking, theirs are the best." The same was true of the other European capitals. Matthew of France, Blessed Reginald, Jordan of Saxony, Henry of Cologne, journeyed through the cities and villages, preaching with the eloquence, simple and yet ardent, of the apostles. Like S. Dominic, they sought their inspiration only in their love for God and for souls. Hearing such preachers, the people were filled with rejoicing—nay, more, were transformed and regenerated.

Later, Albertus Magnus and his disciples took possession of oratory, and of the

chairs of learning, in the universities. S. Thomas Aquinas raised to the meridian of their splendor the glory of the Order and the genius of the schools. Under his influence and inspiration masters of the Order, like Humbert de Romanis, Hugo de Santo Caro; simple religious, like Giles de Orleans, Stephen de Bourbon, Peter de Tarantaise, who, as Blessed Innocent V, occupied for a few months the pontifical throne, and a hundred others, ennobled Christianity by the brilliancy of their apostolate, the purity of their faith and the ardor of their charity.

Multitudes flocked to our cloisters, notable men of merit, new converts, and those who longed to devote themselves to study in silence and peace of soul. An aged doctor of the court of S. Louis, a famous theologian of the University of Paris, descended one day from the pulpit in the middle of his sermon to beg the white habit of S. Dominic from certain Friars-Preachers who were present, thus confirming, by his own example, the lesson of renunciation which he had been preaching. Many such instances abound in the chronicles of the times, and argue a wonderful simplicity and a profound faith in those great men of the Middle Ages who had not lost the realization of the heinousness of sin, the hope of heaven nor the fear of hell.

Guerric of Metz, a student of the University of Paris, seated in his apartment, late one night, preparing a debate for the school, at length became weary, and rising opened his window and gazed out over the city, silent and dark. Presently he heard the voice of some one singing, some devotee of pleasure, returning from a social gathering. The stanza which attracted the attention of our student was the following, from a then popular French ballad:

The past is gone;
No gain my life can show;
The present flies;
No work its hours know.

While he listened it seemed to Guerric that the words were directed to him, that

they painted clearly his own life. "True," he exclaimed, closing the window, "life passes, eternity draws near, time flies, and I waste it in vanities. I do nothing that will remain to me, and be a recompense for all my labor. I will free myself from such slavery, and I shall do it without delay." At daybreak he knocked at the door of the convent, begging the habit of S. Dominic.

Another student, Guerric de San Quentin, heard God's call under similar circumstances. Devoted to the pursuit of the natural sciences, he taught mathematics in Paris with wonderful success. Living a life in which there was no thought of God, it happened one day that he entered a church, through mere curiosity, just as the choir were chanting a lesson from the Book of Genesis. The following words which fell upon his ear impressed him strangely: "Adam lived nine hundred and thirty years, and died." The sacred text concluding thus the mention of each of the other Patriarchs, "and he died." These words were for the young man a powerful sermon. "And no matter how many years a man may live, at length he must die." "But if this be true," he continued, "what is life worth if it be not a preparation for death?" Inspired and strengthened by grace, he left the church and made his way to the Convent of S. Dominic to beg admission among its members.

The earliest vocations to the Order were generally characterized by like extraordinary inspirations. The young men of the time entered our convents by preference, because there they found the nourishing principles of faith, of learning and of the true apostolic life. We read also that from time to time, interested persons tried to direct into other channels the current setting towards our cloisters, but they were met by these questions, dictated by the simple faith of heroic hearts. Was Jesus Christ a Cistercian? No. Was He a Benedictine? No. Was He a Canon-Regular? Still less. But was He an humble Preacher? Yes. "Then in all things shall we follow Him."

THE GAME OF GAMES.

EDWIN ANGELO LEMAN.

One day I stepped into a cab and was driven
Far out from the town where a grand fete
was given;
I do not remember the name of the place,
But, then, that has little to do with the case.

The people I saw represented all sorts
Of household amusements and out-of-door
sports;
I looked for a friend like myself 'mong
the rest,
But soon realized there was no other
guest.

I stood quite embarrassed and trying to
think,
When up came a lady named Mrs. Golf
Link;
She said, "Glad to see you," then glided
away,
While close in her steps came Miss Gar-
den Croquet.

Next walked Captain Baseball, with big
glove and bat,
His padded suit making him look very
fat;
Behind him was Sir County Cricket, quite
thin,
As if he'd been trying a hard game to win.

Right after him curved Mr. Archery Bow,
Bending with etiquette, bowing so low;
While small Baron Football and Major
Lacrosse
Rode by on a queer-looking Vaulting
Horse.

Then Miss Netty Tennis and Old Squire
Goals
Drove past in a carriage with Grand-
mother Bowls.
I thought I'd seen all, but my guide shook
his head:
"You've only seen half of the folks, sir,"
he said.

A new troop of people I had yet to meet,
And they were all eager the lone guest to
greet;
They weren't so big as the preceding
train,
Nor did they give heed to the proud
weather vane.

First swept Madame Euchre and Admiral
Whist.
She wore gleaming diamonds on her right
wrist;
He wheeled a black spade and a club in a
cart,
And under his left breast he carried a
heart.

Next followed grave, dignified Commo-
dore Chess,
Then pretty Miss Dominoes in dotted
dress;
The whole Checker family came tripping
along,
A-singing some kind of a victory song.

Then marched the gamers whom I didn't
know,
Some moved rather quick, and some
walked very slow;
And when the procession had well passed
me by,
They halted and vented a deafening cry.

Most all made a rush and ran out on the
grass,
And tangled themselves in a terrible
mass;
They tossed and they batted, the men
rose and fell,
They rolled and they grappled in awful
pell-mell.

Indeed, I was frightened to see them so
wild,
I looked at my guide, but he knowingly
smiled;
And noting with pleasure my great con-
sternation,
He ventured to give me a clear explana-
tion.

He told me these players of worldly wide
fame,
Met here once a year for a jolly big game;
And what they all called their strange
mixture of sport
Was *olla podrida*—a good name, I thought.

EDITORIAL.

With the fascinating story of the "missions" of Lower California, a generous portion of whose labors and honors are due to S. Dominic's sons, we are not now concerned. Our ground is more recent, our field is more restricted. We would take a glimpse of Dominican life on "the Coast"—as Californians love to name the splendid sweep of their great State along the Pacific Ocean shores—a retrospect of fifty years of generous toil for religion and souls.

When the United States secured in the Mexican War indemnity, that part of California which the Spaniards had called "Upper California," a new era began for this highly favored section of our country. Statehood quickly followed. In September we shall commemorate the Golden Jubilee of California's admission to the Union.

Among the pioneers who came, an eager throng in pursuit of the seductive gold, were many Catholics. To provide for their spiritual needs was an early care of the Church. The death of the holy Franciscan, Garcia Diego y Moreno, who had held the See of the two Californias from the year 1840, made necessary the appointment, in 1850, of a chief pastor for the then rapidly growing district of Upper California.

The choice of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX., fell on Father Charles Montgomery, a Dominican of the Eastern Province; but the humility of that pious man shrank from the burden, from which the Holy Father released him, only to impose it on another Dominican, Father Joseph Sadoc Alemany, then sojourning in Rome on business connected with the Order.

Father Alemany was consecrated Bishop of Monterey, a See then embracing the northern portion of California. The ceremony took place in Rome on June 30, 1850, Cardinal Franzoni being the consecrating prelate.

Accompanied by Father Sadoc Villarassa, another Spanish Dominican, Bishop

Alemany started for the scene of his episcopal labors—a long and perilous journey in those days.

A narrative of the work subsequently accomplished for religion in these parts will form a portion of DOMINICANA's contribution to the history of Catholicity in the United States. The scarcity of manuscript materials, a negligence characteristic of the Dominican Order in the matter of preserving the chronicles of its great men, will hamper our efforts; but we hope to be able to sketch an accurate outline.

The Visitation of our Lady to her cousin S. Elizabeth, with its exquisite fruits in the sanctification of John the Baptist, in the proclamation by the favored mother, of Mary's glory, and in the triumphant hymn of the Immaculate Virgin's grateful love and exultant humility, is the Rosary mystery, which holds the place of honor among the July feasts.

This mystery teems with precious lessons, of charity divine, of humility exceeding, of Mary's power transcending; and in the spirit of the *Magnificat*, in the words of Elizabeth, in the exaltation of the Precursor, devout meditation should be the grateful task of every Rosarian.

And may our Lady visit us in mercy and in might of intercession, that at the sound of her sweet voice the Divine Goodness may be moved to pity in our sinful behalf.

Our Dominican schools have closed for the season. Sisters and pupils are now enjoying a needed and deserved rest. It was not our privilege to be present at all the Commencements, but correspondents have supplied for this deficiency.

On May 23, S. Mary's Academy, San Leandro, held its closing exercises, the reports of which show excellent results for the year's work.

On May 29, S. Vincent's Academy, Vallejo, entertained the friends and patrons of the institution, who came from

incisco, Benicia and other places was a very creditable ending of elastic term. A notable feature of entertainment was the work of the band and the orchestra, the former organization effected by Father whose zeal in the cause has been encouragement to the Sisters.

ly 31, the College San Rafael pre-programme finished in detail and was in execution. The musical won special applause, while the on of fine needlework, crayon, and pictures in oil was an ad-demonstration of high skill in and great proficiency in pupils. sing of an original poem on "the class motto of the gradu- noted, with a professional ear, by of special commendation. The ory was unusually good. The ef-the entire programme was a de-conviction, shared by all who had sure of witnessing the exercises, llege San Rafael deserves the on it enjoys for efficiency of the quality. The College will re-August 1.

ne 12, S. Catherine's Academy, attracted a large and enthuiudience. The general features of my closing were in pleasing eviut the event was signalized by a which reflected the highest credit Sisters and on the girls who par-in the presentation. The second the third act of "Hamlet" was in a manner that would have iseworthy in trained and experi-nateurs. The costumes and stage nents were in accordance with the quirements of the scene.

ne 19, S. Rose's Academy, San o, sent forth the graduates of the l by an exhibition of rare quality, ng drills, tableaux, recitations ic, instrumental and vocal, added eputation which this institution enjoyed for thoroughness and in work. The chief feature of ramme was an elaborate alle-tableau, in which the valiant f the Old Testament were intro-historical order by the Angel of

Time and with appropriate greeting, as figures and forerunners of the Woman of all time, our ever glorious Lady. The climax was a splendid representation of the "Woman in the Heavens, clothed with the sun, with the moon under her feet and a crown of twelve stars on her head." The effect was highly dramatic, as well as strikingly devotional.

The Sisters express warm gratitude to the management of the Tivoli Opera House, San Francisco, for generous courtesies in the loan of stage accessories which were needed for the proper placing of this tableau.

A display of needlework, drawings and painting in oil attracted deserved attention from the large audience who were invited to inspect the work shown in the parlors after the close of the entertainment. The marked success of S. Rose's commencement is an occasion of peculiar gratification to the many friends of the Dominican Sisters in San Francisco. Seven years ago their fine academy building was burned to the ground. Since then they have been restricted in the matter of school accommodations, awaiting a propitious moment for the re-building of their convent home. Despite the difficulties not a few which have in consequence beset them, they have unwaveringly sustained the high standard of their academy work in all its branches; and never have the patrons of this institution been more appreciative of the Sisters' services than during the school year now closed.

On all sides we have heard expressions of admiration, coupled with tender sympathy because of the hardships which the Sisters are obliged to endure in their noble mission. It is the general and earnest wish of their friends in all parts of the city that the Sisters will soon be able to open a new academy building capable of accommodating the large number of pupils who desire to enter.

Meantime the continued and increased success of S. Rose's Academy, on lines that are time-honored for their efficiency, is an assured fact for which the people of San Francisco, Catholic and non-Catholic, are grateful.

On June 20, S. Agnes' Academy, Stock-ton, held a merry feast on its closing, an

occasion, as our correspondent informs us, showing merit equal to the record of former years.

On June 21, the Academy of the Immaculate Conception, San Francisco, finished a year of prosperity in a manner most agreeable to parents, teachers and pupils.

DOMINICANA offers its congratulations and best wishes to the devoted Dominican Sisters of these various institutions, and hopes that the coming scholastic year will find them in renewed health for the arduous labors that are before them.

The disturbed condition of China, vague rumors of which reach us as we go to press, is an outcome of meddling "missionary" zeal, stimulated and "egged on" by the "greed and grab" policy now dominating the foreign administration of the "great powers," including our own country, whose deplorable departure from "the traditions of the fathers" of the Republic, true patriots mourn.

The attempt by unscrupulous calumniators to lay at the doors of the Catholic prelates and priests laboring in China, responsibility for the rising of the "Boxers" has promptly met not only denial but deserved confusion.

In China there are more than one million Catholic converts, the result of a work that has endured through splendid martyrdoms of more than five hundred years. There are thirty bishops and a fairly numerous clergy now ministering to those Chinese Catholics.

Were not Uncle Sam unfortunately yoked with John Bull, for humanity, of course, and of the genuine Anglo-Saxon brand, the troops of the United States would not be landed on Chinese soil to further the English schemes, and to enable the English Government to keep Roberts' army of two hundred and fifty thousand in the Transvaal. Were Uncle Sam not made a renegade to republican principles, John Bull's difficulty in China would be the opportunity of the brave Boers.

The death of Father Izaguirre at the early age of twenty-nine removes from

the active work of the Order a man of remarkable gifts, of talents varied and generously cultivated, of heart qualities that endeared him to young and old who came within the range of his sunny disposition. Our May number was on the press when the sad tidings came of his sudden call, after a brief illness. Far from his beloved Venezuela, the young apostle who had so thoroughly imbibed the spirit of his Order sleeps his last sleep among the exiled brethren of the Province of Lyons who have found a refuge and a home on the lovely hills of Westchester County, New York, under the cheer and welcome of Archbishop Corrigan. Rosary Hill has its colony of devoted souls preparing for the activities of the Order; but its little cemetery grows apace. The interment of Father Izaguirre, whose holy death his brethren edifyingly relate, enriches the sacred spot with the dust of a true son of S. Dominic.

The series of essays which we are presenting to our readers are an expression of the young Dominican's ardent zeal and devotion, vivid with the spirit of the days of the Fathers.

BOOKS.

As an exhibition of American skill and enterprise in book-making THE STANDARD DICTIONARY deservedly holds a high place. It is not easy, it is scarcely possible to set forth, in detail, the conspicuous features of such a work within the limits of an ordinary review. At best we can only call attention to the chief merits of this fine publication.

We have been favored with a copy of the latest edition—for 1900—and "from cover to cover," be the question of binding, print or paper, of illustrations or plates, the answer must be one of positive satisfaction, of ready acknowledgment that this compilation of more than twenty-five hundred pages is a splendid achievement.

Everything essential to the finish of a complete dictionary of the English tongue is here found, and in addition, the value of the volume is enhanced by a number of appendices pertinent to the main point, by beautiful plates, by admirably executed drawings illustrating

special subjects, by numerous maps, handsomely printed, and by a calendar that is justly named "universal."

Verily THE STANDARD DICTIONARY is encyclopediac in fullness of detail and in richness of co-ordinate matter. The mechanical part of this work is deserving of the highest praise. Only one dissenting word may be said: The exigencies of economy in space, the laudable desire to keep this huge mass of varied information within the limits of one volume, required the use of a type somewhat taxing to those who must wear glasses. But such things the young do not consider; and the old—well, they will forget this defect in view of the really admirable merits of THE STANDARD DICTIONARY.

The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York and London, are the publishers.

THE PEOPLE OF OUR PARISH, by Lelia Harding Bugg, is intended as a pen picture, a piece of rapid character sketching, in which the weaknesses, foibles and peculiarities of the members of an ordinary parish are drawn with considerable skill. A great variety of topics come under discussion among the different groups composing the congregation of the church in which the chronicler, Katharine Fitzgerald, was a pew-holder.

The dialogue is generally well sustained; humor is in frequent evidence; sarcasm and perhaps cynicism are not wanting to enliven the criticisms which are plentiful in the volume.

We think that the author "gets out of her depth" in some chapters, and occasionally her dogmatism and her overdone didactic style somewhat spoil the effect of her work. A few topics "on the list" could have been omitted without loss to the piquancy of the book. However, despite certain blemishes, Miss Bugg has written well, and Marlier, Callanan & Co., Boston, have brought out a beautiful volume.

We congratulate them, for they are men of enterprise, and we wish them the success which their energy and capacity deserve. They are publishing good books, artistic books, and at prices that compare most favorably with those of the great

secular houses whose output is in the tens of thousands.

A second edition of Miss Katherine E. Conway's NEW FOOTSTEPS IN WELL-TRODDEN WAYS we cordially welcome. In March we noted the value of this work. Appreciation, as expressed by growing numbers demanding a reprint, is gratifying to all who value conscience, capacity and grace dedicated to letters. The Pilot Publishing Company of Boston offer NEW FOOTSTEPS as a handsome volume.

In THE HISTORY OF THE PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, explained by the Reverend James Groenings, S. J., the author follows each step in the sufferings of the Divine Martyr, with a devout comment clear and replete with scriptural knowledge. The reading of this work should inflame the heart with a deep and tender love for our Divine Master and Redeemer, who for our sakes became "the Man of Sorrows."

B. Herder, St. Louis, is the publisher; the present volume bears the usual marks of his solid work.

From Hurd & Everts, Boston, we have received a brochure entitled JESUS CHRIST: A SCRIPTURAL STUDY, by the Reverend James H. O'Donnell, Rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, Conn. Briefly and in catechetical form the learned author treats of the life of our Blessed Redeemer. The texts of Holy Writ are presented with clearness, precision and force, illustrating the words and deeds of our Divine Lord walking among men. The study of Father O'Donnell's excellent booklet will bear good fruit, we trust, among many readers.

We have received from B. Herder, St. Louis, THE LITTLE MAID OF ISRAEL, by Emma Howard Wight, a pathetic little story, happily illustrating the miraculous cures of the Prophet Elisha.

The name of the Reverend William Barry, D. D., the author of THE NEW ANTIGONE and of THE TWO STANDARDS, is an assurance that the work whose title page bears it is worthy of a place in literature. His latest production, ARDEN MASSITER demonstrates his versatility, and en-

hances the reputation of this scholarly priest; at least the popularity of the present fine story is likely to outrun the vogue of his other writings.

The title character of this extremely interesting and well-sustained novel is a young journalist who leaves his native England and goes to Italy, where he intends to observe the situation of affairs as they are the outgrowth of the Italian usurpation of Papal authority.

Don Gaetano Sorelli is a beautifully pictured representative of the best traditions among the faithful Italian Catholics whose loyalty to the Pope has never been shaken. Through his friendship with this young Italian gentleman, Massiter learns some of the terrible realities of socialism in distracted and divided "united" Italy.

As an insight into a condition truly horrible ARDEN MASSITER will accomplish a necessary work of enlightening its readers on a subject which has drawn to itself, in the midst of darkness, much misguided enthusiasm and inane applause. We heartily commend Dr. Barry's volume, and we trust that its success will be commensurate with its merits.

The Century Co., New York, has brought out the book in form becoming and according to the artistic standards of this house.

The art of popularizing theology is a special gift. To make the mysteries of religion attractive, and to adapt its high teachings to children's minds, is, indeed, a rare excellence. An attempt in this line has been made by a committee appointed by the teaching orders engaged in the parochial schools of the Archdiocese of San Francisco, under the able supervision of Rev. P. C. Yorke. This effort has resulted in a series of text books graded to the capacity of children as they progress in mental acumen and ability to read. How far practicable has been this plan, and how far successful the effort, are evidenced by the demand for a new edition, which has just come from the press, of THE TEXT BOOK OF RELIGION. The great handicap of the prevailing system is the recognized understanding of an obligation to stand by the "official" Third Council of Baltimore Catechism. Those who are in

a position to know, those who face the awful fact of the general lack, on the part of children, of a taste for religious knowledge (chiefly due to improper or inefficient methods), will welcome any change, and there is no doubt at all if Father Yorke had completely discarded the old method, and had given himself freer scope, his talents and his experience would have made even a more interesting and more practical work. The present volume is not deficient beyond this, unless we may offer that it will not prove as acceptable in the Sunday School—which is at best a makeshift for what it proposes to fulfil. No more could we teach the methods of arithmetic or grammar in the weekly hour devoted to catechetical work. But where religious is held at least in equal estimation with secular training, and where it becomes a matter of daily instruction, a method such as is adopted by the system in question will prove what the present fails in, a pleasure as well as an interest to both pupil and teacher. It is a book that could be a source of delight to the father or mother who would gather the little ones around them and read nightly a chapter from it. The Text Book Company, San Francisco, are the publishers.

Marlier, Callanan & Co., Boston, announce the publication of a new novel by Christian Reid. The author's name is a guaranty of good work. This firm has also established a reputation for high-class book making, the output of their press deservedly ranking with the best in the American market. Such enterprise will duly find its becoming reward.

MAGAZINES.

The Monitor (June 23) publishes the full text of an admirable discourse recently delivered by the Hon. Zachary Montgomery on "The Sphere of the Layman." Mr. Montgomery speaks in a very practical and wholesome manner of the duties of the poor man, of the rich man, of the office-holder, of the lawyer, of the editor, and of other professional men. The question of Catholic education is vigorously discussed. Altogether, the paper deserves careful reading, and such reading we counsel.

The Century for May contains, among other good things, the conclusion of "The National Zoo at Washington," by Ernest Seton Thompson; "Art in Modern Bridges," by Montgomery Schuyler; "A Word of Warning to Young Actresses," by Clara Morris; "A Literary Shrine," by Professor Wm. Knight; "Henri Fantin Latour, With Examples of His Lithographs on Musical Motives," by Frederick Keppel; "Oliver Cromwell," by John Morley, and "The All-American Route to the Klondike," by Edward Gillette, chief engineer of the exploring expedition.

The June number contains an ably written article entitled "Latitude and Longitude Among Reformers," by Theodore Roosevelt. This paper is well worth the reading, especially for all interested in purity in politics. Mr. Roosevelt describes accurately the qualities which men should possess who hold public office. Alas! how few there are who come up to his standard.

"In public life," he says, "we need not only men who able to work in and through their parties, but also *upright, fearless, rational* independents who will deal impartial justice to all men and all parties. We need men who are farsighted and resolute, men who combine sincerity and sanity. We need scholarly men, too—men who study all the difficult questions of our political life from the standpoint both of practice and of theory. . . . It is a dreadful thing that public sentiment should condone misconduct in a public man; but this is no excuse for the public man, if by his conduct he still further degrades public sentiment. There can be no meddling with the laws of righteousness, of decency, of morality. We are in honor bound to put in practice what we preach; to remember that we are not to be excused if we do not; and that in the last resort no material prosperity, no business acumen, no intellectual development of any kind can atone in the life of a nation for the lack of the fundamental qualities of *courage, honesty and common sense.*"

Want of space does not permit a review of *The Century's* other good papers, but we can assure our readers that they will

derive both pleasure and profit from the perusal of these numbers of this solid magazine.

From a recent number of that able and energetic journal, *The Catholic Columbian*, we take the following, illustrative of a subject frequently agitated:

"The objection from the Catholic public that Catholic literature is too high priced is not a true one; the reason is deeper. Our people don't want to read Catholic novels. Proof, only the other day, I queried from a fairly intelligent Catholic professional man, who tries (as he claims) to keep abreast of the literature of the day, as to his acquaintance with Catholic authors; he smiled and said he didn't know we had any. He actually had never heard of Walter Lacky, or Mary Nixon or Father Finn, and professed that because he knew them not, therefore they could not amount to much.

"If Catholics in professional walks of life show such astounding ignorance, how can we expect much from those who have little time to read? Still one consolation shines above all this sad state of affairs and that is—the trend is to better things and our literature is growing in favor, and the prospects are far brighter than they were a decade of years ago."

It has been our experience during a considerable period that on the score of intelligent sympathy, appreciative co-operation and generous support, the attitude of Catholics of moderate financial means is in markedly favorable contrast to the selfish indifference and implied contempt prevalent among many of our half-educated "new rich," of whom the professional gentleman cited by *The Catholic Columbian* is a "fair specimen."

In the same number (June 9) of this model Catholic family paper we read with pleasure an earnest indictment of the "lethargy or poltroonery or want of spirit" evident among the Catholics of Maryland, touching the recent selection by the Legislature of that State of statues for the Washington Capitol Statuary Hall. Charles Carroll of Carrollton and Lord Baltimore were both set aside, and the honor of a place among the na-

tion's great men was given to others certainly less representative, less deserving, one an apostate.

"If Maryland's choice had been Lord Baltimore, who first in America proclaimed the principle of religious liberty, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who risked more for freedom than any other man who took part in the war of the colonies against Great Britain, whose wise counsels were as salutary as his material contributions to the cause of liberty were efficacious, and who was the last of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, it would have a representation in Statuary Hall surpassing that of any other State. No other commonwealth can boast of equal claims for distinction.

"Why were they not selected? Because they were Catholics. Their great personal merits, their illustrious achievements, their distinguished services were all cast aside on account of their belief, and a religious test for public honors was made in the State wherein they had championed religious equality before the law."

And yet to this insult, to this dishonor to their State, Maryland Catholics have submitted without a protest. Justly does *The Columbian* deplore such apathy as showing "the need of Catholic federation to unite them, to inspire them with magnanimity, and to concentrate their powers as voters for the common weal."

The June number of *Our Lady of Good Counsel* contains, among other agreeable features, a touching account of "The American Society for Visiting Catholic Prisoners." The title is self-explanatory of this blessed work of mercy, but the article gives edifying and practical details.

This noble work established and fostered in the City of Brotherly Love, deserves every aid and encouragement. DOMINICANA gladly bids it God speed, and earnestly hopes that the same mission will be established in every diocese of the United States.

The Bishop of Trenton, the Right Reverend J. A. McFaul, D. D., recently addressed to the National Convention of the

Hibernians a very earnest letter in support of the effort to federate the Catholic societies of the United States in a union that would mean power and influence to be exerted justly but on non-partisan lines for the defense of Catholic rights. This letter was widely circulated. We hope that it will not fail in awakening interest and action. On June 5 the Bishop supplemented his letter by an address to the Knights of Columbus, for the full text of which we refer our readers to *The Freeman's Journal*, New York, June 9. We give the key note of the Bishop's eloquent plea: "We ask no favors, we beg no privileges, but we insist that our religion shall not be made an obstacle to the attainment of our Constitutional rights." "We are American citizens entitled to certain rights, and these we must possess." "We are twelve millions in America, yet how small is our influence."

The Bishop prudently deprecates the formation of a Catholic political party; he pleads only for intelligent, conscientious, concerted action on the part of our people in such way as will best impress our influence on public affairs in measure proportioned to our numbers and standing.

The Bishop's ringing appeal subsequently appeared in all our leading Catholic weeklies. It has thus become familiar to Catholics in all parts of the country.

The articles in the June number of *Scribner's Magazine*, notably Richard Harding Davis' "With Buller's Column," and Thomas F. Millard's "With the Boer Army," are good and timely.

The stories are as usual of a high standard. "Train Fourteen" by Louis C. Senger is a striking portrayal of a railroad wreck. "The Tin Soldier," by Roy Rolfe Gilson, is a pathetic sketch, and stirs one's indignation at the injustice of volunteers. "How a President Is Elected," by O. Maurice Low, graphically describes a national convention in all its lurid torchlight glare and blast. It furnishes agreeable reading, especially at this time, when the country is fairly humming with politics.

Scribner's is always "up to date," and an afternoon's real enjoyment is in store for those who read the June number.

The Precious Blood

Words and Music by Rev. J.R. Newell D.D.

Lento con devotione.

1. O ne-ver shall the mem-ry fade From out the mind of
2. For van-geance on a tro-thous deed Cried A-tell's blood when,

fall-en man, How, when in the dread ba-lance weighed And lost be-neath just
crime be-gan, And while men sought but jus-tice here As through the law our

Hea-ven's ban, For ran-som of the world was paid The life-blood that from
faults they seen, For mer-cy, on-ly loud doth plead The life-blood that from

Je-sus ran. The Precious Blood, The Pre-cious Blood of God-made man!

3. Blood-drops 'mid Agony, he shed!
Mid Scourging, blood in torrents ran!
Blood streaked His face from thorn-
crooned head!
In blood He traced His Stations' plan!
And on the Cross, behold! though dead,
The life-blood that from Jesus ran.
The Precious Blood of God-made man!

4. O Christians! who may still retain
A living spark which grace may fan!
Weep over the sins that Him have slain.
Make what return of love you can!
And never shall be shed in vain
The life-blood that from Jesus ran.
The Precious Blood the Precious
Blood of God-made man!

CALENDAR FOR JULY.

1—Fourth Sunday after Pentecost. Octave day of S. John the Baptist. Three plenary indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at Procession; prayers; (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament; prayer. (Benediction.) Communion Mass for Rosarians at 7 o'clock.

2—The Visitation of our Lady. Second Joyful Mystery of the Rosary. Three plenary indulgences: (1) C. C.; assist at Procession; prayer; (2) C. C.; visit Rosary Chapel, from first vespers (on July 1st, 2 P. M.) till sunset on feast; prayer; (3) C. C.; visit any church; prayer. (Benediction.) A plenary indulgence may also be gained by members of the Living Rosary; and on one day during the Octave another plenary may be gained by all Rosarians: C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayer.

Meeting of Rosarians and of the Rosary Reading Circle.

3—B. Mark, O. P., Confessor.

4—Our Lady, Refuge of sinners.

5—S. Anthony M. Zaccaria, Confessor. Regular Mass of Requiem for deceased members of the Building Association at 8 o'clock.

6—Octave day of SS. Peter and Paul. (Benediction.)

7—B. Benedict XI., Pope (from the Order of Preachers.) Votive Mass of the Rosary.

8—Fifth Sunday after Pentecost. (Benediction.) Plenary indulgence for the members of the Holy Name Sodality. Mass for this Sodality at 7 o'clock; meeting at 3 P. M. Meeting of men Tertiaries at 2 P. M.

9—S. John O. P., and Companions, Martyrs. Plenary indulgence for all the faithful: C. C.; visit a Dominican church; prayers.

Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society.

10—S. Hermenegild, Martyr (from April 15.)

11—B. Clare, O. P., widow (from April 17.) Votive Mass of the Rosary.

12—S. John, Abbot. Anniversary of those buried in Dominican cemeteries.

Solemn High Mass of Requiem at 9 o'clock. Plenary indulgence: C. C.; assist at office of the dead; prayer.

13—B. James of Voragine, O. P., Bishop. (Benediction.)

14—S. Bonaventure, O. S. F., Bishop and Doctor of the Church. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

15—Sixth Sunday after Pentecost. S. Henry, Emperor. (Benediction.) Plenary indulgence for members of the Living Rosary.

The regular monthly musical service will be held this evening at 7:30 o'clock. The programme includes: Organ recital programme—Organ Symphony No. VI., Allegro (Widor); Largo, arranged by Franklin Palmer, (Haendel); Pastorale (Guilmant); Cantilene (Salome); Grand Chorus (Dubois). Choir programme—Tenor solo, "O Salutaris" (Rousseau), Mr. J. F. Veaco; duet, "Ave Maria" (Saint-Saens), Miss Roeder and Mrs. Smith; "Tantum ergo" (Rousseau), Sig. Wanrell and choir; quartet, "Veni Creator" (Lejeal).

16—Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Plenary indulgence for members of the Living Rosary.

17—S. Francis Solano (from April 18.)
18—B. Ceslaus, O. P., Confessor. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

19—S. Vincent de Paul, Confessor, Founder of the Congregation of the Mission and of the Sisters of Charity.

20—B. Bartholomew, O. P., Martyr. (Benediction.)

21—S. Jerome, S. J., Confessor. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

2—Seventh Sunday after Pentecost. S. Mary Magdalene, Heavenly Protector of the Dominican Order. (Benediction.)

23—B. Jane, O. P., Virgin.
Meeting of the Young Men's Holy Name Society.

24—S. Camillus, Confessor, and Founder of the Regular Clerks for the Sick.

25—S. James the Apostle. (Benediction.)

26—S. Anne, the Mother of the Blessed Virgin. (Benediction.)

27—B. Augustine of Bugella, O. P., Confessor. (Benediction.)

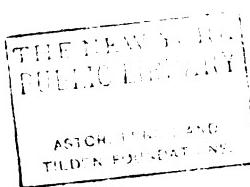
28—B. Antony, O. P., Confessor. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

29—Eighth Sunday after Pentecost. S. Martha, Virgin. (Benediction.) Plenary indulgence for those accustomed to recite a third part of the Rosary in common three times a week. Usual conditions.

30—B. Manneus, O. P., Confessor.

31—S. Ignatius, Confessor and Founder of the Society of Jesus.

To-day the fifteen Tuesdays in preparation for the feast of S. Dominic are closed.





THE MEETING OF S. DOM NIC AND S. FRANCIS.
(After the fresco in San Silvestro, by Father Beuron, c. 1470.)

DOMINICANA

VOL. I.

AUGUST, 1900.

No. 6

JOHN GUTENBERG.

SISTER GABRIEL, O. P.



Gutenberg as Represented by R. B. Goddard's Statue
of the Inventor.

diately followed them. May we say that John Gutenberg—the mere inventor of the art of Typography—possessed the essential elements that constitute a truly great man?

If we study carefully the history of the Middle Ages—or, as ignorance has styled them, the “dark ages of superstition”—when literature was guarded and perpetuated by the monks in the *Scriptoria* of Europe, and compare that history with the age of lightning progress that followed the invention of Gutenberg, we must admit that most momentous consequences and most stupendous results have followed from his initiative agency.

Nearly four hundred years have elapsed since the death of Gutenberg, and we find ourselves searching every available record by which we may possibly gain some knowledge of the life and work of the man whose marvelous genius still lives. Born in a troublous time, in the year 1400, in the city of Mainz, his parents were obliged to seek refuge, with many other “well-born” families, in different cities of Germany; consequently little is known of his boyhood and early manhood. His name first appears in 1434, in the records of the court at Strasburg as plaintiff in a suit against the clerk of Mainz, by which he seeks to recover damages for the spoliation of the family property in his native city. In 1436 he gained no little notoriety in a breach of promise suit brought against him by Anne of the Iron Gate (*zur Iseren Thur*). It appears that he either could not meet the financial demand, or that he repented of his fickleness, for it seems that he married the fair plaintiff.

Great men are created for great epochs, and their advent is eagerly looked for by the waiting multitudes; hence we may say that they come in the fulness of time. If we would form a true estimate of the importance of their achievements we must try to familiarize ourselves with the history of the age that preceded them and with the history of the age that imme-

Three years later he is again defendant in a suit brought against him by the Dreitzchen brothers to obtain the right of succession in the co-partnership with Gutenberg and their deceased brother Andrew. The secret arts practised and developed in this co-partnership appear to have been that of making mirrors, polishing gems and the art of *printing*. The suit was decided in favor of Gutenberg. The legal decision was rendered at Strasburg, December 12, 1439, and upon it is based Gutenberg's claim to be the inventor of *Typography*. The original record of this trial clearly states that he secretly made use of a press and an attachment conjectured to have been a type-mold. It is upon this authentic fact that Gutenberg's fame rests. The types made and used by him were of metal cast in a mold. The process consisted in cutting each character on the end of a single rod of steel; each engraved rod was then punched in a bar of copper, thus forming a matrix, this matrix becoming a mold for the face of its proper type. But as the letters vary in width the different matrices have to be affixed with accuracy to one mold which could be adjusted so as to produce the different types in right-angled and perfect cubes. Those familiar with the *technique* of type-casting will readily acknowledge that the "divine art" of printing came not to Gutenberg "without divine aid," and that it was brought to perfection by the inventor after many years of experiment and disappointing failure. Beset with obstacles from the outset, he seems to have developed all the resources of an energetic and natural genius.

During the interval between 1442 and 1448 we have but shadowy traces of Gutenberg; he returned to Mainz in the latter year to borrow money from a kinsman. It is not probable that he was idle during the two years that followed, although there is no evidence of any particular work accomplished. We hear of him again in 1450, when he is obliged to mortgage his "tools and materials" for eight hundred guilders yearly to John Fust, a wealthy goldsmith of Mainz, re-

ceiving him as a co-partner for five years. At the end of that time Fust brought suit to regain the money advanced, and also for the dissolution of the co-partnership. The suit was decided against Gutenberg; consequently the "tools and materials," as well as the production of five years' labor, were forfeited to Fust. Being now sole possessor, he selected Peter Schoeffer, a pupil of Gutenberg, to superintend the printing establishment. Schoeffer, who afterwards became Fust's son-in-law, was a quick-witted and observant man. He conceived, or more likely took from Gutenberg, the idea of punch and matrix by driving the punch into copper which thus became a mold into which hot metal was poured, and so types, uniform and even, came out to the delight of the admiring Fust. The first book from the cast was the *Rationale Divinorum*, by the famous Dominican, Durandus. Soon after an alloy was added to the metal for the purpose of hardening it, and, by degrees, the requisite type-metal was produced.

In 1456, a year after the seizure of his type and other material, we find the intrepid Gutenberg assisted by friends and enabled to set up a new printing establishment. Several works have been attributed to Gutenberg during the interval between 1457 and 1460, notably the "Catholicon," remarkable for its colophon, wherein Gutenberg claims the merit of his invention not so much to lie in the discovery of movable types, but in the process of their making, that is, in the "admirable proportion, harmony and correlation of punches and matrices." It is probable that Gutenberg was obliged to refrain from printing his books under his own name, owing to his continued financial embarrassment; or, it may be that he was wholly absorbed in his art and utterly indifferent to fame. On the contrary, Fust and Schoeffer printed copies of the Bible under their names, thus giving rise to the belief that they were the real inventors of printing.

The work of the rival establishments was interrupted by the sack of Mainz in 1462; that of Fust being destroyed by fire. The workmen employed by Gutenberg were scattered to distant cities of Europe,

they spread his fame. Thus we the first printers at Rome, Conrad Nheim and Arnold Pannarts, in doing admirable work under the auspices of the Pope. In 1471, however, they themselves in so straitened circumstances that they were obliged to apply to Sixtus IV., stating that they were longer able to bear the expense of keeping, for want of buyers; of there can not be a more significant than that our house, though other-spacious enough, is full of books, but of every necessary of life."

In 1465 the Archbishop of Mainz, Adolph gave Gutenberg a commission for "eable and voluntary service," the e of which service may be supposed that rendered by printing. His days active service, however, were then as he was in his sixty-fifth year. printing establishment was transferred to Conrad Humery, in 1467, and managed by some relatives of Gutenberg.

The document of transfer mentions rices, molds, types and instruments ected with printing," which are to be only in the city of Mainz; the docu-further stipulated that they were to be to a citizen of that city in prefer- to any other. Gutenberg's death occurred in February, 1468, but there is no d explaining the cause. He was buried in the Church of S. Francis, and at naming him as the inventor of printing was erected upon his tomb. A tablet was placed upon Gutenberg's house bearing the inscription: "As ten in honor of John Gutenberg of z. who first invented printing types of metal, and thus deserved well of te world."

at Gutenberg received but slight r during his closing years and that reat invention was not duly appre-i until many years after his death e to the fact that all of his books in Latin—the key of erudition—con- stantly unintelligible to the unedu- class. He was a man of lofty aims profound attainments; with a reso-spirit he struggled to perfect his in-on through varying fortunes; his vering spirit achieved results for e ages, the grandeur of which are en-ded by the insufficiency of means at disposal.

riarch of Typography! Potent dian of the "occult art!" In thy d bequest to the citizens of Mainz—ruit of thy honest labor through dark and dreary nights—thou hast be-ed upon mankind a boon that will thy name in immortal memory. s vast resources of the press were apidly unfolded; up to the year 1500

there had been but ten thousand books printed in Europe, and of these the greater part was printed in Italy. The monks and priests were foremost in availing of the new invention, as by the former method it required more than twenty years of skilled labor to produce a hundred Bibles. "The Brothers of Common Life," a religious order, founded by Gerard Groot early in the fourteenth century, gave their time to the transcription of the works of the ancients, of the Bible, and of the writings of the Fathers of the Church. The badge of their profession was a pen worn in their caps. The members of this Order became famous printers; in 1476 they printed the *Mirror of Consciences*, by Arnold of Rotterdam, the first book issued in Brussels. The works of Lactantius were also printed the same year. Printing met with slight opposition and this chiefly from copyists who feared to lose their employment. The revolution in letters produced by the new invention led to events characterized both by good and evil. Popular feeling, particularly irreligious sentiment and teachings hostile to faith, found expression through the press. Men of little learning made faulty translations of the Scriptures and canons of the Church into the vulgar tongue, and even invented new words to express the meaning of the original, "a thing most dangerous in the Sacred Scriptures." Thus we find Berthold, Archbishop of Mainz, in 1480, obliged to establish a censorship on printed books, so as to prevent perverse men from abusing the "divine art" and turning to the injury of mankind what was intended for their instruction. He forbade, under pain of excommunication, the publication of any translation of Holy Scriptures without the approval of four doctors, desiring that the art discovered by a native of his city "should be maintained in all its honor."

No opposition was offered to the printing of correct versions of the Bible. The Cologne edition, printed in 1479, had appeared earlier with the approbation of the University. Gutenberg and Fust printed, in 1453, a Latin edition. Previously to 1470 we find five Latin and two German editions of the Bible printed in Germany. An Italian version appeared in 1471, followed by ten other editions before the century's close. A Bohemian edition was printed in 1475. Dutch and French versions were printed in 1477. Twenty-four editions of the Bible in German had been printed before Luther's birth. How, therefore, can his admirers represent him as opening the treasures of the Scriptures, and dispensing them to the people?

DOMINICANA

VERITAS.

EDITH R. WILSON.

O Veritas, O Veritas,
Thy snowy standard gleams,
With sudden light athwart the night
Of earth's bewildering dreams.

O Veritas, O Veritas,
We crave thy guiding ray,
For faith is dead, where martyrs bled,
And doubt hath barred the way.

O Veritas, O Veritas,
What voice but thine can still
The proud unrest, the strife unblest,
Of man's rebellious will?

O Veritas, O Veritas,
Across the lapsing years,
Our hearts have heard a royal word,
That puts to flight our fears.

O Veritas, O Veritas,
A thorn-crowned King we see;
He speaketh clear that all may hear:
"The Truth shall set men free."

O Veritas, O Veritas,
We see His martyr train—
A glorious band, from every land
They swell the victor strain.

O Veritas, O Veritas,
We see His "freemen" true—
From court and cell they nobly tell
What Truth may dare and do.

O Veritas, O Veritas,
Uplift thy holy sign;
That life blood red that martyrs shed
Shall give it power divine.

O Veritas, O Veritas,
Before a faithless age,
Show forth the light that shone so bright
From Jerome's sacred page.

O Veritas, O Veritas,
Display to hearts grown cold,
The beauty rare, beyond compare,
Saint Austin loved of old.

O Veritas, O Veritas,
Illume thy servants now
With that bright star which gleamed afar,
From Blessed Dominic's brow.

O Veritas, O Veritas,
His gracious promise plead.
That for his own, before God's throne,
He still may intercede.

O Veritas, O Veritas,
A special grace is theirs
Who wear aright the vesture bright,
He hallowed by his prayers.

Then Veritas, O Veritas,
Thine heralds send afar.
Their orifiamme, the Holy Name,
And Dominic's bright star.

And Veritas, O Veritas,
God guard thy blessed ray,
Till He shall reign, Who once was slain,
And error fall away!

Veritas—Truth—is the motto of the Order of St. Dominic, a term of honor applied to it from the troublous days of the Emperor Louis of Bavaria, and of Pope John XXII.

THE ASSUMPTION.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

Yea, to the Christ even Heaven itself
seemed dim,
Until He called His Mother home to Him.

S. DOMINIC.

SISTER AMADEUS, O. S. F.

Dear Saint, thy praise, on other days,
In tones sublime thy sons may sing,
But on thy feast, let me, at least,
My humble words of tribute bring.
Our Father, Francis, prized thee well;
He gave to thee a brother's part—
Small wonder, then, that I should tell
The love of my Franciscan heart
For robes of snow, or strive to show
My feelings, though the notes be low
That into harmony would grow.

Thy beacon bright, through darkest night
That ere oppressed the Church of God,
Shone out ablaze, and threw its rays
Not only where thy feet had trod,
But earth around, where human need
Felt want of a defender's voice.
We, too, who tell each precious bead—
Thy legacy to us—rejoice!
Tho' ours no claim upon thy name,
We gladden at thy blessed fame—
Our Father's friend—to us the same!

THE SECRET OF GROSSMEISTER CLIFFS.

MARGARET D. O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER X.—THE DISCOVERY.

ow did Carl feel as he retired to tments arranged to suit his tastes nateral kindness of Mrs. Beaumont. His rooms overlooked the Aar, rded also a view of the lake. In e between were winding walksious trees. Carl had his own t the Belvedere, Interlachen, but, s meeting with the Beaumonts, ings for companionship that he losophically believed dead, arose nd vigorous and demanded some on to their claims. For a time he ggled, but at length he hoisted a ruce. He held consultation, pro rms, and signed a treaty; hence- agreed, when not otherwise en- o make his home at Beaumont o the joy and triumph of its in- They had scarcely hoped to over- s love for solitude. y one succeed with Carl it will be other," said Harry when they he matter over on their return to rocks. Carl had reverence for ie and talents of Mrs. Beaumont. elled her in intellectual gifts, yet r sought to bring herself into no- supersede others, either by her f subjects or by assuming a posi- eader of conversation in the vari- ins which her sunny presence Still, when topics became general, rally rose to her intellectual level. stively intellect addresses itself to . As the chords of a delicate instrument when touched by a hand, so the feelings of sympa- iteners when reached by the voice. ured speaker who reads his own his own sentiment in each eye and soul around him. Those e traveled much know by experi- v strangers, meeting for the first table d'ote, no matter what the figure, soon find themselves in-

tellectually graded when topics become general, owing to the power of mind's sceptered sway.

To her intellectual gifts Mrs. Beaumont united many personal graces that were sources of pleasure and social enjoyment to those intimate in her circle. These qualities attracted the reserved, supercilious Carl. He found in her the ideal of the mother he had lost ere he could estimate that mother's worth, and to Mrs. Beaumont he gave the deference, confidence and filial affection he would have given her had she lived.

Yet his heart was lonely, he had no pleasant home ties to charm and to comfort. Amities of friends were dear, but they never could compensate for the delightful sympathies of home. Affectionate confidence, gentle tenderness, these belonged to its circle and to no other. Tonight he yearned for them. Why? Perhaps new thoughts sprang up in his soul. New images filled his imagination. New desires stirred his heart. He dared not question himself. Crushing back the longing for those gone out of his life, and to whom in this hour he appealed in vain, he threw open his window and leaned over to watch the quiet waters below.

Sweet the music their ripples made, though their face was almost hidden by shrub and vine. Here and there a star struck their surface and looked up smiling into his troubled face. "As this star," he thought, "in the dark flowing waters, so my fate; but, O star!" he murmured, "thou art not there, thou reignest in yon heaven secure, while my soul is here"; he struck his breast, "and life is dark, unknown, real. Am I guilty before Heaven, O God?" The strong man trembled; his chest heaved, his eye flashed. "Must I die as—as—" the word was lost in hoarseness. Turning, he trod his chamber with impatient strides. All his prudent reasoning, all his hopes for fame, all his tri-

umphant glory, lay blasted in the dust. For a brief second they glowed before his troubled gaze to goad him on to madness, then to sink before the spectre—shame! What of his firm resolves? His cries for patience? His petitions to Mary, his Mother, his Queen? Hush! They will assert his rights! His eye calms, his head droops, his step slackens, his fingers clasp a small miraculous medal which his mother gave him when she kissed him good-bye for Heaven. He smiles. Christian patience conquers. Mary's sacred name had calmed the storm that swept his tortured soul.

His thoughts stood forth as marshalled armies arrayed for battle, bold, dauntless, intrepid. He examined their armor, not a link therein wanting. He tested its temper, not a flaw to mar its steel. He questioned their fidelity to Truth, not a defection therefrom. Then why shun the grand career for which men deemed him born? Why fret away in trifles a noble life destined for a nobler end? What heretofore had been the mainspring of his actions? Was it his country's ambition, the good of his fellow-men? These had no part in the years gone by, they were rich only in empty resolves, vain attempts at usefulness in useless ways. Disjointed and impracticable were all the projects his vivid imagination had ever drawn of his relations to his country, society and self. What post in the world's great battlefield would he henceforth occupy? Bar? Politics? By his example, wealth and labor he could become a mighty power in either field, a man to be esteemed and honored by the just, to be feared by hypocrites and dissemblers. His power of reasoning, his calm judgment and his ardor of disposition would fit him for the highest posts, while his critical judgment, his coolness in action, his firmness in determination, his severity in execution, would surely win success. And yet he was without a career. His hour had not yet struck.

Weary of stars above, flowing waters below and perfumed flowers in gardens around, Carl retired to rest, to dream. He was a boy again, kneeling by a slight, girlish figure, whose soft hand smoothed

back the dark curls from his brow, while he repeated "Hail Mary." Then a change came, he was among the Alps, he saw the Mer de Glace gleam, heard the anchor-ice craunch in its impeded course, reckoned the move of the Grindelwald, recognized the roar of a mighty crevasse—and with a start awoke to find the sun shining brightly through his curtains, and to hear Harry humming 'mong the plats below "So early in the morning." "Destroys all romance," thought Carl, whilst he dressed hurriedly for breakfast.

CHAPTER XI.—SIGHTSEERS AND THEIR COMMENTS.

The excursion to Aeschi was pleasant. The atmosphere was clear, though somewhat cold, yet filled with the glow and brightness of Alpine suns, which to strangers appear intensified by the glare of unchanging snows on the giant peaks that guard its vales. From Thun the country is gradually raised to the dark rocks of Abenberg, at the further extremity of which is the village of Aeschi. The houses are hidden among the boulders, but the church that had before attracted the attention of our tourists, was remarkable from its position. It was built of white limestone and stood on a gigantic pyramid of black gneiss, which raised it majestically above the neighboring rocks. From its site one had a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Opposite was the Castle of Wimmis, looking haughtily down on the entrance of Simmenthal, lower the beautiful valley of Frutigen, and beyond Thun, with its lakes and Mer de Glace. Leaving the horses to rest at the inn, the party ascended the path to the church.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed both girls, when they reached the platform and beheld its panorama.

"Beautiful," said Carl, "what artist can equal God?"

"Still art has its charms," said Mrs Beaumont, "and affords much pleasure to those unable to travel and enjoy scenes such as these within view."

"Very true, but how flat, how tame, how uncharacteristic, if you will, imitation would be here! I think the really

le in nature beyond the reach of man may be, for man is limited; his soul, so is his power, so must be his emotions, his creations. Sometimes it gives him a divine gift called genius, enkindled, flashes out before the envelope and dazzles others, and sometimes destroys itself. Its works are fed by inspirations, enhanced by fancy, finished by correctness, yet often spurned and turned from God, rather sanctified in their doing for Him." "Is defection," answered Carl, "referred from accidents of the artist's character not from the art in which he would."

"Happily," replied Mrs. Beaumont, "it enters into all arts." "To be great an artist must create, but is not a first cause, he must have ideals, these must be had from nature, conceptions of nature, exalted, purified, intensified, according to the power in who creates. If causes are superior objects, then that which gave life to his creation must surpass it in perfection of intrinsic excellencies, as critics designate qualities."

"These qualities go to perfect Idealism."

"I wanted!" said Carl.

Mrs. Beaumont returned to her argument. "Artists say the most beautiful objects when examined are found to have both shes and imperfections—both terms nearly the same signification. The artist observes and compares; he chooses what he thinks perfect to form his ideal. While he learns to design naturally, drawing his figures unlike any real ones, he approaches the great center of Reynolds."

"His lip curled. "His great center is—it to what does it lead? In what state? He knows not, else he would leave it untold or undefined. Either the artist is able to reproduce nature as she is, with her charms undiminished, or give to the world a work her equal in execution, or he is not; if he be able, he strike her characteristics, transfer them to his canvas, light them by his brush."

"And transform them into icicles," broke in Harry, who had paced up and down the platform during this discussion. "Carl," he continued, "please give up this thing and show the girls what they have come to see. I am well-nigh frozen."

While these discussed art below, Bella heard from Rosa above the story of her unknown preserver. When the first shock of surprise, the first strange emotion of gratitude and delight were over, she longed to express her thanks, yet shrank from this expression, lest word or look should betray the joy, the deep thankfulness she felt that she owed her preservation to him. Why? To this her heart could not answer. Yet to none less worthy would she owe life. To no other would she own submission, and the perfect face flushed and the deep eye flashed with unwonted fire, and the proud heart averred 'twas meet such a man should come to her rescue. Instinctively she hid these thoughts from Rosa; she knew the humble child of the Church would refer her preservation to God. Chance has no part in Catholic belief.

Hearing a murmur of voices beneath the cliff, the girls descended in time to catch Harry's remark. In her pleasant, dignified way Bella approached the group. Carl was speaking of the age of an old granite ledge. "Allow me," interrupted Bella, extending her hand with a gracious smile, and her voice, though guarded, was so subdued, so different from its usual haughty tone, that all three started.

"Allow me to thank you, Mr. Wallenstein, for having saved my life, even at so much risk to your own!"

"Risk to my own!" repeated Carl almost unconsciously; it was so sudden, he had forgotten that Rosa had said the night before, "I must tell Bella to-morrow;" he smilingly nodded assent. Now he was about to add, "I would risk for any human being what I risked for you," but something in the girl's face forbade his words, and bowing courteously replied, "I am glad my slight risk merits Miss Schiller's gratitude, and has restored her to her friends."

His tone was calm, his smile pleasant; to have saved her was of no importance

to him; she might have been a mere mountain shepherdess and his interest would have been as deep. Bella felt this, and for a second she raised her questioning eyes to his. The frequent half-kindly look with which he regarded her, the partial sarcasm of his tone when he addressed her, had not escaped her notice. The recollection of these gave her strength to suppress the least outward emotion caused by feelings which this man alone could excite. No other could move her affections, anticipate her wishes, nay, frustrate her intentions as he, and yet to him she owed her life and may be its happiness. She shrank from the acknowledgment, shuddered at the thought; and with hauteur, which she could so well assume, and which became her beauty, she turned the conversation on general topics. On their way back to Thun, Carl would out of kindness have spoken of their danger, but Harry sat between them and kept up a battery of small talk that prevented any attempt at personals.

"What hamlet is that, Mr. Wallenstein?" asked Bella, "about equal distance from both extremities of Lake Thun?"

"That is Ralligen;" he paused. "You know its history, Miss Schiller?"

"No; it would give me pleasure to hear something of it, so pretty looks the place, so bright the blooming flowers."

"These Alpine children," said Carl, with a look of love in his eyes, "how strange they are, to bloom on glacier borders! But, for Ralligen, Miss Schiller, it occupies the site of Roll, the destruction of which was predicted by the Nains, a species of benevolent genii, who play an important part in the mythology of the Alps. It appears to have been the scene of some great catastrophe, for portions of marble columns, tablets and pieces of old armor have been found as deep as twenty feet below the surface."

"But was it really destroyed, Mr. Wallenstein?"

"They say so, Miss Schiller, only one house escaped, and this the Nains had also predicted."

Bella looked towards the town, wondering whether sensible people believed

these absurdities. Inhabitants of mountain regions are very imaginative, their separation from the world, their quiet, uniform life, constant communion with self in solitary occupations, fill the mind with ideas of beings and things to which they begin to give form and life and which exist only in their imaginations. Refinement has its imaginary pains and aches, cares and troubles, why not rusticity have its fairies and goblins? The latter are more amusing and less tiresome than the former. Thus thought Bella, as her gaze and mind wandered from the distant village to the beautiful rhododendrons, called rose of the Alps, that crowned the shelving rocks, regardless of height. She felt weary; a deep red burned on each cheek. Carl looked at her earnestly, wondering was such a soul as hers to go before God without faith. Mrs. Beaumont and Rosa prayed for her, he knew, sometimes left books in her way that treated of religious matters, yet outwardly Bella was unchanged. Once she had said to Rosa in her haughty, though enthusiastic, way, "I wish I could believe as you, Rosa, you seem so earnest."

"It is not *seem*," replied Rosa, "I am in earnest."

"And why?"

"Because I have a soul to save." That night Rosa noticed a light in Bella's room until late; next morning, glancing at her small store of books, she missed a small "Treatise on Faith," and rejoiced.

The sun was low now, the evening warm; distant Stockhorn and Niesen lifted proudly their iris-crowned peaks to the cool sapphire skies, that seemed to approach, to deepen, as the mountain snows in their sparkling beauty rose up to meet their advances. The beauty of the valleys below was a reflection of the mountains above, only less severe, less savage in aspect, less in sympathy with Nature in her sublime mood. Now they had a nearer view of the pretty cascades of Staunnenbach and Pfannenbach and of the village of Merlegen.

"That village," said Harry, nodding in its direction, "interests me more than any we have seen."

"Why?" asked Rosa.

"Because its people are satisfied to pass for what they are."

"What do you mean? We all, I hope, are what we are."

"Yes, we are, but we wish to pass for better, smarter; we like others to form a good opinion of our talents, our fortunes, and our good points."

"And this people?"

"Do not; they are noted for their—stupidity—and are satisfied to be stupid."

"And you admire them, are interested in them?"

"I admire their independent honesty in setting up for no more than they are, and I am interested to know what impressions smart people make on them and what is their idea of progress—if ever they try to gloss their stupidity, as we say, to make 'brass pass for gold!'"

"Few can play that trick now," said Carl, who had caught only his last words, "science has tests."

"By jove, man," exclaimed Harry, "science with you can stop the sun and moon. I use a figure, your test cannot reach the gold of the brain or heart."

"I beg your pardon," said Carl, smiling, "I heard only your last phrase."

"And jumped at your scientific conclusions." He was silent for a moment, then said: "Your comment reminds me of some men who place themselves as standards for truth and knowledge, and who know no more of either than—than the man in the moon," said Harry at a push.

"I hope you do not class me with them," said Carl, with an amused look at Mrs. Beaumont and the girls.

"No," said Harry, shortly.

"These men have their sophisms so woven and interwoven that they assume the warp and woof of truth, and deceive souls who know not how to ravel their well-knit matter, nor have they the thought to cut the knot they cannot loose. Yet a stupid peasant from yon village would confound their wisdom." Harry threw some roses he had been tossing from hand to hand out among their blooming wayside sisters in the direction of Merlegen. He looked heroic!

"You may be correct," assented Carl quietly.

"I am," said Harry, almost impetuously.

"You may be correct," repeated Carl, dryly, "but the world is a severe critic; withal prudent, she shows hostility to no man unless strongly provoked. She has her standards for most things in life; some of these she may outwardly revere, although she inwardly condemns. I can point out to you men who know and admit the truth of dogmas that you and I believe, but from human respect, fear of family connections, loss of political or social positions; in a word, from their dislike of trouble, shirk their convictions, reject faith and serve falsehood."

"Cowardly," muttered Harry.

"My dear inexperienced young friend," said Carl, slapping him lightly on the shoulder, "be not too hasty; you must know the character of the man, his temperament, his position, the circumstances of his case, ere you condemn him, and even then," a wistful look grew in his eyes, while his voice became quick and eager, "even then, my boy, my friend, be lenient."

Here they drew up at Beaumont Lodge, and each was glad to exchange the diligence for the comfortable warmth of the elegant rooms.

"We were not born for Alpine regions," said Carl, placing an easy chair for Bella near the glowing fire.

"No," said the girl smiling, though her lips were blue, and dark rings showed round her eyes; "we are meant for more moderate climes, where stress and relaxation of nerve may not be so great. I fancy, Mr. Wallenstein, human nerves very much resemble the strings of musical instruments."

"Why?" Carl was glad to draw her attention from herself.

"They are so easily affected by heat and cold, by elevation or depression, almost by every external power that causes vibration."

He regarded her for a moment; she raised her clear eyes to his, unconscious of the thought that lay in his look, and added: "You do not believe."

"Nay, your words express my thought." A sudden flush overspread the proud, upturned face; a flash lit her eyes, and unconsciously she touched his arm, as if to speak, but, instantly regaining her self-possession and her old haughty smile, she merely said: "Excuse me."

"Speak on," he murmured, in a low, kind tone.

She started, looked quickly into his face, and, smiling faintly, left him. The change wrought in her countenance surprised him. One instant so bright, so full of hope, then despondent and pained. What unknown script had she in that instant read? What fate foreseen? He knew not, nor could he conjecture. Caprice? This girl's soul was above its vagaries. Inconstancy? That was hostile to Bella's character. Then? He could only turn over circumstances in his mind, translate their hieroglyphics, and remain in doubt.

The Countess engaged the Beaumonts and Carl for dinner, on the day following.

"It will be very quiet," she said; "no strangers, except one, and he was an old friend of my mother's, a very excellent old gentleman, most eccentric, and very much given to music; but, this eccentricity aside, a good artist."

"Then he will be able to give us all pleasure," said Mrs. Beaumont. "We are fond of music, and good playing is rare."

"More rare than people would imagine from the numbers who devote years to the study of music, and who, to my ear, acquire only a knack for injuring pianos."

Mrs. Beaumont laughed.

"They put money in the pockets of poor professors," she said, "and give employment to piano-makers and tuners. These are frequently acts of charity. However, the intention is wanting in these cases, and the merit is lost."

"Fancy a society belle," said the Countess, with a meaning smile, "paying a poor professor merely from charity! Such girls never think themselves deficient in talent. Should they not succeed, their failure is attributed to the system of the professor, not to the dulness of the pupil."

"And when a master is honest enough to point out their deficiencies he is dismissed."

"Yes," and the Countess shook her head. "The youth of to-day know things so much better than their elders. But," she continued, rising, "here is Bella in her wraps. It is late; good-bye until to-morrow."

CHAPTER XII—HERR STERNBACH.

"I hope you do not feel fatigued," said Mrs. Beaumont to Bella, next evening, when they met at Rosenschloss.

"No; it rests me to be with you again." And Bella took a seat between the Countess and Mrs. Beaumont.

"Is she not complimentary?" said the Countess, smiling.

"Surely," Mrs. Beaumont replied, "she must have forgotten your imposing presence."

"No," said Bella, quietly, so quietly both her friends regarded her curiously. "I do not mean to compliment or deprecate either of my beloved friends"—and she drew a hand of each between her own two—"but I desire"—

"Herr Sternbach," announced Hans, with studied inflection.

Bella loved music; no other science had so great power over her. She had been told of Herr Sternbach's devotion to this art, of his excellence as an artist, and she was anxious to hear him. Turning quickly, she beheld a small dark man, very courtly in bearing, reserved in manner, with keen, scrutinizing glance, large nose and heavy gray moustache. When he replied to the Count's open, manly greeting his tone was deep and earnest. He had met Carl and Harry, and was happy to renew the acquaintance. The Count then handed him over to the Countess who was anxious to present him to the ladies. He crossed the room with a certain, easy tread, as if he beat time to imaginary rhythm, played in distant regions by visionary performers whom his look, smile and gait inspired.

Formal presentations over, conversation turned on grand masters in music. Each had her favorite and gave characteristic reasons for her like of one and dislike of another. Herr Sternbach, himself a gifted musician and critic, learned with pleasure from the remarks of the circle that he had to deal with no ordinary musicians. The

ations of Mozart, the creations of rina, and the divine symphonies of m were the delight of his sacred

these, society in general had no—they were not in keeping with its its progress, its ultimate retrogress.

Thus mentally soliloquized the and played "Fantasie" or "Reverie" adored composers. It refreshed him d even a few who could appreciate easities which filled his soul with ire, and which must please every worn lover of music until time shall more. Common sense, which we as these days be termed uncommon, und judgment form the basis of coraste.

am German," said Herr Sternbach, I find more music in the 'Last Rose nmer' or 'Coolin' than in the boast eras of my most renowned com ts, and some of them thought as I, ley have built their fame on these "

s," said Rosa; "I remember having somewhere, that when 'Martha' was produced—I think in Vienna—it was quite coolly until the aria 'Last of Summer,' when the house burst hunders of applause, the plaudits of members of the royal family who present having been recognized as g the loudest."

know of that triumph," answered the an, his face lighted up. "The Maes id he had heard that aria at a con n Dublin, and its sweetness haunted irit until it passed unto God. What : it must be! How inspiring, pathet eative! Like the people, I am told.

had a way, Rosa noticed, of balanc himself, looking askance or thought hile he repeated "So." When a com was made to which he vouchsafed ply, he said "So"—when all were si ne smiled and repeated "So!" Rosa to wonder were all German musi thus, and if they were she desired and the Countess to keep them for own special enjoyment. A few mo s after she repented of her thought. asking of Rossini, Rosa said: "I like

him for his independence of character, as much as for his beauties and correctness of taste."

"His independence of character?" said Herr Sternbach, twisting his grey mous tache, while a peculiar twinkle grew in his eyes.

"Yes," continued the girl, not perceiving his mode of face; "he had the courage to strike out a musical course for himself; he never suffered his genius to be biased by Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, or their confreres."

"It is true," said the Herr; "and yet his music pleases—nay, in his time it was the rage of Europe."

"And was less learned, less elaborate and had fewer pretensions to all that is grand, majestic or severe in the art," con tinued Countess Alworth.

"Yes," said Mrs. Beaumont, quietly; "but his music appeals to the millions, not to the educated alone, and herein lies the secret of his success, as does also that of England's greatest dramatist, Shakes speare."

"The more you study Rossini," said Herr Sternbach, "the more clearly you perceive his object is to please his hearers, not to try their ears with learned modulations or masterly illustrations, which, however agreeable to the composers themselves, never fail to prove disagreeable to an audience. In this Rossini was thoughtful, though I must confess, from experience, that I believe composers only think of themselves in the pieces they write for the public."

"I have noticed," said Bella, "that in his 'La Gazza Ladra,' 'Tancrede' and 'Semiramide,' his arias are so sweet and simple, yet so pleasing and full of melody."

"Did he not bring out his first great innovations in 'Tancrede'?" asked Mrs. Beaumont.

"I think about that time," replied Herr Sternbach. "Sigismondi, at the Naples conservatory, I think, a little after, was horror-struck on seeing in Rossini's score of 'Othello' the clarionets mentioned, but when he met with parts marked first, sec ond, third and fourth horns, he sprang up, exclaiming, 'Shades of Pergolesi, what does that man want! Four horns!! We are

not at a hunting party! Four horns!! Enough to blow us to perdition!"

"Poor Rossini," said Rosa. "Think of his 'Moses in Egypt' and the difficulties he had to encounter in his passage of the Red sea."

"Yes, yes," laughed the Countess, "and how lazily he overcame them!"

"It was no laughing matter for him," continued Rosa, "when he heard his opera hissed each time the Israelites approached the sea."

"My dear young lady," inserted Herr Sternbach, "were the recollections of his sublimest passages of 'Stabat Mater' with me, I would laugh, as he himself would, when I recall the tricks he employed to gain effect."

"Some incidents in connection with his works amuse me greatly," said Bella.

"His music," continued Herr Sternbach, "is to my mind singularly like his character—easy, light, pleasing, often devout, passionate, sorrowful. Such he shows his spirit in his greatest works, and such he was himself in life."

"I believe," said Mrs. Beaumont, "great composers in any art are exponents rather of the nation to which they belong than of themselves. Still, the individual character, which, as a rule, is an offshoot of the national, has much influence."

"I have always thought," said Rosa, "that musicians write according to their character. It is natural to suppose this, for no other science is so spiritual, so closely connected with the soul, or comes more home to souls."

"That may be true," said Herr Sternbach, "but musicians are human, subject to all variations of life around them. By consequence, liable to write counter to inspirations of soul."

"How?"

"Why, they are paid for their compositions; they are obliged to suit tastes of patrons, abilities of artists, who reproduce their works, and, above all, the exigencies of the times. Thus, unless very independent in fortune, they are hampered, and here we find how much good wealth may be able to effect."

"In reference to Rossini," said the Countess, with a comical smile, "you have

all omitted a characteristic of his which creeps into most of his arias."

"Which characteristic?" asked Rosa.

"His laziness!" replied the Countess.

They were amused. Herr Sternbach stroked his moustache, looked at the carpet and smiled.

"Yes," he said, slowly, "he was lazy, so lazy that he wrote most of his score in bed, and if a page happened to fall to the floor he would rather write it over than go to the trouble of picking it up; but, Mr. Wallenstein," he said, turning to Carl, "will you sing for me the ballad you sang a few nights ago at Herr Goldstein's? It is so full of melody."

"I shall with pleasure," assented Carl. "But I think the ladies are anxious to hear you play."

"Thank you, Mr. Wallenstein. I shall play, but after you."

"The Herr is very kind," said Carl, seating himself at the piano, "to be pleased with my poor music."

Herr Sternbach bowed his acknowledgment, and signed to begin. So Carl, playing his own accompaniment, sang "Kathleen Mavourneen." His full, rich voice suited well the melody. The old man listened delighted. Such melodies are simple, but they vibrate and throb with a power of passion unknown to mere elaborations of art. Through them people voice their sorrow or joy, their hopes or aspirations. All the long suppressed feeling of nation or individual thus oftentimes finds expression in song. Carl sang, too, with feeling. He seemed himself to become part of the cause he pleaded, and thus to bring it closer to his hearers. The old man would have given measured, graceful compliments to any ordinary singer, but here he was carried away, and could only exclaim, "Prachtig! Prachtig!" Carl smiled and asked him to play. The man's face changed; for a second he paused, scanned the group, and then, as if recollecting himself, asked what it should be.

"Anything you choose, Herr Sternbach," said the Countess.

"No, no; my mood is not your mood. I am like Rossini. I want to please you, not myself; so give me a theme."

ait," said Harry. "I will ask Count th what he would choose," and, ng to where the Count stood exam- a small work on famous whist play- Count," he asked, "have you any fa- piece that you' would like Herr bach to play?"

"~~ess me, no,~~" said he, dropping the op the table and coming towards the

with Harry. "My dear sir, every of music is the same to me. I heard ee Doodle' at Washington, and again t's grand 'Gloria No. 12'—I think the eas called it—in Notre Dame, Paris. xcited my interest as much as the ; in fact, I paid more attention to ee Doodle' because of the soldiers, ssions, banners, and all that. It is a us country," he said, turning to Carl, was amused at the astonishment de- l on Herr Sternbach's countenance. ay one could be indifferent to music mystery which his powers of intelli- could not solve. He looked in blank lishment from one to another.

"is a glorious country," repeated the , seeing no one heeded his remark. hat country?" leisurely asked Carl, ig the leaves of a music folio.

"hat country?" exclaimed the Count.

"America, of course. I was there as

h Consul for two terms; know it

met the Countess at Coney island;

my chance; succeeded, as you see,

ext year was back in England. It is

ious country."

"at depends," said Carl, dryly. "Your

Herr."

"nobleman was astonished at his

of patriotism.

"t no one has chosen," said Herr

bach.

"ce we are among the Alps, and have

n so much of Rossini," said Mrs.

nont, "let it be 'William Tell.'"

"old man's face brightened; he

d to collect his energies; then he

the chords with power, yet with the

ge, practised softness of the master.

of passion resembles voice of pas-

it is suppressed, yet impressive. It

be brilliant, striking and varied; it

be as a mind to communicate with

; nature always does this. Genius,

apart from passion, realizes this, finds in it character, life and soul. Musicians create it in sound; painters, in color; sculptors, in pose; dramatists, in word.

The spell of this power our group felt as Herr Sternbach played "William Tell." With its massive chorals, its sweet solos, each rich in the grand, natural melody of its creator, the piece opens in the region of the snowy Alps. Calm and peaceful, one almost sees the hazy atmosphere clear up with promise of brilliant day. One wanders into solitude, when, lo, thick, heavy drops of rain portend storm; it breaks with fury; lightnings flash, thunders roll, and before the listener is aware its anger is spent, the clouds clear, all is bright again. Shepherds are astir, and from the mountain sides come the peculiar notes of Rang des Vaches as from strange Alpine pipes. Suddenly all is changed; trumpets sound a call to arms, troops muster, legions march to defend their rights. All this the music marks with its quick, martial beat; a change of key depicts the joy and exultation of the victors upon their return from battle; the welcome of their wives and children comes in a sweet minor, and their joyous major shouts effectively close this grand tape picture, painted in its most effective contrasts of light and shade. Every stroke of animated chiaro oscuro holds the listeners by its spell, e'en as its sounds die away.

Looking around, the old musician turned softly to "Green Hills of Tyrol." Immediately the spell dissolved. Carl's fine tenor, filled up by Harry's rich baritone, Bella's soprano and Rosa's alto, formed a quartet that thrilled the accompanist.

"Bravo, bravissimo," he cried, and without looking up he merged into Bellini's "Home to Our Mountains," the four superb voices still in his wake. Oh, what delight filled his soul as he threw in a few telling bass notes. Long, long, since such a treat had been his; so great taste, so perfect culture of voice, so free from the absurdities and embroideries of modern improvement, and withal so chaste, so near to perfection.

"I approach angelic symphonies," said the old man, turning to the four young people, his eyes beaming with delight.

"Sadly material ones," said Rosa, laughing. "What angelic spirit ever per- spired over his song, as yonder brother, mine. See."

The door had opened, and Hans, with two assistants, was bearing teas and other delicacies for the guests.

To be continued.

OUR LADY'S ASSUMPTION.

Though it anticipates that fuller treatment that we intend for all the mysteries of the Beads, we cannot allow this, our first August number, to go out without hailing our Mother and Queen in the glory of her Ascension. This, according to our Catholic faith, is what we mean by her Assumption. Without any direct word of Holy Writ recording the event, a venerable tradition affirms that on the third day after her happy death our Lady was taken from her fragrant tomb, and lifted up by angels to the highest heavens, there to be glorified in body as well as in soul. Our devout faith embraces this without any definition from the Church. Our belief is so absolutely in harmony with what is becoming that we shrink from the possibility of any contrary doctrine. It would be abhorrent to our faith in the Immaculate Conception to admit that the sinless body of Christ's dear Mother was ever subjected to the corruption of the grave, the direct consequence of the fall from which our Blessed Lady was saved by the special intervention of Divine power. Verily, the Immaculate conception and the Assumption are so closely allied that one follows from the other.

Thus, though Mary paid, as did her Divine Son, the passing debt of death, she yet triumphed in the greatness of her glorious Assumption, and by her resurrection from the dead she followed closely in the risen splendor of our Lord.

Reverently and sorrowfully the disciples had laid her in the simple tomb, that loving hands had made after the mortal end came; and as eagerly the angels waited for the signal bidding them to their gracious work. These blessed spirits of the heavenly courts rejoiced to do her honor, and while music sweet as that of Bethlehem's holy night floated on the air, a retinue of celestial princes waited on their Queen. Up from this vale the grand procession moved, while the fragrance of Heaven lingered around the

empty tomb. Louder the anthem grew, and swelled from chorus to chorus of the spirit band: "Who is this that comes up from the deserts flowing with delights?"*

And as the magnificent train swept on, the echo of the glad song was caught up in the mansions of the Father and wafted from choir to choir. Rejoicing to welcome their beloved Mistress multitudes of angels had swung wide open the gates of pearl that their Queen might enter in:^t

Oh, glad greeting to our Lady, now indeed the joy of Israel, the honor of her people, and the glory of the heavenly Jerusalem.^s The Father welcomes His dear Daughter, the Son his beloved Mother, the Holy Ghost his immaculate Spouse. Angels and saints are glad. The vision of Patmos is realized. A woman clothed with the sun takes her place in God's firmament, and the Promise of the Garden is crowned.^{**}

Let us then lift up our hearts to-day, and try to understand how glorious is our Mother's Assumption. If we learn the lesson it will be for the freeing of our poor hearts from many a worldly bond that they may rise to God in the true liberty of His devoted children. Blessed vision that the contemplation of the Assumption opens to us! May its light guide our steps on the journey by the way. May its hope lift us up, while intensifying the longing of our hearts for the heavenly Promised Land.

A beautiful legend of the Assumption enshrined in polished verse by Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, we present to our readers as a tribute, a meditation and a prayer:

So soft the August lilies wave,
So blue the skies of August bend,
All winds are silent in their cave—
And only gentle breezes blend
With the spiced odor of the ferns
And the rustle of the oak,
And the scarlet sage that burns
Broidery on our Lady's cloak!

* Cant. of Cant., viii:5.
† Apoc. xxi. † Ps. xxviii:7. ... § Ps. xv:10. ** Apoc. xxii:1.

Why is earth so fair to-day—?
 Covered all with blue and gold—
 Flowers hide each inch of clay,
 Cloth of emerald is unrolled,
 Dotted with the yellow gem
 Of the brilliant buttercup—
 Brodery of the mantle's hem
 An angel dropped as he flew up!

As he flew up, in her bright train,
 And held her cloak of azure blue,
 The flowers fell to earth like rain,
 And so our world is fair to view—
 The flowers fall as she ascends,
 She, Mother of our mighty God,
 She, Queen of Love that never ends,
 With Jewels enamels our poor sod!

For me the gentian tells of hope,
 So blue it is—so deeply blue!
 For you the wall-flowers' knotted rope,
 Says, "Mount and Heaven greets your
 view!"
 All things in August some grace hold—
 From daisy frail to stalwart oak;
 One finds in every heart of gold
 A gem dropped from our Lady's cloak.

So runs the tale a trouvere told
 In Norman castle long ago,
 It is a legend passing old,
 Yet sweetest lessons from it flow;
 When she ascended flowers fell;
 (Why not believe so sweet a thing—
 A thing that loving children tell—
 A little song that cherubs sing?)
 These flowers typify the grace
 Of little virtues born of love,
 Our Lady left when to her place
 The angels bore her up above;
 She left man patience under stress
 Of fear and wrath and suffered wrong,
 And for all women gentleness,
 And peace that makes them true and
 strong.

The following promises made by our Lady, as is piously believed, to St. Dominic and to the Blessed Alain, a famous preacher of the Rosary in France, in the fifteenth century, will be of consolation to the clients of our Blessed Mother:

To S. Dominic.

1. Devotion to the Rosary is a great sign of predestination.
2. Those who propagate my Rosary will be succored by me in all their troubles.
3. Whoever piously recites the Rosary and meditates on the mysteries will be converted, if he is a sinner.

To B. Alain.

4. Whosoever will piously recite the Rosary, persevering in this devotion, will assuredly receive an answer to such prayers.

5. Persevere in my Rosary, and I will relieve thee and all those who serve me by this practice of piety.

6. Those who recite the Rosary will find during their lives and at the hour of their death comfort and light.

7. None who recommend themselves to me in the Rosary will perish.

8. To those who recite my Rosary I promise my special protection.

9. Preach the Rosary. It is a very powerful weapon against hell, and an impenetrable shield against the darts of the enemy.

10. Whoever will piously recite the Rosary will increase in grace, if he is just, and will become worthy of eternal life.

11. I promise choice graces to those who are devout to my Rosary.

12. It is my will that those who sing my praise in the Rosary will have light, liberty and plenitude of graces.

13. Those who are truly devout to the Rosary will not die without the Sacrament; they will not lose speech or consciousness before making their confession.

14. I am in a special manner the Mother of the Children of the Rosary who are in Purgatory; every day I release some.

15. The true Children of the Rosary will enjoy great glory in Heaven.

These promises are collected from the approved lives of S. Dominic and B. Alain; they were communicated to these chosen servants of our Lady at different times during their apostolic careers.

IN AUGUST DAYS.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

"It is so very warm, mamma! The sun is almost melting the sand on the beach!" cried Marguerite Allington, as she came in with flying hair and took refuge on the piazza of the sea-shore inn where she and her mother were passing the torrid days of August.

"My dear, you are excited! Sit down here quietly by me and calm yourself." Yet, as Mrs. Allington spoke, she cast a worried glance at the flaming cheeks of the delicate girl and noted her fluttering breath. "A little breeze is springing up, I think," she continued, "and, in any case, we are not the people who may fairly complain! Think of Miss Dormer, working away on her charities in the very heart of New York, amid squalor and filth and poverty!"

"I can not see how she does it," murmured the young girl, plaintively. "It is such a pity! When she might be here with us just as well! She needs rest—you know, mamma—and needs it now. The heats of July and August are severe enough even in the country, where the atmosphere is pure and everything clean. You remember we found it so, down in Maine."

"That reminds me of a few stanzas I came upon yesterday by Anna Boynton Averill, the Maine poet. The first three give a vivid pen-picture of August in New England:

DROUGHT.

The summer song-birds fall asleep
And dream among the thirsty boughs
That droop above the sleepy cows
In still, dim pastures, shaded deep.

Through naked rocks the river creeps,
Humming its slumb'rous monotone;
Afar and near the locusts drone,
And in the grass the cricket peeps.

The sunflower sets the lanes ablaze,
The yellow lily lifts her urn,
And golden-rod begins to burn
By roadside walls and dusty ways.

The hills are crowned by smoke-wreaths dim,
And day by day we watch for clouds
To rise in thick and thund'rous crowds
Above the faint horizon rim.

O weird, dark spirit of the mist,
Thy trailing robes across the skies
Were sweeter now to our tired eyes
Than clouds of rose and amethyst.

The wide land like a desert lies;
The hills look off and long for thee,
Rise, rise from out the eastern sea!
And quench these burning, yellow skies!

"That is perfectly natural and simple, yet how it gives the sleepy oppressiveness of the hot days when earth yearns for the merciful dripping of rain!"

"And the soul has a like thirst. We are often conscious of waiting in the same dumb, instinctive way for spiritual refreshing. But the Psalmist must have felt its keenest edge, when it wrung from him his wondrous cry—the cry of the ages ever since: 'As the hart panteth for the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O God!'"

Before Marguerite could reply a tall young lady in white from the opposite end of the verandah drew near, as if to join them. It was Marian Grey, the daughter of a well-known college president, a favorite in her own society circle where she was called "Maid Marian."

"We feel this heat," she said, approaching Mrs. Allington, "do we not? It has come so quickly. Marguerite, here, looks like a drooping morning-glory."

"Yet the sea seems cool to me and restful, after all. See how blue it is, with its faint surface sheen of silver! And how it recedes into illimitable distance!" and as she spoke Marguerite's blue-eyes seemed straining to pierce the far-away sea-line.

"I wonder why the mysterious—always fascinating us?" said Marian with a thoughtful smile. "The unknown, the unseen, the silent, the secret, the unfathom-

able are like spells woven around us. They appeal to something within us, which is not of earth. The great fogs, when they hang over the marshes for instance, or when they come in from the sea, shutting us in with billowy whiteness, hiding the everyday things from sight behind their soft, ineffable veils, like those about the Holy of Holies in the ancient Tabernacle, give us that same strange sense of a beautiful Power outside of ourselves, whose attraction holds us, and, in some occult way, contrives to comfort us."

"I can not tell you why it is," murmured Mrs. Allington, in her quiet way. "Perhaps the Professor could. Psychology is a field for students; and one poorly tilled, too, it seems to me! But the ancients knew the ineffable charm. Witness the Eleusinian Mysteries, the oracles and the veiled Isis. Children, too—nearer the Divine than we can ever hope to be, because more nearly sinless—have a strong love for secrets—for masks and blindfold games—also for puzzles, riddles of hidden meanings and enigmas hard to guess. The most saintly souls feel it, also. It is not without good reason that the Church retains her censers and veils her mysteries in clouds of incense—that she places her secret prayer in the very heart of the Mass and seals her confessional with the silence of the grave. Our only sure clue is in the words of the Psalmist, who declares "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him and put their trust in His mercy."

"When I was in the Scotch Highlands," remarked Maid Marian, after a moment's consideration, "one of their great rainy mists came up one summer day, blotting out the sea, the crags, the heather—everything! It was a new experience to me and oh, so strange! The outer world lay so wrapped in softness, its turbulence all shut out, its energies stilled into white silence. Yes, I did find it restful."

"The secret of rest is not far to seek, my dear. Those who truly rest, rest in the Lord."

"Miss Dorner is getting more rest than any of us, then, this summer!" cried Marguerite, who had been listening intently. "You remember what Goethe says:

"Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

"Miss Dorner is truly in love with her self-appointed work."

"So are thousands of others, my darling—priests and nuns of all Orders, missionaries of all sorts, and the unrecognized Saints of God everywhere, whose self-denials are laid bare only to Him and His holy angels. These are happy, or rather have found that which is greater than happiness, even blessedness."

The light breeze which Mrs. Allington had predicted, springing from the south, all at once grew perceptible. Its coolness seemed a breath from Heaven. Soon it ruffled Marguerite's soft hair into a golden mist and made Marian drop her big, black Spanish fan. "How nice to enjoy this without effort!" she cried.

"Yes, they are beautiful," said Mrs. Allington, "these soft, Heaven-sent things that come to us without effort of our own, as if spilt over from the full fountain of Beneficence! Impulses of grace and visions of holiness, and silent encouragements of a thousand kinds. We can not pray for these because we do not know them until they come. We do not know ourselves what we want! But God knows and sends them of his own volition. They require no exertion on our part—only a willingness to greet them."

"And quiet of soul," added Marguerite.

"Quiet of soul?" cried Marian. "Why that is the hardest of hard things to compass! Hurry and fuss and nervous irritation are everywhere."

"True, they do destroy the inner stillness! Yet without this interior calm we cannot receive the holy influence. You know, Marian, that you could not enjoy this breeze even, if you were hurrying and rushing round."

"That is why people talk so much of inspiration and get so little. They sing 'Return, O Heavenly Dove, Return,' on Sunday; but on Monday, where are they? In a whirl of social excitement or hot ambition. The Dove has flown a thousand miles away!"

Mrs. Allington smiled at Marian's sharp

thrust. "It does not take all that to drive away the Spirit of grace! It comes in delicate Paradisal sweetness—the bream of holiness—from lands unseen, and is easily overpowered by heavier odors. That is why daily Mass helps us. It keeps our finer perceptions from getting dimmed or dulled." After a moment's silence she turned to her daughter, as if with a fresh idea. "Marguerite, did not Miss Dormer write something about the winds? About a warm wind, like this?"

"I think so. Was it not this mamma?"

O South Wind, hot with pain and drought,
We faint and tire
When the scarlet lily flashes out
Its thought of me:—
When the scarlet lily flashes out
Dear Lord, for riper fruit we pray!

"I like that," murmured Maid Marian. "It is so true. The very heat we complain of makes the fruit-tints, beautiful beyond everything; the ruddy, brown richness of the pear, the velvety reds of the peach, the purple bloom on our plums and Isabella grapes. I try to paint them every year."

"It sweetens them, too," cried Marguerite. "And the sweetness of spiritual life comes from the Lord. Some religious writer says that 'each living thing takes from the sunbeam what it wants—one its aroma, another its color, a third its luscious taste. So should we extract from Christ whatever we require to complete our character. The short-tempered must take patience; the passionate, purity; the cowardly, moral strength; the domineering, gentleness; the downcast, comfort. This is what Miss Dormer means, also. Our lives gain richer tints, taking on power and greater spiritual strength, just as fruit ripens. Is not that her idea, mother?"

"I think so. We grow in grace by a process like the fruit's ripening, silently, unconsciously, gradually; and this, not for ourselves, but—like the fruit again—for the joy and good of others. We become distributing centers, as it were. 'Every grape,' they say, 'purples the one

beside it, and our influence may be for the sustaining of others, while we think we are bearing, all by ourselves, the burden and heat of the day."

"That is quite a little sermon, Mrs. Allington," declared Maid Marian, with unusual gravity. "Indeed, I will try to remember it."

"Little lay sermons do no harm," smiled Mrs. Allington, "though, of course, they do not go far. I wish Miss Dormer were here! Marguerite, dear, won't you, please, look up our mail. We may find a letter from her."

Soon Marguerite reappeared, waving on high the long-sought missive, and, opening it, was soon lost in its perusal.

"Well, my dear, what is it all?" inquired Mrs. Allington, when she finally looked up.

"Oh, everything, mamma. She describes her poor people and the Harbor excursions given them—the Floating Hospital, as it is called, for sick children—the new Recreation Piers and the Roof Gardens. And she seems very happy in it all—that is the strange thing. There is not one word, in the whole, about the heat or the hatefulness of visiting those dirty tenements where they get no fresh air."

"She lives in an atmosphere of her own, that of love and helpfulness; creating it for herself—nay, more! inspiring others to go and do likewise. Her Catholicism is behind it all."

"And, therefore, she is happy? Is that what you mean, Mrs. Allington?" asked Maid Marian, with a puzzled face.

"Travelers say that the temperature of St. Peter's is cool and always equable, owing to its vastness, and its dome is always visible above the mists. That is true, I fancy, of Catholic believers in their spiritual attitude. Their calm springs from a mighty Faith, like the dome in question, unclouded and clear against the blue of Heaven. With Protestant workers, equally sincere, the mists darken and thicken, doubts come in, their steps slacken into discouragement and failure."

"The steadiness of their great Church is a support to Catholics—who can doubt it? —and her history, often, an inspiration. Spiritual desires win spiritual answers:

are not repressed or crushed, as they by the cold types of Protestantism. That holy desires bring heavenly an- is nothing new, mamma," cried Mar- te. "We are athirst, and in reply s spiritual refreshing, the Lord's cup cold water. We are cold—His love is us; astray, and He calls us home. ask, and we receive; knock, and en is opened."

"Is so in Nature, is it not?" queried an, with a sudden light on her bright

"We shiver in winter, and soon it ring; the dark of night brings rose orning; death ends in resurrection; suffers from drought, and silvery ers fall from heaven. It is always ered."

lways, when we ask of Heaven, my " assented Mrs. Allington. "Alas for eluctance to do so! We prefer futile dlients. We lean on the wisdom of sage or that preacher, on a new sys- of thought or a new theory, on some ie or society or new-created religious alization, on anything and everything t God Himself, as He comes to us in l blessed Sacraments."

iss Dorner describes the roof-gar- of New York, in her letter," said uerite, "as they look by night. And roudous brilliancy of the illuminated its splendors of gas-jets and electric- and the calm stars looking down upon . She says it is a great thing for the tude to be lifted above the drudger-elow, of their daily lives, up nearer eaven; to be, even for a time, in a atmosphere, and hold intercourse the stars. It is the elevation of hu- ty, in more senses than one. This is charity aims at, to become the up- g medium whereby these souls may sciate the Divine. It is all very beau-

But, perhaps, we ourselves need such uplifting, in order to see the of our own expedients. With Heaven e us and the Church, like a great illu- d city, below, why should we depend ishlights or farthing candles?" ss Marian smiled. "Last summer, us to save our lawn from the effects brought, we used the garden hose per- itly and all kinds of artificial sprink-

ling. But the grass languished. Nothing could replace the natural showers. When they came, and not before, it sprang up green and soft and beautiful."

"I chanced upon a poem not long ago dealing with this very thing, our use of feeble, artificial and earthly methods, in preference to those of God's appointment." And Mrs. Allington drew from her note-book a short newspaper clipping, which she read aloud in her own effective way. And when she had finished, her little audience of two went its way, thoughtful but applauding.

It ran as follows:

SKY RAIN.

Far on the meadow the grass-blades are crying;
Hark! in the valley the lilies are sighing!
Vain is my watering, lost my endeavor—
Thirsty, my roses go drooping forever.

Sweet rain! sky rain!
Descend in thy beauty, O gracious sky rain!

Gray, on the mountains thy swirls are created.
Silvery veils in the lowlands awaited.
Fall in your softness, ethereal showers!
Visit us, pity our August-burnt flowers.

Scorched on the plain;
With rescue and healing, O come, dewy rain!

Bring us the sweetness of regions supernal,
Pure as the shining of planets eternal!
Fall us not, leave us not, quivering grasses,
Parched unto death on Earth's dreary morasses!

We suffer in vain,
Unless thou refresh us, O blessed sky rain!

Rivers of Grace, glimmer on from the mountains,

Fed at celestial, invisible fountains!
Human expedients fail, in our sorrow,
Feeble to-day, the mirage of to-morrow;

But thou dost remain
A permanent blessing, O pearly sky rain!

Life has its deserts all burning and glar- ing,

Torrid with bitterness past our own bear- ing:
Fall on us faintly, like shadows of even,

Cool our hot faces, sweet Spirit of Heaven!

O silent sky rain!
Our souls are athirst for thee, precious sky rain!

EDITORIAL.

August is notable among the months of the year for the Dominican calendar. On the fourth we celebrate the feast of our Holy Father, illustrious among the founders of religious orders, and the object of a world-wide veneration as our Lady's chosen instrument in the establishment of her favorite devotion—the Rosary.

On the sixteenth we shall honor S. Hyacinth, the great apostle of Russia and the Orient in the early thirteenth century.

On the thirtieth we shall commemorate the blessed Rose of South America, the first canonized Saint of the Western Hemisphere.

In due time and as opportunity will present we shall sketch more fully the careers of our glorious Saints. Meantime, the hearts of Dominicans, of Rosarians, of all affiliated to our Order, turn with grateful veneration and prayerful devotion to our Holy Father and to his triumphant children.

Among the recently beatified martyrs whose heroic lives were crowned by the grace of shedding their blood for Christ were the Blessed Ignatius Delgado, Vicar-Apostolic of Eastern Tonquin, and twenty-five others belonging to the Dominican Order. Among these champions were the co-adjutor bishop, Dominic Henares; the vicar-provincial, Joseph Fernandez, Spanish Dominicans; and of the natives, there were eight priests affiliated to the Order, seven Tertiaries, and eight others, catechists, soldiers, etc. It was during the persecutions of 1838, 1839 and 1840 that these brave sons of S. Dominic merited their crown.

The Assumption of our Blessed Mother is the feast, by excellence, of August. The fourth glorious mystery of the Beads, this feast appeals, in a special manner, to all the children of the Rosary.

We have suspended for the present our series of articles on the Dominican missions in the Philippines. As already

stated, our object has been solely one of preparation for other and fuller treatment of the subject, as the exigencies of our own day demand. We are in a position to say that there will soon be forthcoming a very important publication which will deal exhaustively, learnedly and impartially with the delicate matter known as "the Friars in the Philippines."

We are justified, however, at the present writing, in reminding our readers that trustworthy correspondence from Manila points unmistakably to the anti-Catholic propaganda going vigorously on under the fostering folds of "Old Glory." The American people's money is lavished on pampered epauletted fellows, their wives, their daughters, their maid servants, etc., etc.; and the "courtesies" of the government commissariat, which mean food and lodging, are extended to "missionaries," Bible scatterers and all sorts of disreputable proselytizers. As one correspondent puts it, "those living on government 'grub' would number a small regiment."

The insidious campaign against the Friars is skillfully carried on, with the hope of loot even more valuable than that of the plundered churches, the loot of the rich lands to come to the godly men and women who long to introduce Christianity to the benighted Filipinos. The American Catholic who permits himself to be hoodwinked as to the eternal principles of right and justice, who stands with deviltry because it is on the side of his party, is a renegade to Truth and to Faith, to the highest ideals of national honor, honesty and virtue, the maintenance of which should be "the paramount issue," if the Republic will endure.

The installation of new officers for the Young Men's Holy Name Society (S. Dominic's) took place on July 9: Arthur Street, President; William Barry, Vice-President; Richard Roche, Recording Secretary; Forest Adams, Corresponding Secretary; James Bain, Financial Secretary; Arthur O'Connor, Marshal. The

Committee consists of James Ge Kelly, George Feely, Eu i and William O Neil. The rector, Father Lamb, acts as f the organization.

SA is pleased to note the fact y advance marks the work of . The debates are a special ts programme. The date of shall duly announce. Mean- n'estly commend the society ung men.

t's Academy, Vallejo, and S. demy, San Leandro, reopened

On August 1 the Dominican i Rafael, will resume studies. S. Rose's Academy, San Fran- begin its fortieth year of work. On the same day the t the Immaculate Conception, co, will reopen. On the same erine's Academy, Benicia, will forty-ninth year. All report f scholars on their rolls. ,

Rumor be correctly reported, es has arranged a regular n and By-Laws" for St. Domir Choir. Judging from this, -ups" will have to "look to s." Bravo, Juniors!

ng the condition of intellectual al life among many Catholics itry, we must realize how in- the school, and, in a manner, is the pulpit. Therefore do the Christian home as an es- ent in the education, the in- d spiritual development of the the Faith, and as an important e discharge of this sacred duty on parents, we must reckon ith the work of the Catholic

n that it is impossible for a lose the gift of faith is a seri- to which many of our people story of those who have lost us grace, of those who have ed of this inheritance, is a pe- one. That in many instances her in protest nor in formal hat such Catholics went out;

that it was solely a matter of letting the Faith die away, should increase our anxiety. Deprived of its necessary nour- ishment at home, stripped of its proper safeguards without, exposed to the withering blight of infidelity or indifference, and weakened by associations that were inimical to it, the light gradually paled, the fire burned low, and the second generation sits around the dull ashes of a once glowing Faith, while their children scatter even those ashes to the winds.

The musicale in S. Dominic's, which is regularly set for the third Sunday of the month, is so decided a success that from all parts of the city lovers of music attend, and carry away most pleasant memories of a delightful feast. On all sides we hear words of praise for organist, choir director and choir.

The Fathers are prepared to hear confessions at any reasonable hour. The people who are accustomed to the ways of S. Dominic's know how anxious are the Fathers to meet the wants of those who attend our churches. We feel, therefore, that a kindly suggestion will not be mis- understood. Those who can easily do so will endeavor to make their confessions on Saturday evening; they will not defer till Sunday morning, when public masses are celebrated, this duty more becomingly discharged at another time. To meet the needs of those who cannot attend except on Sunday morning, the Fathers are ever cheerfully ready; and in asking others who have the free disposal of their time not to trespass on Sunday morning, we speak rather for the interests of those who are obliged to choose this time, than for our own convenience.

The epitaph that Richard Crashaw wrote in the seventeenth century for his friend Mr. Ashton might be profitably pondered by some of our nineteenth century Catholics :

Sermons he heard, yet not so many
As left no time to practise any;
He heard them reverently, and then
His practice preached them o'er again.

Among the counsels of the great Apostle

to his disciple, the Bishop S. Timothy, is one that touches human life in all callings: Attend unto reading, to exhortation, and to doctrine. This earnest word, which can be found in the thirteenth verse of the fourth chapter of S. Paul's first Epistle to Timothy, is the keynote of DOMINICANA's reason for being.

BOOKS.

OVERLAND TO CHINA is certainly a timely book. Its author, Archibald R. Colquhoun, well known as an Oriental traveler and as a correspondent of *The Times* (London) is peculiarly qualified to set before an anxious public much valuable information. He has succeeded in his purpose.

The Russian movement in China, as exemplified by the stupendous enterprise of the Siberian railway, is carefully noted and described. Having journeyed through China, from north to south, and having familiarized himself, to a considerable extent, with the conditions of life prevailing in Mongolia, and with the changes and the unrest wrought in the empire because of western influences, Mr. Colquhoun enjoyed unique and most recent opportunities for studying the Chinese question.

The volume is enriched with numerous beautifully executed maps and illustrations, which add greatly to the value of the interesting text. In the matter of paper, type and presswork nothing more could be desired; the volume is a worthy output of the press of Harper & Brothers, New York, who are the publishers.

OLD IRE, a reminiscence of plantation life, by Lawson Gray, has been received from Herder & Co., St. Louis. The author graphically portrays the superstitious fears of the darkies inspired by the tricks of Old Ire, a clever ventriloquist, whom they believe to be bewitched. The old negro suddenly comes to grief and peace reigns again on the plantation.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE, by Christian Reid, bids fair to become a favorite with the lovers of fiction. The plot is most ingenious. The scene of this interesting story is partly in Paris, partly in America.

The principal characters are of the refined class of society, although they mingle little with it. Rather they give themselves up to study and to culture of their artistic inclinations, living, as it were, in a sort of Bohemia, too much absorbed in their work to occupy themselves with the trivial side of social life, and valuing men for what they are rather than for what they possess.

It was in such a world that Gilbert Darracote, a famous sculptor, had brought up his daughter, Irma, who had lost her mother in early childhood. The heroine, trained from the beginning to judge men and things by the loftiest standards, meets with sad disappointment in her attempts to reconcile the ways of life with her cherished ideas of justice. The sudden death of Irma's father, at a moment that he becomes heir to an immense fortune by the death of an American cousin, brings Irma to America. She is now mistress of the Darracote estate and obliged to accept for a companion Mrs. Treherne, a handsome young widow, related distantly to the deceased millionaire. Disappointed at being overlooked in Richard Darracote's will, Mrs. Treherne keeps in her possession a paper written and signed by the old man on his death-bed, by which he makes provision for a supposed grandchild whose claims, once established, would deprive Irma of her inheritance.

Girard Hastings, a man of the world, soon learns to love Irma for her rare virtues and is accepted by her as a suitor for marriage. Mrs. Treherne, who has always viewed Irma in the light of a rival, seeks revenge by threatening Hastings that upon his refusal to pay her a certain sum for the paper that she has so long concealed, she will immediately divulge the facts to Irma, knowing that her exalted sense of justice would prevent her from retaining the estate. Hastings agrees to her terms in the hope of saving the estate for Irma.

In the meantime Irma learns the facts about the child, brings her to her home, and nurses her until her death from diphtheria. Regarding Hastings' conduct as treachery, Irma immediately dismisses him. Wounded in spirit by the betrayal

trust, and exhausted by her attention to the sick child, Irma succumbs to diphtheria; and, after making a favor of Hastings, she grants himness and calmly expires. Theress, with consummate art, proves: ut of our blunders and apparent: s good comes at last. Irma hadred in vain.

characteristic excellence of the: tions of Marlier & Callanan, i, is manifested in the printing, g and appropriate illustrations ofok.

URE'S CALENDAR, by Ernest Ingersoll its name implies is a guide to the: of nature in its proper time and:

The true naturalist must begin: tature; he must make allowance in: servations for the circumstances of: le and climate which differ essen: in various localities. The references:

Calendar apply to observations in: egion of New York, but may be: of practical use in the eastern half: United States and Canada.

the purpose of recording the de: f our observations Mr. Ingersoll has: ank half the width of the page under: ate. We agree with him in think: at the record of daily "field-notes is: sury of happy recollections," re: the "singing of birds, the gayety: terflies and theplash of water." book contains twelve beautiful illus: is indicative of the progress of the: i the rural districts of the eastern: f the United States.

er the heading of each month in the: s a detailed description of things: hould come under our observation: animal kingdom; for instance, as: ried phases of existence of insects, s, birds and mammals that belong: month of January or the winter: s.. Under February, and each suc: g month in the year, will be found: of valuable information so simplif: at even the casual reader may de: uch beneficial knowledge. Mr. In:

tells us that June is, above all: months, the special time of interest: loving observer of nature. Then: hat the birds utter their sweetest

songs, that they wear their brightest: plumage, that they perfect their domestic: life in their engrossing attention to their: young. The four-footed animals are also: engaged in family cares, like the birds; and fishes of many kinds are beginning to: appear. The merit of the book is sus: tained to the close. The publishers, Harper & Brothers, New York, have: shown due appreciation of the author's: spirit, to which they have given a body: of commensurate beauty. The volume is: really a lovely specimen of the book: maker's art.

THE TESTAMENT OF IGNATIUS LOYOLA, by Luis Gonzales, translated by E. M. Rix, with preface by G. Tyrrell, S. J., is published by B. Herder, St. Louis. The book is a quasi-autobiographical sketch, inasmuch as it was taken down from the Saint's own lips by the author.

In a manner, simple yet noble, ex: haustive yet concise, it reveals to the: reader the truly mysterious ways of God: in leading His saints to the summit of: spiritual perfection. To students of: hagiography, as well as to historians, this: work will be of great value in scrutiniz: ing and analyzing the earthly career of a: saint who has often been misunderstood: and misinterpreted. The intrinsic value: of this little book will not fail to procure: for it the position it deserves in the field: of American ecclesiastical literature.

In publishing CHRIST, THE MAN GOD, which B. Herder of St. Louis issues as a: neat little volume of 87 pages, the author, Father J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J., seeks, as: he himself writes, "to make our merciful: Redeemer better known and loved, for to: know God and Him whom He sent, Christ: Jesus, this is eternal life."

From the Old Testament Father O'Conor clearly shows that a Messiah: had been foretold by the prophets. Con: cluding from the fact that these prophe: cies were fulfilled in Jesus Christ, he: affirms that Jesus of Nazareth was the: Redeemer of the world.

Relying on the New Testament for the: simple details, he takes us back, in a few: words, to that first Christmas morning

amid the glad hosannas of the angels. Next we see the Infant Saviour accepting the homage of the adoring Magi. Continuing, he briefly states the fact of our Lord's presentation in the temple, the flight to Egypt, the return and the finding of Jesus with the doctors and scribes. Then passing over the eighteen years of His life at Nazareth he shows us Christ, the Man-God, preaching and healing.

It is at this time that our Saviour stands pre-eminent, the "central figure of the world," the true Messiah. "Wherever his steps brought Him," says the author, "He brought joy and deeds of goodness and health to the sick and suffering, and peace to the stricken sinner and comfort to the sad and sorrowing. His passing was like the shadow of gladness, for He left after Him the brightness of gladdened hearts."

This little book is an excellent reminder of the narrative known so well, yet often read without a realization of its beauty, strength and consoling power.

HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, by Reuben Post Halleck, is a substantial volume, well printed on good paper, and freely illustrated. The deficiencies, however, are notable. The author seems to misunderstand and actually suppresses important facts. Wiseman, Manning and Faber are not mentioned. Cardinal Newman is briefly referred to for his "Apologia Pro Vita Sua." Lingard is put among the minor writers. Our own great Brownson is not even named. We note these items, and without emphasizing the peculiar un-Catholic, if not anti-Catholic, tone of the business, we feel justified in questioning the value of such a book, despite other features that are good, and notwithstanding that the publishers, The American Book Company of New York, have done their part in a very acceptable and agreeable manner.

MAGAZINES.

If the July *Century* contained nothing else, its collection of eight complete stories would make it a notable summer number. But there are other features of

value of which we shall duly advise our readers.

According to an article in a recent number of the *Revue de Paris*, written by a French missionary, Father Louis Coldra, the outbreak in China can be traced to Chinese dislike of British influence, and to a patriotic impulse to shake off John Bull's hold on the country, at the propitious moment of England's difficulties in South Africa. Our belief in this is seasoned, however, and bitterly by the reflection that poor, hoodwinked Uncle Sam is John's silent but most foolishly active partner in the evil work now going on.

The June number of *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society*, Philadelphia, is an interesting compilation. Several illustrations enliven the text and quicken the reader's interest in their accompanying sketches.

Harper's Magazine for June opens the first volume of the second half century. In addition to the attractive serials, "Eleanor" and "The Mantle of Elijah," the number contains the first chapters of "A Bicycle of Cathay," by Frank R. Stockton, a sprightly satire on summer flirtations; "The Fight," by the late Stephen Crane; "The Debut of Jack," by E. W. Townsend, author of "Chimmie Fadden"; "The Singing of a Bird," by Julian Hawthorne, and "Delia," a story of factory life, by Gertrude Roscoe, are short stories of more than ordinary merit. "Life After Death" is an interesting paper of psychical phenomena by Dr. J. H. Hyalop. "A Journey to the Abyssinian Capital," by Captain M. S. Welby; "Balloons in Warfare," by General Greeley, and "Inside the Boar Lines," by E. E. Easton, are full of valuable information.

Besides the serials mentioned in the June number, *Harper's* for July contains a short interesting romance by Alfred Ollivant, entitled "Two; and a Rose"; "The City Urchin and Chaste Villagers," by Stephen Crane; "Walks and Talks With Tolstoy," by Hon. Andrew D. White; "The Educational Use of Hypnotism," by Dr. John D. Quackenbos; "Non-Hygienic Gymnastics," by James

and "To-Day's Science in
by Henry Smith Williams,

ms and Editor's Drawer, to-
h the happy illustrations of the
i important articles make the
June and July notable numbers.

numbers of *Donahoe's Magazine*
vn timeliness and variety in
able form. The issue for July
interesting papers on "Ober-
and the Passion Play," and
tary Academy at West Point."
as a Vocation," a symposium
-bred and self-made men, and
s on "The Business College In-
" are contributions of practical
reading of which should profit
n and women.

ew of Reviews for July is mark-
tical number—President McKin-
r. W. J. Bryan being the subject
er sketches. The cotton indus-
South and the special work
children in our public libraries
agreeable themes. The cartoons
ith and the review of the maga-
plete a number of interest and

x Regina, published by the Do-
Sisters, New Orleans, La., is a
urnal that holds a position in
imply unique. We fully under-
delicacy of making such a state-
we assume the responsibility,
at facts justify it.

Regina may be taken as indica-
e quality of training imparted
idents of the two academies
y the Dominican Sisters in the
City, and our experience in that
region entitles us to a well-
pinion, we can congratulate the
ad the children who enjoy such
s, and we do congratulate them,
wish long life to *Salve Regina*.
we was written when the sad
ached us announcing the death
Mary Dominic O'Brien, foundress
years editor of *Salve Regina*.
minic was a woman of varied
f brilliant attainments, of life-
tion to the cause of Catholic

education and Catholic literature. Her
death is not only a serious loss to her
community, but also to DOMINICANA, to
which the good Sister had generously con-
tributed. We offer our most respectful
sympathy to her Sisters in religion. To
the honored dead, eternal rest!

Scribner's Magazine for June and July
furnishes a generous supply of papers on
events living in actuality or in sustained
interest. In the former there is a clear
and valuable paper on the resources of
the Philippines, written by one who went,
saw and intelligently observed within his
range. In July, "The Relief of Lady-
smith" and "The Boer as a Soldier—His
Peculiarities, His Weaknesses and His
Independence," readers will find vivid
work. "The Slave Trade in America"
opens a series of papers on a subject
whose history is written black in the an-
nals of the country. The remaining fea-
tures of the July number are varied and
seasonable.

A writer in *The Arena* for June sets
forth in such pithy and vigorous fashion
the principles which are at stake in "im-
perialism's" campaign that we deem it
well to quote freely from his paper:

"We can no longer claim to be a bona-
fide, whole-souled Republic. We are an
empire—a sort of a republic at home and
a despotism abroad; a "benevolent" des-
potism, perhaps (though that remains to
be seen), but none the less a despotism.
We should not regard a conqueror as any-
thing but a despot if he forced his will
upon us, no matter how much he might
protest that he was doing it for our
benefit. We are civilizing the Filipinos,
it is said—shooting it into them and pour-
ing it into them from our saloons, which
are more deadly even than our guns. We
are not aiming to establish free govern-
ment in the Philippines. It is not to be a
government of the people by the people
and for the people. The supreme power
is to be lodged in officers appointed by a
foreign government, holding its sov-
ereignty by force of arms. It is not ex-
pansion, but imperialism. Expansion is
the addition of new territory as part of
the Republic. This addition does not en-

large the Republic—the Republic is no bigger than before. The government merely rules as imperial master over some islands not incorporated in the Republic, but belonging to it as England belonged to the Conqueror, and constituting with it The New American Empire. We have the first step that led Rome from the virtues of a self-defending republic to the vices of imperial despotism and final destruction of liberty at home as well as abroad.

"A government that engages in a war of conquest and enslaves a foreign people can no longer stand before the world as a champion of freedom and human rights. Such a government naturally sympathizes with England against the Boers. No matter that England by treaty distinctly gave up all claim to interfere in the internal affairs of the Transvaal; no matter that she twice refused to arbitrate, thereby confessing her cause unjust; no matter that many of the best people in England denounce the war and declare it to be a war for gold and the upbuilding of capitalistic power; no matter that the Boers are fighting for freedom against the same oppressor that our fathers struggled with in the dawn of our greatness; no matter that justice and liberty and brotherhood are all on the side of the Boer; no matter that the civilized world is in duty bound to condemn any nation that goes to war in refusal of arbitration—our government cannot be just and manly with England because it is committing the same sort of iniquity in the Philippines. Columbia has turned her face from the dawn and is looking back toward the night that has passed—imperialism abroad and industrial feudalism at home.

"Strange things are happening in America when an administration representing the party of Lincoln—the party that freed the blacks—stands squarely against liberty in the Philippines and sympathizes with a capitalistic war of conquest in South Africa. There is reason to believe that such an administration does not truly represent the Republican party. The best sentiment of the 'Grand Old Party' is against the present policy of those in power. It is to be hoped that conscience may outweigh partisanship;

and men of every party who love liberty and justice may unite to reaffirm the principles of the Declaration of Independence, repair so far as possible the wrong that has been done in the Philippines, and set America right once more on the supreme issue of Democracy or Despotism."

And here are a few other "pointers:"

"The supreme is whether the stain of conquest that blots our flag shall stay upon its folds, or be washed out forever in a flood of patriot votes from the liberty lovers of the land."

"The very forces set in motion to free the Cubans have been used by our government as the means of subjugating the Filipinos."

"The Golden Rule lies shattered beneath a policy of aggressive war—torn, like the Declaration of Independence—into useless fragments by our cannon in the Philippines. When we were fighting for independence in 1776, suppose the Filipinos had been strong enough and near enough to buy us up—get a tax-bill to us from the British Empire—and had sent an army over here to subjugate us: where is the difference under the Golden Rule?"

"Is it fair for a nation that owes its own independence to a war fought out upon the clear-cut issue that 'governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed,' to establish a government in another country without the consent of the governed?"

As an illustration of how "history is made," we cite an article in *The New York Times' Saturday Review* (May 26) in which a writer suavely speaks of Gloucester Cathedral as "one of the most impressive of the Rosary of Protestant Cathedrals with which the religious enthusiasm of a dead and gone epoch enriched the hills and vales of England." Every well drilled schoolboy knows that Protestantism has not erected one Cathedral in England, though it did deface and mutilate many—all the work of "the ages of Faith."

The recent death of Stephen Crane, at the early age of thirty, removes from the activities of American literary life a man

rable performance and fuller it also lends a pathetic interest es now running in *Lippincott's* on the great battles of the inker Hill is the June subject—a vivid and strikingly graphic ork.

uly *Lippincott's* the battle of he result of which closed the Joseph Bonaparte as King of Mr. Crane's theme. Both of mer issues of *Lippincott's* are numbers.

he Americans entered Manila e only three whisky shops in The latest figures (and they are ete because the military au would not furnish full details) n a recent number of *The Inde* (New York) show the startling a hundred and seventy saloons, wing."

lorable assertion is also made y per cent. of the patrons of orts are Americans, chiefly id soldiers, whose scandalous infamous deeds are the bitterest lon of our claims of benev imity, liberty, and all the ed shibboleths. A bad business

g of the action by "our own ernment in landing marines to me imaginary 'sphere of influ hina," *The Pilot* neatly adds: ed States has become a World r due time, if the expansion avail, it will become a Flesh d then a Devil power, like the om."

it is justly noted for the point incy of its editorial paragraphs. hat the present pithy prophecy tunately be realized. As a na re going to the devil" at a rapid e.

ho may desire to "keep posted" can affairs national and "im s Catholic interests are cond especially as these are ill find the successive numbers *World* a very valuable re-

Affairs English and Irish are, of course, prominent; while the seemingly "lost cause" of the Boers has had no stancher friend than the energetic editor of *The Irish World*. Mr. Ford loves liberty in deed and in truth, and not in word only.

The Irish World is also a valuable storehouse of information, first hand, from the Boers and from the Philippine "colonies." Reading this lively and aggressive journal, lovers of the true principles which should guide, control and bless our country, will not fail to find healthful, energizing stimulus. For this reason we advise acquaintance with *The Irish World*.

The Weekly Bouquet, under the management of Mr. Henry Coyle, the present genial and gentle editor, has taken an influential position among our Catholic journals. Mr. Coyle is one of the kindest of men, never so happy as when serving others. He is as deservedly loved by Catholic writers as he is widely admired for his own work in verse and prose by Catholic readers.

Timeliness and variety in *The Weekly Bouquet* ever go hand in hand with loyal Catholicity, making this publication a very welcome visitor to Catholic homes, for young and old.

From various quarters words of grateful appreciation have come to us for Father Best's beautiful article on our Lady of Mount Carmel which appeared in the July number of DOMINICANA. It will be to us a great satisfaction to feel that our magazine will in any manner, enhance the glory of our Lady of Carmel. Father Best is the worthy editor of *The Carmelite Review*, a periodical devoted to the interests of the Scapular and to the propagation of Catholic literature. To our Rosarians we cordially recommend Father Best's excellent magazine.

The charge made by the Washington correspondent of *The Brooklyn Eagle*, an Administration organ, that the expulsion of the Friars from the Philippines and the confiscation of their property, are "on the slate" of the Administration party, is so serious that we withhold further comment for the present.

St Dominic.

WORDS BY REV. J.R. NEWELL O.P.

MUSIC BY A.F. LEJEAL.

Tempo di Marcia

As o'er the Church, amid her darkest hour, The gates of hell strove
In vision shown by course be. fore thy birth, Thy saintly moth-er
fierce-ly to pro-vail, And crime and error gather'd world-wide pour Christ mindfull of the
told of flaming brand In mould of faithful dog-bone round the earth, Enkindling mighty
word which none can fail, Sent thee great Do-min-i-c! en-dued with might To
fire on ev-ry hand! And at thy font Ego-tis-mal shone the star Pon-
scourge in-i-quity with thee ven-y-fail! And pour the rampant hosts of
telling wondrous light over every land To flash from thee, like meteor
hell to flight! And pour the rampant hosts of hell to flight!
wide and far! To flash from thee, like meteor wide and far!

S. DOMINIC—HYMN.

3

Thy youthful labors, fearless, thou didst spend
Among the Albigensians dark and fierce,
Whom by thy love and learning thou didst bend,
And hardest hearts with tenderness didst pierce,
Till heresy and hate at last o'ercome,
Deep grief was thine to lose the longed-for end—
Love's highest prize—the palm of martyrdom!

4

Great Preacher of the world! Whose clarion voice
The waning faith of nations newly fired,
And bade the sorrowing Church of Christ rejoice
O'er countless thousands with new life inspired!
Full deep in Christendom doth still abide
Thy memory beloved and admired—
Saint Dominic!—The Church's joy and pride!

5

O Loving Father! By the wondrous hope
Thy dying promise raised within our hearts,
Of surest aid against life's ills to cope
And to extinguish Satan's fiery darts,
Keep us from sin and free from worldly cares.
That we may know the joy God's grace imparts—
Fulfil thy word, O Father! by thy prayers!

CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

1—S. Peter in Chains. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

2—B. Jane of Aza, Mother of our Holy Father S. Dominic. Regular mass of requiem for deceased members of the Building Association at 9 o'clock.

3—Finding of the Body of S. Stephen. (Benediction.)

4—Our Holy Father S. Dominic, Founder of the Order of Preachers and Institutio of the Rosary. Solemn High Mass at 10 o'clock. The Franciscan Fathers will officiate. Plenary indulgence for all the faithful: C. C.; visit a Dominican Church; prayers.

5—Ninth Sunday after Pentecost. Our Lady of the Snow. Three Plenary indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at Procession; prayers; (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.

Communion Mass for Rosarians, 7 o'clock. Plenary indulgence also for members of the Living Rosary.

To-day special musical services in honor of S. Dominic will be held. 11 A. M. Mass—Organ Prelude (Tinel); "Kyrie" and "Agnus Dei" (Kalliwoda); "Gloria" and "Sanctus Solonelle" (Gounod); "Credo" (E. Dethier); "O Salutaris," male voices (Gounod); "Adoro Te" (G. M. Dethier); Postlude, "Marche Pontificale" (Tombelli). The panegyric of S. Dominic will be preached by the Reverend Father Giacobbi, S. J.

In the evening at 7:30 the following musical programme will be rendered: "Veni Creator," male quartet (Schweitzer); "O Salutaris," tenor solo (Rousseau); "Ave Maria" (Dethier); "Tantum Ergo" (Widor).

6—Transfiguration of our Lord.

Meeting of Rosarians and of the Rosarian Reading Circle.

7—S. Cajetan, Founder of the Theatines.

8—B. Augustine Lucerini, O. P., Bishop. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

9—B. John of Salerno, O. P., Confessor.

10—S. Laurence, Martyr. (Benediction.)

11—Octave day of our Holy Father S. Dominic. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

12—Tenth Sunday after Pentecost. S. Clare, O. S. F. Plenary indulgence for the members of the Holy Name Sodality. Mass for the Sodality at 7 o'clock; meeting at 3 P. M.

Meeting of men Tertiaries at 2 P. M.

13—S. Hippolytus and Companions, Martyrs.

Meeting and debate of the Young Men's Holy Name Society.

14—S. Emygdius, Bishop and Martyr. (Fasting Day.) The principal Mass of this Feast is offered that through the in-

tercession of the Saint, God may be pleased to avert the calamity of earthquakes.

15—The Assumption of our Blessed Lady. (Holy day of obligation.) Fourth Glorious Mystery of the Rosary. Three plenary indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at procession; prayers; (3) C. C.; visit any church; prayers. A plenary indulgence also for members of the Living Rosary. On one day, chosen at will during the Octave, a plenary indulgence for Rosarians: C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers.

Tertiaries may gain two plenary indulgences: C. C.; visit a Dominican Church, from first Vespers (on the Vigil) till sunset of the Feast; prayers.

16—S. Hyacinth, O. P., Confessor. (Benediction.) Plenary indulgence for all the faithful: C. C.; visit a Dominican Church; prayers.

17—B. Emily, O. P., Virgin. (Benediction.)

18—S. Roch, Confessor, especially invoked for preservation from contagious diseases.

19—Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost. S. Joachim, Father of our Blessed Lady. (Benediction.) Meeting of women Tertiaries at 2 P. M. A plenary indulgence for members of the Living Rosary.

The following is the musical programme arranged for the evening service: Organ recital programme—Sonata No. 1, first movement (Guilmant); "Lied" (G. M. Dethier); "Largo," from the "New World Symphony" (Dvorak); "Marche Solonelle" (Malliby). Choir programme—"Adoro Te" G. M. Dethier; soprano solo and chorus, "O Salutaris" (Franklin Palmer); chorus, "Ave Maria" (Arcadelt); tenor solo, "Every Valley" (Haendel), Mr. J. F. Veaco; male quartet, "Veni Creator" (Schweitzer).

20—S. Bernard, Abbot and Founder of the Cistercians.

21—S. Jane Frances de Chantal, Widow and Founder of the Visitation Sisters.

22—Octave day of the Assumption. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

23—B. James of Mevania, O. P., Confessor.

24—S. Bartholomew, Apostle. (Benediction.)

25—S. Louis, King of France. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

26—Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost. S. Philip Beniti, Confessor, Servite. (Benediction.) Plenary indulgence for those accustomed to recite a third part of the Rosary in common at least three times a week. Usual conditions.

27—S. Joseph Calasancius, Confessor, Founder of the Congregation of the Regu-

of the Mother of God, for the
of poor children.
of the Young Men's Holy Name
Augustine, Bishop, Doctor of the
nd Founder of the Augustinians.
(
Martyrdom of St. John the Bap-
tive Mass of the Rosary.)
Rose of Lima, O. P., Virgin.
(
Plenary indulgence for all
ul: C. C.; visit a Dominican
rayers.
Raymond, Confessor, of the
our Lady of Mercy for the Re-
of Captives.
ry indulgence may be gained
uth on any day chosen by the
of the Holy Name Sodality who

make daily a quarter of an hour's meditation. Conditions: C. C.; prayers.

A plenary indulgence may be gained on all Saturdays and Sundays by Tertiaries: C. C.; visit a Dominican Church; prayers.

The members of the Angelic Warfare may gain two plenary indulgences each month, on days selected at will. For the first the conditions are: (1) Daily recitation of the prayer "My Dear Jesus"; (2) C. C., on day determined; (3) prayers. For the second: (1) the daily recitation of the prayer "Chosen Lily of Innocence"; 2 and 3 as above.

Readers of DOMINICANA are reminded of the Directory published in our March number. This may be consulted, with advantage, from time to time.

THE FOURTH GLORIOUS MYSTERY OF THE ROSARY.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

Beads fall softly through my
ers,
ile my lips in whispers low re-
el's greeting, my rapt spirit
ers
emplation sweet.
blest decade, and with fond pre-
ption
t, entranced, the Heavenward-
ing stair,
the glory of my Queen's As-
ption,
r Kingdom fair.
rk silence of the tomb-bed chilly
be sad-eyed Apostle band I see;
le mortal shrine of Israel's Lily,
nd reverently.
more looking on their cherished
her,
led shall be her lonely burial
e,
k (essaying so to cheer each
r),
ke the Lord's her face!"
I hear that Lord's clear accents
er,
ding thus: "My Mother Blest,
e!
thy Son His Holy One sur-
ler,
corruption's prize!"
I throngs His summons swiftly
ling,
e before, when dawned His
er Day),
thward flight on joyful pinions
ding,
Death's dread stone away.
from out her deep sepulchral
on,
y their hands beyond Earth's
ted air,

Up through the highest heavens their
Queen hath risen,
To claim her Kingdom fair.
But by her grave the sad Apostles linger,
(Unknowing, yet, this rapturous Mys-
tery),
Till he who touched Love's wounds with
doubting finger,
Came o'er the crested sea,
And fondly craved, with rain of wildest
weeping,
One tender glimpse of that lov'd
Mother's face—
(Deeming her still serenely, calmly sleep-
ing
In her lone resting-place).
And, at his prayer, strong hands unsealed
the portal
That barred his entrance to the rock-
hewn tomb;
But naught they saw within that prison
mortal
Save wreaths of fragrant bloom.
What marvel that, in glad thanksgiving
chorus,
The wondering band enraptured voices
raise.
"Look up!" they cry, "Where now she
bendeth o'er us,
Her sweet maternal gaze."
What marvel, too, that through my
trembling fingers,
The Beads fall softly, while my lips re-
peat
The Angel greeting, as my spirit lingers
In contemplation sweet,
O'er this blest decade, and with fond pre-
sumption,
I mount, entranced, the Heavenward-
leading stair,
To greet the glory of my Queen's As-
umption
Unto her Kingdom fair.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A FABLE OF THREE FOWLS.

There once lived on a picturesque old farm an unscrupulous old goose, a haughty, conceited duck and a simple-hearted hen.

The goose was an elderly fowl, and was wont to act as chaperon for the duck, whom she had flattered so much that the duck really believed herself more graceful than a swan.

One day the duck observed the hen cackling over an egg she had generously laid, and said:

"It's a wonder you don't get tired laying for the people of this farm."

"Why should I? They are good to me."

"Good? How so?"

"They feed me, and I have a pretty good time of it every day."

"They don't feed you for love of you. They will sell or kill you later on, for their own profit."

"I can't believe that. They have not sold nor killed the parrot in the kitchen."

"You are not a parrot."

"But I'm bigger than she, and give eggs."

"She talks like themselves, and calls them names. The more she insults them the more they enjoy it. Oh, you are blind."

"I don't think they will ever sell or kill me," said the hen, meekly. "If they do, I can't help it. Anyway, nothing shall happen to me except what I should meet as a hen. Meanwhile, I'll enjoy myself and look on the bright side of things."

"What a simpleton!" said the duck. "I'm going out of the egg business, so far as this farm is concerned. Let them feel the need of my services in future."

"Don't you think it is your duty to do what you were made to do?"

"Duty! Nonsense! I'm mistress of myself. No one shall tell me what is right or wrong."

"I should be afraid to talk that way. It is proud, and pride has a fall."

Don't you believe that saying? It is only used to scare folks."

"Just the same, you ought to do something for the farmer in return for your board."

"I'll do nothing whatever. He ought to be glad to have me around the place. I give the farm a superior look. I'm quite an ornament, the goose says, I'm so distinguished looking."

The hen turned to pecking in the grass, and the duck waddled away, being soon met by her chaperon, the goose.

"Ah! Delighted!" exclaimed the goose, smiling. "You seem annoyed."

"That horrid hen has been pestering me with her old fashioned ideas."

"Banish her from your mind. Are you ready to start?"

"Yes. We'll show them here how much we think of duty."

"Isn't it a vulgar word—so offensive to one's ears."

They started off, and in due time were far away from their despised home.

At length they reached an inviting pond and paused to refresh themselves.

As they waded in from the edge something suddenly came whizzing through the air from an adjacent wood. It was a rifle shot. It killed the goose outright and fatally wounded the duck.

The huntsman was soon on the scene. He caught up the goose and likewise the dying duck.

"Ah, me!" she moaned in pain, as she was being carried off. "Why did I ever let that wicked goose mislead me by her bad influence. How I wish I had staid on the farm, as happy as the hen whose goodness I scorned!"



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MOST REV. P. W. RIORDAN,
Archbishop of San Francisco.



MOST REV. J. S. ALTMANN, O.P.,
Second Bishop of Monterey and First Archbishop of San Francisco.

DOMINICANA

Vol. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

No. 7

TO THE MEMORY OF OUR BELOVED PIONEER ARCHBISHOP THE LATE MOST REV. JOSEPH SADOC ALEMANY, O. P.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

'Tis well to greet with festal joy
Thy Statehood's golden prime,—
Thy crown undimmed by base alloy
Of dead, corroding Time,
O, fairest 'mid Columbia's band
Of daughters bright and blest!
Sweet Summer's ever-smiling Land!
Proud Ruler of the West!

Aye, well to trace thy upward flight,
Thy swift ascent to see
To loftiest, sun-illumined height
Of glad Prosperity,
Whereon, O golden-vestured Queen!
Thou dwellest proudly now,
Uplifting to the skies serene
Thy star-encircled brow.

And theirs a tribute justly due,
Who made such glory thine;
With sturdy strength, with courage true
Deep in the gloomy mine,
All unpalled by perils dread,
Ye toiled through weary years—
By beck'ning Fortune onward led—
O, matchless Pioneers!

But, 'mid that Argonautic host
Of pilgrims strong and bold,
Who sought, on far Pacific's coast
Its mountains' prison'd gold,
Came one who scorned the shining store
Debased by earthly leaven;
For he to "El Dorado" bore
The fadeless wealth of Heaven!

Long years had passed, since tempest-
toss'd,
On wild Atlantic's main,
Its billowy path he bravely crossed,
From out his Faith-lit Spain,
With white-robed Dominic's sons to toil
In fair Columbia's field,
And bid his Lord's fresh vineyard-soil
Immortal treasures yield.

Then spake from Truth's Eternal Rock
The Voice that bade him sway
The Master's ever-thronging flock
In wave-washed Monterey.
And so, when Summer's brightness
glowed
From sunny skies of June,
The consecrating hand bestowed,
Dear Land, thy precious boon!

Where once the sons of Francis blest
Wrought Mission labors well;
Where Serra lay, in holy rest,
Within his loved Carmel,
The strong yet sweet-souled Prelate
ruled
His sheepfold by the sea,
As brave yet hidden Pastor schooled
In meek humility.

But lo! ere long, our youthful State
A throne yet grander chose,
So, guarded by her Golden Gate,
A new Queen City rose.
Then came again the blest command,
Revealing Will Divine:
"Grasp, now, within thy fitting hand
Of weightier trust, the Sign!"

Soon this, his wider realm, was sweet
With "Hermon's dew" of Grace;
While Faith with worldly Progress fleet
Kept swift, unflagging pace.
Unwearied priests of Love Divine
Made bright its altar-fire,
And bade full many a stately shrine
Uplift the cross-crown'd spire,

Beneath whose sacred shadow dwelt
The "Bread that maketh strong"—
There oft in glad thanksgiving knelt
The manna-nourished throng—
There mystic streams of grace bedewed
The favored infant brow,
And there the sin-wash'd soul renewed
Baptism's broken vow.

Rose, too, full soon, the dwelling fair
Of Mercy's vestal train,
Whose potent prayer, and angel care,
Assuaged the suff'r'er's pain;
While, for the helpless orphan bands,
Was built the blest retreat
Where thousands knew the helping
hands
Of Vincent's daughters sweet.
And homes were reared, where worldly
lore
Unites with heavenly Truth,
To fill with Learning's deathless store
The docile mind of Youth.
Aye, e'en the outcast sinner vile,
And lone, neglected waif
Were cheered by Christ-like Pity's
smile,
In shelter, calm and safe.
At last, from out the Golden West,
Far o'er the distant main,
The toil-worn Shepherd sought his rest
In cloister-home of Spain.
Yet first, with wise and loving choice,
Successor true he named;
And lo! the world-wide Ruler's Voice
That fitting choice acclaimed.
Then, breathing fervent benisons
Upon the weeping crowd,
His tender heart's long-cherished ones
In grief before him bowed,
He vanished from their longing sight,
To greet that throng no more,
Till ends, at last, this earthly night
And pilgrim-toils are o'er.
For ah! full soon, the tidings, fraught
With deepest sorrow, came
That he whose noble life had taught
Love for his very name,
Had found, indeed, his welcome rest,
And from his Faith-bright Spain
Had passed—within Love's Kingdom
blest
In fadeless peace to reign.

Thy blest Archbishop, too, enshrine
In love's remembrance true;
Meek Envoy he of King Divine,
Yet strong, His Will to do.
And lo! from heavenly heights adown,
He sheddeth over thee
Bright halos from his fadeless crown
Of Golden Jubilee.

Yet, while, O loved Archbishop, still
Our grief-rent hearts bewail
Thy matchless loss, with loyal thrill
Those grateful hearts must hail
As Shepherd true thy own glad choice,
Who bowed to mandate blest
Of Rock-thron'd Pontiff's Sacred Voice,
And sought our favor'd West.

Thy meet companion first to be,
And then thy work to do
With ceaseless, steadfast energy
And ardor glad and true.
That rich results have crown'd his toil,
His loving labors blessed,
Let harvest field, and vineyard-soil
With treasures fraught, attest.

And now, fair land! 'mid festal joy
Of Statehood's golden prime—
Thy crown undimmed by base alloy
Of dread, corroding Time,
When thou dost pay the tribute due
To friends of earlier years,
Who toiled for thee, with courage true—
Thy matchless Pioneers,

Forget not those who, long before,
Had brought the gem that shines
With fairer gleam than lights the store
In all thy depthless mines;
Who decked with bloom the dreary wild
And bade the sweet bells chime,
To call the forest's ransomed child
To rites of Faith sublime.

O save, then, save from dark decay
Their Mission Temples blest—
Thy richest heritage are they,
Fair Kingdom of the West!
And keep in tend'rest memory
Each brown-robed friar's name,
Who wove a Sacred Crown for thee
Of never-fading fame.

A Tribute

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF SAN FRANCISCO

Most Rev. Patrick William Riordan

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

*While the soft, autumnal glory
Ghinheth over land and sea,
And we hail the blissful story,
Sung by Golden Jubilee,
Sunset's Kingdom! Ah! remem-
ber
That in dreamy, tender glow
Of the halo-crowned September—
Sixteen happy years ago,—*

*Came thy rich and precious
treasure
Through the mystic Golden
Gate;
Price that price can scarcely
measure,
O, thou fair and favored State!*

*Hail! Archbishop, loved and
gracious,
Hail, O Pastor, faithful blest!
Lab'rer true, in vineyard spacious
Of thy Master's Golden West!
Angels count, (by man unnum-
bered,)
Sheaves that freight thy har-
vest soil,
Fruits of care that ne'er hath
slumbered,
Rich results of ceaseless toil.
Long may we, thy children loyal,
Own thy sway, a grateful band,
Long in Sunset's Kingdom Royal
Know thy gracious, guiding
hand!*

SEPTEMBER NINTH, 1850—1900.

SISTER ANNA RAPHAEL, S. N. D.

*Once more, beside our Sunset Sea,
A strain of Golden Jubilee!
Once more, by smiling vale and hill,
The hearts of thousands are athrill
With psalms of gratitude and praise
For all the boons of by-gone days.

Once more, our banners floating free,
A Nation's pride by land and sea,
Like heavings of the human breast,
So rapturous, patriot songs attest
The feelings of our State aglow
With thoughts of fifty years ago.*

*And, as our banners sink and rise
O, too, to Memory's thoughtful eyes,
Come back, commingling smiles and tears,
The pageant of the by-gone years,
When first Columbia fondly pressed
Her fairest daughter to her breast.*

*O California! round thy brow
We bind love's filial garland now,
And wreath thy fiftieth natal day
With loyalty's unfading bay,
While from our inmost souls arise,
For thee, our pleadings to God's skies,*

*That He may bless for evermore
This Eden of our Sunset Shore,
And crown with boundless peace and love
On earth below, in Heaven above,
The souls of sacrifice that bore
Immortal blessings to thy shore.*

*Brave pioneers of Faith and Truth,
The Guides and Teachers of our youth,
Beyond all feeble human lays,
Their selfless lives, their noblest praise,
Their children's heritage sublime,
A monument outlasting time.*

A DAY ON TAMALPAIS.

SISTER ROSALIA, O.P.

"THE CROOKED RAILWAY IN THE WORLD"! That is what the guide book says of the Mill Valley and Mount Tamalpais Scenic Railway. A unique distinction, to be sure!

Determined to enjoy the novelty of such a trip, and to see for ourselves this enchanting corner of the world, we took the ferry-boat at the foot of Market street at 9:30 A. M. one day in the latter part of July. In San Francisco and on the Bay the morning was cool and gray, and after passing the fortified island of Alcatraz and out of the shelter of the hills, the wind blew fresh and somewhat chill through the Golden Gate. As we approached Sausalito a change of temperature was perceptible, and we found that little hill-perched, sea-



caressed hamlet basking beneath its trees in a perfect flood of golden sunlight.

At Sausalito we took the train, and after a five-mile run through very picturesque surroundings reached Mill Valley, with its magnificent forest of redwoods, where we connected with the train of the Mill Valley and Mount Tamalpais Scenic Railway.

This railway is considered a triumph of engineering. The air-line distance from the base of the mountain to the summit is only three miles, but in making an ascent of 2,500 feet the road had to take a tortuous course, and is 8.19 miles in length; in that distance it makes 277 curves. Our train consisted of two open cars and a locomotive, which, contrary to the usual order, is kept behind the cars instead of in front of them. Perfect systems of brakes are in use, and it is claimed that trains may be stopped instantly at any grade, and that accidents are almost impossible. The heaviest grade is seven per cent, not steeper than a good carriage road.

The train enters a heavily wooded canyon at Blithedale; and after crossing the canyon the ascent commences. In and out the road curves along the side of the mountain. Every turn new beauties present themselves, picture after picture of rare loveliness unfolded before us. Ocean, bay, island, mountain, hill and valley form a scene complex in strength and power, and exquisite in detail. An added pleasure is found in the delightfully



perfumed air. The long months of uninterrupted sunshine draw out the fragrance of earth and tree and flower, so that one writer has said that California is odorous as the Turkish Orient is odorous, and that Arabia and California are the lands of perfect perfumes. This seems to be especially true of Marin County. The fragrant breath of pine, bay, oak, madrona and laurel is borne upon the air, and one breathes deep and feels that it is good to be alive.

Up we go, through this delicious atmosphere, and by stretching out the left hand one can almost touch the tops of the tall redwoods, whose roots are in the canyons far below, while on the right the embankment is covered with lovely trailing vines and exquisite



THE "DOUBLE BOW KNOT."

ferns. About half way up the mountain we reach the "Double Bow Knot," where the track parallels itself five times as it steadily makes its way upward. It is at this point that we get our first glimpse of the ocean, as we look over the mountains towards the west. At

every moment the horizon expands; mountain after mountain comes into view; the Bay opens out, its beautiful islands all in full view—Alcatraz, Angel Island and Yerba Buena.



Tiburon, with its picturesque fishing smacks and its yachting fleet, looking like a bit of Naples or Venice transferred to the West. Monte Diablo rises above the Coast Range. The valleys sink lower and lower, until from a height of 2,592 feet one looks down upon a scene of majesty and beauty almost unequaled in the world. To the south lies San Francisco, that queenly city of the West, so beautifully described by Bret Harte:

Serene, indifferent of Fate,
Thou sittest at the Western Gate;

Upon the height so lately won
Still slant the banners of the sun;

Thou seest the white seas strike their tents,
O Warder of two continents!

And, scornful of the peace that flies
Thy angry winds and sullen skies,

Thou drawest all things, small or great,
To thee beside the Western Gate.

O lion's whelp, that hidest fast
In jungle growth of spire and mast!

I know thy cunning and thy greed,
Thy hard high lust and willful deed,

And all thy glory loves to tell
Of specious gifts material.

Drop down, O Fleecy Fog, and hide
Her skeptic sneer and all her pride!

Wrap her, O Fog, in gown and hood
Of her Franciscan Brotherhood!

Hide me her faults, her sin and blame,
With thy gray mantle cloak her shame!

So shall she cowl'd sit and pray
Till morning bears her sins away;

Then rise, O Fleecy Fog, and raise
The glory of her coming days;

Be as the cloud that flecks the seas
Above her smoky argosies;

When forms familiar shall give place
To stranger speech and newer face;

When all her throes and anxious fears
Lie hushed in the repose of years;

When Art shall raise and Culture lift
The sensual joys and meaner thirst,

And all fulfilled the vision we
Who watch and wait shall never see;

Who in the morning of her race
Toiled fair or meanly in our place,

But yielding to the common lot,
Lie unrecorded and forgot.

"The glory of her coming days" is here, but neither "unrecorded or forgot" is the man to whom we are indebted for these beautiful lines.

To the east lie Oakland and Berkeley; to the north San Rafael, that lovely little town whose climate is said to be so like that of Mentone, in the south of France. Its villas,

l, convent and cottages are seen through embowering trees and vines, and who has not d of its beautiful roses?

Mill Valley is at our feet, and half way up the northern slope lies Lake Lagunitas, ling, shimmering and gleaming--set like a brilliant gem on the breast of the mountain. To the west the soft, undulating slopes of the Tamalpais Ridge, green in the fore-nd, purple in the distance, against whose rocky cliffs that ocean upon which Cortez



d, "Silent upon a peak in Darien," dashes its thundering waves. Further south they k in long lines of snowy, fleecy foam on the beach below the Cliff.

From the spacious veranda of the "Tavern of Tamalpais" we looked out upon the n; a fog had hung over it in the morning, but at noon it lifted, and we could see clearly ncoming and outgoing vessels. One beautiful ship, with every sail set, came in, like



a white-winged bird,
through the Golden Gate
to the peerless, land-
locked Bay of San Fran-
cisco.

The "Golden Gate"! So it was named by John C. Fremont on the map sent by him to the United States Senate in June, 1848, on account of its gate-like entrance to so magnificent a harbor, and its glorious beauty in the sunset light. It is at once the delight and despair of poet and of artist, who have striven with word and brush to paint its beauty. Thus Joaquin Miller:

"The golden fleece is at our feet,
Our hills are girt in sheen of gold;
Our golden flower-fields are sweet
With honey hives. A thousand-fold
More fair our fruits on laden stem
Than Jordan's toward Jerusalem.

"Beneath our ancient cloud-clad trees
The ages pass in silence by.
Gold apples of Hesperides
Hang at our god-land gates for aye,
Our golden shores have golden keys
Where sound and sing Balboa's seas."

Many interesting legends are found in California literature regarding Mount Tamalpais — one of which we give below. It is a curious fact that the summit of Mount Tamalpais — limned against the sky, forms the perfect outline of the figure of a woman as though laid out in death. The hair appears to ripple back from the forehead and float in long waves down the mountain side; the hands are clasped across the breast, and the whole figure is in perfect semblance of one in the last long sleep. On viewing the mountain from the East, particularly from Vallejo, this resemblance is especially marked, and this is one of the most beautiful views obtainable. At the close of a winter's day, when the sky is well covered with black, broken clouds, to see the sun set in a crimson glow that doth

"The multitudinous seas incarnadine," and not alone the sea but the clouded sky also blazing in a weath of color



against which the deep, royal purple of the mountain is outlined, is a sight to stir the heart of an artist.

The legend runs that the "Sleeping Beauty of the West" wandered forth a thousand years ago to find the most beautiful land in all the world, where she might sleep her sleep of mystery. Stephen Leslie Sullivan has embalmed the legend in verse, from which we take the following lines:

"Forsooth," she said; "in sun or snow,
In springtime, bloom or autumn weather,
In winter darkness, summer glow,
In woodlands wild and fragrant heather,
This is of lands the richest; rarest,
This is of all fair lands the fairest,
Here ends my weary quest."
Unnumbered years have come and gone,
And still beside the sailful sea,
She sleeps the mountain height upon
She sleeps her sleep of mystery.
The ocean's rush, the cannon's roar,
The wind's wild wail along the shore,
Break not her lonesome rest.

"On Tamalpais' lonely height,
Asleep beside the sunset sea;
Asleep above the foam and fight
Of waves in war for mastery,
The Sleeping Beauty of the West,
With mountain roses on her breast,
Reposes peacefully.
And through the years about to be,
In summer sun or winter weather,
Above the great Pacific sea,
She'll sleep amid the mountain heather,
For of all lands the richest, rarest,
Of fairest lands the very fairest,
This land shall ever be."

Surely we must give heartfelt assent to the verdict of the "Sleeping Beauty," as we gaze out upon the typical California landscape. The tawny, old-gold color of the hills forms a fitting background for the varied greens of shrub and tree, the blues of sea and sky, and the purple of the peaks. The plaint of California for a poet to sing her glory, so beautifully voiced by Ina Coolbrith, comes to mind:

"And I am of the hills and of the sea;
Strong with the strength of my great hills, and calm
With calm of the fair sea, whose billowy gold
Girdles the land whose queen and love I am!
Lo! am I less than thou,
That with a sound of lyres, and harp-playing,
Not any voice doth sing
The beauty of mine eyelids and my brow?
Nor hymn in all my fair and gracious ways,
And lengths of golden days,
The measure and the music of my praise?
Ah, what indeed is this
Old land beyond the seas, that you should miss
For her the grace and majesty of mine?
Are not the fruit and vine
Fair on my hills, and in my vales the rose?
The palm-tree and the pine
In every wind that blows.
What clearer heavens can shine
Above the land whereon the shadow lies
Of her dead glory, and her slaughtered kings
And lost vanished gods?
Upon my fresh green sods

No king has walked to curse and desolate;
 But in the valleys freedom sits and sings,
 And on the heights above;
 Upon her brows the leaves of olive boughs
 And in her arms a dove;
 And the great hills are pure, undesecrate,
 White with their snows untrod,
 And mighty with the presence of their God.

"Lo! I have waited long!
 How longer yet must my strung harp be dumb,
 Ere its great master come?
 Till the fair singer comes to make the strong,
 Rapt chords of it unto the new, glad song?
 Him a diviner speech
 My song-birds wait to teach;
 The secrets of the field
 My blossoms will not yield
 To other hands than his;
 And lingering for this,
 My laurels lend the glory of their boughs
 To crown no narrower brows.
 For on his lips must wisdom sit with youth,
 And in his eyes, and on the lids thereof
 The light of a great love,
 And on his forehead truth."

At 4:30 P. M. we left the Tavern, a delightful and hospitable resort under genial management, where the traveller can count on good treatment, be the stay one of hours or days.



During the descent to Mill Valley the conductor gave us an account of the great forest fire that occurred on the mountain last October. We noticed that from the blackened stump of a redwood tree the green shoots were budding forth. On remarking it, our guide replied, "Oh, you can't kill a redwood tree; I've seen 'em burned until you'd think there was nothing left of 'em, but in the spring the sap runs up, and they're as lively as ever."

On inquiring if there had ever been an accident on the road, he

answered emphatically, "No," and fervently wished he had a dollar for every time he had been asked that question—a wish in which we heartily acquiesced. We reached Sausalito in time for the 5 o'clock boat and San Francisco at 6:30 P. M., after a delightful day, in which our hearts were lifted

"Through nature up to nature's God."

Babe of Anna! Little Maiden!
 We with transports overladen,
 Spirits full, hearts almost broken,
 Joy which cannot be outspoken,
 We thy birthday greet, the dawning
 Of Salvation's happy morning.

Infant Mary! Joy of earth!
 We with all this world of mirth,
 Light-hearted and joy-laden,
 Greet the morning of thy birth,
 Little Maiden!

—*Father Faber.*

FIFTY YEARS OF CATHOLICITY IN CALIFORNIA.

ANY commemoration of California's semi-centennial of Statehood that would omit mention of the Church's progress during the half century which closes with this present year, should be regarded as lacking an integral if not an essential part of the record. DOMINICANA deems it a fitting occasion to set before our readers, Catholic and non-Catholic, in California and in other sections of the country, a bird's-eye view of what has been accomplished for Religion in our favored State since the Stars and Stripes were flung to the breeze in testimony of American sovereignty.

This view is by no means intended as an account of works done by our fathers in the faith; it does not claim even the dignity of a sketch. It is merely a suggestive glimpse, a faint outline, the goodly proportions of which will probably encourage fuller reading of an inspiring narrative, the memory of which should be kept alive, generation unto generation.

When Bishop Alemany, Father Vilarasa and Mother Mary Gomaere arrived in San Francisco, December, 1850, only the humble frame church of S. Francis had been erected to meet the wants of the Catholic pioneers who spoke not Spanish. For the Spaniards and the Mexicans the old Mission Dolores (almost the last of the splendid line of Franciscan Mission stations) had sufficed for more than eighty years.

The young bishop whose see was named of Monterey found few priests ready to co-operate in his labors. Indeed, the first tidings he learned, on his arrival, was of the death of his fellow Dominican, Father Anderson, who had fallen a victim to the cholera in Sacramento, where he had built a simple little church under the patronage of S. Rose of Lima.

Throughout the State there was no organized religious life, barring the scattered congregations, chiefly Mexican, of that portion south of San Francisco Bay. As we have said, it is not our purpose to

review the wonderful development of Catholicity, in its steady and rapid march during the half century following Bishop Alemany's arrival. This would require a volume; we have only a few pages which we may command. We desire rather to have our readers contrast the poor and feeble beginnings of the early Church in California as United States territory, with the glorious fruits that episcopal zeal, sacerdotal devotion and a laity's generosity have gathered in the name of the Lord.

Then there was one bishop, aided by a handful of clergy, ministering to a widely scattered and not numerous flock, under conditions most trying, under hardships and poverty and suffering, such as it has ever pleased the Divine Founder to use as beginnings.

To-day what does the Church in California present to the gaze of the faithful, to those not of the household, of the stranger, of the passer-by, who even as "a guest of one day" looks over this blessed and prosperous land? An answer to this question can best be made in figures, in enumeration of results, in presentation of living facts which eloquently proclaim that God has been with His people.

San Francisco, proudly bearing the name of the poor man of Assissi, is to-day the metropolis of the Pacific, a city numbering nigh on to four hundred thousand souls, the seat of an Archbishop, and the head of an ecclesiastical province numbering three suffragan bishoprics, two of which are located in California—Los Angeles (with Monterey) and Sacramento. Serving under the jurisdiction of these three prelates of California we find a small army of zealous priests. The few of Bishop Alemany's first year have been succeeded by three hundred and sixty-four, of whom one hundred and twenty-nine belong to various religious Orders and Congregations.

The fact that the second bishop of Mon-



RT. REV. GARCIA DIEGO Y MORENO, O.S.F.
First Bishop of Monterey.



RT. REV. THADDEUS AMAT, C.M.
Third Bishop of Monterey.



RT. REV. FRANCIS MORA,
Fourth Bishop of Monterey.



RT. REV. GEORGE MONTGOMERY,
Present Bishop of Monterey.



RT. REV. EUGENE O'CONNELL,
First Bishop of Grass Valley.



RT. REV. PATRICK MANOGUE,
First Bishop of Sacramento.



RT. REV. THOMAS GRACE.
Present Bishop of Sacramento,

terey, who was a Dominican and who became in July, 1853, the first Archbishop of San Francisco, was accompanied to the scene of his episcopal labors by a fellow Dominican priest, Father Vilarrasa, naturally accounts for the early establishment of the Order of Preachers in these parts. During many years the devoted services of our Fathers were cheerfully given to the building up of the diocese. With the increase of the number of secular priests, the Dominicans were left freer to foster their own institutions. At present their establishments include two priories, a vicariate, three parochial churches and six mission churches committed to their care.

In 1851 the Jesuit Fathers came, though their mission was not formally established until 1854, when seven Fathers and six Brothers settled at Santa Clara and San Jose. The following year three priests and a brother were sent to San Francisco. At present the Jesuits control the two colleges of Santa Clara, near San Jose, and S. Ignatius, San Francisco, besides the direction of churches in San Jose and Los Gatos. The society now numbers fifty-four priests, sixty-two scholastics and forty-five brothers.

The Franciscans who had so gloriously maintained the noble work of the Missions, came back, by a peculiar right, to the city bearing thier holy Founder's name, and to the State whose early religious history is so closely woven into that of the Friars Minor. Under their direction are churches in the three episcopal cities of the State, besides other parishes committed to their care in the Archdiocese, and in that of Los Angeles. In all, twenty-six Franciscan Fathers are laboring in these parts, chiefly for the German-speaking portion of California's Catholic people.

Since 1885 the Fathers of the Society of Mary have ministered to the French Catholics of San Francisco. They began with one; now they are three.

In December, 1894, Archbishop Riordan welcomed to his old Cathedral of S. Mary's two Paulist Fathers, who have since zealously administered the affairs of religion

there, and whose labors now require the co-operation of five members of their congregation.

The Salesian Fathers who came in 1897, on the invitation of His Grace, Archbishop Riordan, to work among the Italians, now number a colony of four, besides scholastics and lay brothers—a happy increase over the little band of two priests who began their mission within so short a time. The Salesian Fathers have the care of two churches in San Francisco.

The opening of the Seminary of Menlo Park in 1898 introduced to California those devoted ecclesiastics, the sons of the Venerable Olier, known as Sulpicians. Five of these Fathers form a present staff of the preparatory college. Of this splendid monument to the episcopal solicitude and unflagging zeal of His Grace, we shall present an account, in becoming form, at another time.

The Congregation of the Mission of the Lazarists, otherwise known as the Vincentians, are represented by thirteen Fathers, who conduct a college and two parochial churches in Los Angeles diocese.

As devoted auxiliaries in the work of the Clergy, diocesan and regular, we find enlisted in the sacred cause of Christian education a valiant host of men and women wearing Religion's robe, and for the love of Christ breaking unto His little ones the bread of truth. The one Dominican Sister who accompanied the Bishop of Monterey in his long journey across the continent may look down from her heavenly home on a great array of Israel's lovely tabernacles, in the variety of external beauty with which the King's daughters profess their service of devotion. Again we shall let the figures speak. The mustard seed of Dominican life planted in Monterey by Bishop Alemany in early 1851 has spread and grown into so mighty a tree that, as we write, we call to mind that two hundred and two brave women wear the habit of S. Dominic, and dedicate, each day anew, their lives and labors to the cause of Religion in asylum, hospital and school. Besides the works of corporal and spiritual mercy sacred to

k and the orphan, our Dominican conduct one college, five boarding academies, and ten parochial

51 the Sisters of Notre Dame came to San Jose from Oregon, a heroic colony of six. They began, as all works begin, in poverty. To-day's fruitful benediction rests on two d of those faithful daughters of our divided into eight companies in as different establishments, all dedicated to Catholic education, ranging from primary to the highest academic

ive Sisters of Charity who laid the ion of their apostolate at San diego in 1852 builded so well in the nat one hundred and twenty-nine wear the picturesque garb of the ers of S. Vincent de Paul, whose om Los Angeles to San Francisco, en institutions, embracing schools y grade, asylums and hospitals, is g witness of the love of Jesus

54 the children of that holy Irish Nano Nagle, came to our city. ix, the advance guard, they have to a goodly company of eighty- aboring in five different convents, training of the girls who will be nolic wives and mothers and nuns, ion and in the world, of the com eration.

ame year saw another accession of cruits, the daughters of Catharine y, whose world-wide fame, for and zeal, is consecrated in the name of Mercy. The first band ed eight. Now these devoted wo more than two hundred, and to sed, spiritual and temporal, of poor y they minister in seventeen esents in various parts of the State. isters of the Holy Names came in rom six they have increased, in wo years, to one hundred and i. Six academies and schools they in different parts of the two dio San Francisco and Monterey. The of their work bears the seal of y favor.

A few months later, in August, 1868, seven Brothers of the Christian Schools began their noble mission. How rich has been their grace, how full God's blessing, we may judge when it is stated that, including their later foundations at Portland, Oregon, and at Walla Walla and Vancouver, Washington, they direct asylums, technical schools, parochial schools, academies and colleges, in all thirteen, having mustered for this service a fine corps of able educators numbering more than one hundred.

Forty-five Sisters of the Immaculate Heart direct five schools and academies in the diocese of Los Angeles. Their work began with a community of ten, in 1871.

In early November, 1872, the Vicar General of San Francisco organized the Holy Family Sisterhood, a society of pious women devoted to the care of children. They direct three day homes in different parts of the city; they also possess their convent house, making in all four establishments. The community numbers forty-five.

The Ursulines came in 1881. The little colony of nine now numbers nineteen, in charge of two schools.

In 1882 the Sisters of S. Joseph began with four members their mission in San Diego. Now they are fifty-three, and in seven establishments their zeal finds ample scope for their earnest labors.

Having borne the mitre for thirty-four years, Archbishop Alemany resigned his charge into the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff. A pioneer bishop he had been, a shepherd ever watchful for his flock, a leader eminent for learning and piety. The good odor of his saintly life, of his labors and sacrifices in laying broad and deep the foundations of Religion, is still a fragrant memory with priests and people.

With the accession, in 1884, of the present Archbishop of San Francisco, who had come as Co-adjutor in the preceding year, religious life felt the stimulus of his devoted energy, and his vigorous zeal. The children's interests were closest to his heart, and the work of Catholic education found in him an apostolic champion. The gradual and gratifying results which

form an important portion of the record of his sixteen years of episcopal administration, are in lasting evidence of his high resolve that side by side with each parish church building should rise another temple dedicated to Catholic education.

His influence and share in the spread of the Faith have been gently yet powerfully felt along every avenue of spiritual development, in every undertaking, whether immediately inaugurated by himself or carried on through his sanction and encouragement and help. His life has been generously, unsparingly and loyally given to the securing of the highest and the best for his people, for the solid and enduring building of the Church of Christ in this diocese.

His far-seeing zeal reaches into the future. In planning for the erection and the completion of a noble seminary, Archbishop Riordan is assuring to Religion a race, generation after generation, of pious, scholarly and devoted priests.

The Brothers of Mary inaugurated their work in California in Stockton in 1884. At the present time they have three establishments and sixteen members. The first colony numbered six.

Eight Sisters of the Holy Cross came to the Coast in 1886. During the fourteen years which have since elapsed they have increased their foundations to three, and their membership to forty.

In 1887 the Ladies of the Sacred Heart opened their academy in San Francisco, with a community of twelve. Now they are forty-two, and direct a second academy at Menlo Park.

The flourishing community of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin is represented in California by two branch houses—S. Brigid's, San Francisco, and at Petaluma. They came to the city twelve years ago. The original band of four has since been increased to twenty-three.

On September 1, 1889, five Franciscan Sisters began the work of S. Joseph's Home, San Francisco. The eleven years which have passed have been years of blessed and

fruitful labor. Now these faithful daughters of S. Francis number twenty-four.

In making this hurried estimate of the Orders and Congregations that are laboring for Religion and Christian education in California we desire to say that a fuller tribute will be duly rendered to these self-sacrificing men and women, when we shall have come to that part of DOMINICANA's programme.

In the three dioceses into which the original jurisdiction of Bishop Alemany in California is now divided, the few Indians who had survived the destruction of the Missions, and the scattered groups of whites, Mexicans and Spanish, have been succeeded by a population gathered literally from the four quarters of the globe and consisting of levies from almost every nation, among whom we find about one-third of a million rejoicing in the possession of the Faith of Rome, governed by three apostolic bishops, ministered to by the goodly army of priests and brothers and sisters whose names we have mentioned, but whose deeds are written in the book of life.

This array of Catholic life finds active organization in one hundred and fifty-seven parishes, three hundred and twenty-five churches and chapels (not counting stations), thirty-two hospitals, asylums and homes, five seminaries, eleven colleges for boys, forty-eight academies for girls, and sixty-eight parochial schools. More than twenty-six thousand Catholic children are under direct Catholic care, while hundreds of non-Catholic parents avail of the same benign influence for the Christian education of their children.

Under the guidance and inspiration of a devoted body of clergy, the spiritual life is fostered in all these centres, through sacramental ministrations and by means of an energetic confraternity and sodality organization.

The maintenance of a vigorous Catholic Truth Society and the publication of an

*According to Father Gleeson ("History of the Catholic Church in California," page 281), the Catholic population of the State in 1850 numbered about fifteen hundred, to whom fifteen priests ministered in twenty-four churches. There was one college, the equipment of which was, of course, after the manner of the times.

ic Catholic journal—*The Monitor*—the sanction and encouragement of Grace the Archbishop of San Francisco are evidences of active, zealous and ever ready to proclaim the power of the ministry of the spiritual life.

ask our readers to go back in spirit to the days of the rushing throngs feverish for gold, to the days of the min-

ing camp, to the period of rudeness and newness, when the beginnings of God's Church were in such lowliness. Having viewed this picture, look on that which we have endeavored to sketch in merest outline, and in thanksgiving to the Giver of every good gift descending from above, reverently add, "Here is the hand of God Who hath verily shown mercy exceeding to his people."

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE, O. P.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." (*Jer. viii. 20.*)

Harvest is past and ended,
Summer is fled away,
Are the sweet scents blended
Of clover and the hay.

Is the royal mantle
In the changing woods have worn,
Ripple of the vineyards,
The yellow, waving corn.

If falls from the forest,
Smile fades from the sky,
Garden's autumn splendor
Tells us it must die.

Leaves and the dahlias
Lie with scentless bloom;
Are springing from a deathbed,
Will lie upon a tomb.

It hangs on my spirit,
Liness and a chill,
The mist upon the river,
The rain upon the hill.

Lead them carry the harvest
Over the hill-side waved,
Felt a strange, sweet gladness,
Link of those bright ears *sav'd*.

Thoughts of a spring-time wasted,
orrow for summer lost;
ave laid their sheaves in the
ner.
they fear not the winter's frost.

ad their beautiful season,
their golden summer pride,
ame the call of the reaper,
hey bowed their heads and died.

The harvest is past, and the summer,
And oh! that this soul of mine
To its home were safely gathered,
Like the corn-sheaves and the wine.

And oh! that living or dying
It had done its work as they,
With a beauty in its blossoms,
And a wealth in its decay.

So speaks repining Nature,
Unmanned by coward fears,
Gazing on life's fierce conflict
Through a blinding mist of tears.

From defeat and failure shrinking,
It dares not hope for the crown,
But ere the battle is ended
It would fling its weapons down.

Cast off thine ill-timed sadness,
O weak and querulous soul!
Lift up the knees that falter,
And fix thine eye on the goal.

The winter is lying before thee,
It is all that is left of the year,
And the snow falls thick and heavy,
Like the pall on a maiden's bier.

Short days, and a work that presses,
Hard toil amid bitter frost;
No matter, our part is taken,
We too have counted the cost.

What though the cold wind pierces?
What though the hailstones blind?
The path lies over the mountains,
And we must not look behind.

A struggle and a conquest,
And a march through the winter snows;
Courage! 'twill soon be ended,
And the Long Year reach its close.

CALIFORNIA—NATURE'S PARADISE.

C. B. H.

WITH the advent of September, when summer has resigned her brilliant sceptre in favor of autumn's reign, and the special charms of sylvan loveliness are at their fairest in our Golden State, comes a day dear to the heart of every native son and daughter—California's birthday.

On September 9, 1850, California was admitted into the Union, and to-day we are standing in the fiftieth arch of Time's long corridor.

"A glorious land arose in the West,
Like a sea nymph fair on the ocean's breast,
Beloved and caressed by the waves of peace
That merrily sing as they leap and increase;
With balmiest air beneath the skies,
That can warm the hearts and brighten
the eyes,
The tropical breeze o'er the ocean blows
Its odorous breath from the land of the rose."

California is certainly one of the most glorious of lands! Over its lofty mountains and exquisite plains blow the gentle winds of freedom. For nearly a thousand miles the angry waters of our seas dash against our western boundary. Bubbling, sparkling streams of pure, clear water flow through our pastoral valleys, and the modest willows wave their delicate foliage and lovingly droop their trailing limbs to the earth which nourished them. The pines lift their proud heads almost into the clouds above. All in all there is a bewitching charm about the grandeur of our scenery.

The world-famed Big Trees of Mariposa and Calaveras counties are among California's greatest attractions. These immense productions of Nature are called Sequoia. There are two species, the giant sequoia (*Sequoia gigantea*) or "big trees" of the Sierra and the towering redwoods (*Sequoia sempervirens*) of the Coast Range. No other species of sequoia is known to exist on the globe. The giant sequoia, though exceeded in

height by an Australian eucalyptus, is the grandest tree that grows.

The Calaveras grove was first discovered in 1852, by Mr. A. T. Dowd. The trees were named in honor of Sequoyah, a Cherokee Indian chief. A large number of these trees are more than three hundred feet in height and one hundred feet in circumference.

Unlike the pines and firs, they grow in groups several miles apart. Many of these venerable monarchs are said to be more than four thousand years old.

Let us enter the grove and take a glance at these gigantic primeval trees. The entrance is as wonderful and charming as though it were the gate to a real fairyland.

As we gaze in ecstasy at these monsters we are forced to exclaim, "How wonderful are thy works, O Lord!"

What a picture of Nature's loveliness must this spot present as evening throws her soft veil over the earth. As we stand in the solemn twilight, with these giants rising above us, the shadows darkening beneath, and night is beginning to stretch "Her leaden sceptre o'er a still and pulseless world," we are overcome by the sacred beauty, the awful calm of one of "Nature's holiest temples." O mighty forest! O wonderful forest! Thou art indeed a palace fit for the gods. How lovingly would we linger in this spot where "Nature dwells alone," but time will not permit. Passing out under the same green archway, Wordsworth's admonition comes into our minds:

"Move along these shades in gentleness of heart; with gentle hand touch—for there is a spirit in the woods."

What a cheerless spot the world would be without these numerous feathered spirits. There is something about a bird that appeals to every human heart—its sweet voice charms us; its friendly manner attracts us; the marvelous blending of its plumage is a delight to the eye. The lightness and freedom with which it

moves through the air is no less interesting.

The body of this little creature is of the shape of a boat, so as to give swiftness of motion. The bones, instead of being filled with marrow, are hollow and contain air. In beauty and warmth and for lightness, what could excel the covering of a bird?

Several hundred species of the feathered family are found in California. We find them by the streams and brooks; the meadows are alive with them, and from the treetops come voices from millions of little throats.

"Do you ne'er think who made them, and
who taught
The dialect they speak, whose melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in
many keys,
Sweeter than instruments of men e'er
caught!
Whose habitations in the treetops even
Are half-way houses on the road to
heaven!"

As our feathered neighbors are so numerous and so scattered we shall only have time to visit some of them.

The dear little robin is the bird we read about most frequently. He makes his home close to ours and lives a happy, independent life. California has two pretty robins, both with orange-red breasts; one has an olive-gray back and wears a necklace of black; the other has a bluish back, and its throat is black and white. Our robin differs slightly from that of the East. Its dress is not so bright and he has a tinge of sorrow in his voice. The European robin is more like our red-breasted bluebird.

This pretty little creature wearing heaven's color is found abundantly throughout California. Its head, neck and upper parts are bright blue.

Our bluebird is a size or two larger, and has a softer voice than the English bird, which is a more skilled singer.

The gifted Father Tabb spoke of this dainty creature in these beautiful lines:

"When God had made a host of them,
One little flower still lacked a stem
To hold its blossom blue;

So into it He breathed a song
And suddenly with petals strong
As wings, away it flew."

The family known as finches includes linnets, crossbills, grosbeaks, sparrows, the goldfinch or wild canary—in fact, all the thick-billed seed eaters. They are the smallest of the perching birds and among the best-known birds and finest singers of the State.

The crossbill must not be slighted. He is easily detected on account of the overlapping tips of the beak. There is a beautiful legend told of this bird, which I shall briefly relate. When our Saviour was forsaken by His people and left to die on the cross, this little bird, full of compassion for his Creator's Son, flew to the suffering Saviour's side, kissed the wounds and with its tiny bill tried to remove the cruel nails which fastened the bleeding hands:

"And the Saviour speaks in mildness:
'Blest be thou of all the good,
Bear, as token of the moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood!'

"And that bird is called the crossbill;
Covered all with blood so clear,
In the groves of pines it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear."

Another feathered creature of especial interest is the swallow. It is charming, both in its beauty of plumage and grace of manner. It wears a beautifully varied coat of rich, velvety green and purple.

One of the most common visitors is the crow. He is not a "thing of beauty," but what he lacks in melody of tone and grace of plumage he makes up in shrewdness. He is very cunning and apparently seems to have very good sense. His food consists of frogs, lizards, crabs, etc. It is said that on finding a clam he will fly high into the air with it and let it fall upon the pebbles, thus breaking open the shell, in order that he may devour the contents.

The California jay is of a bright blue color. It is a great thief, stealing fruit, eggs of other birds, and is said to eat small birds.

The woodpecker is commonly known in California as the acorn-hider. His body is

black with white marks, and his head is red and yellow. His nest, which is sometimes more than a foot deep, is a hole in the trunk of a tree.

The commonest species of our wood-pecker is found among the redwoods. This bird has become famous the world over for its curious habit of storing acorns in the trunks of trees. His favorite storehouse is a dead redwood. Traveling through the forests one may frequently see trees completely riddled from top to bottom with holes. This bird selects a tree, bores a hole in it and flying off to the oak tree soon returns with an acorn the exact size to be firmly placed in the receptacle prepared for it. Why this particular bird should have acquired this singular habit has not been fully determined but many observers are of the opinion that in time the acorns will decay and insects will accumulate, thus furnishing a future supply of food.

We find half a dozen varieties of sparrow throughout the State. They are the most numerous and best known of all our birds.

Then we have the mocking-bird and the sage thrasher, and the various groups of wrens belonging to the same family. They have long, slender bills, frequently curved. The mocking-bird, the most beautiful of all singers, is found abundantly in Southern California. This wonderful bird has powers of imitating his atmosphere. For hours he tantalizes his feathered neighbors by mimicking their songs. Then, as though he had grown sorry for his wicked conduct, sings for them his own exquisite song.

The blackbirds are very lovable creatures, making the air ring with their voices from morning till night. Then we find quail and doves in large numbers. The meadow lark ranks ahead of all feathered musicians, except the thrush, in sweetness, volume and variety of songs.

The humming-bird, that tiny collection of choicest feathers, we see sipping its food from the scented cups of the flowers and blossoms. There are more than four hundred kinds of these tiny birds in America. The one found throughout Cali-

fornia is called the Anna humming-bird, sometimes spoken of as the ruby-throat. This nervous little creature polishes its needle-like beak after each meal, and its tiny feathers must be combed frequently.

It, like the bees, loves the flowers. "Its sweet hum seems to link the music of birds with the scent of flowers."

"O Land of the West, I know
How the field flowers bud and blow,
And the grass springs, and the grain,
To the first touch and summons of the
rain."

Gifted California, with her wonderfully varied climate and topography, has a flora correspondingly varied and wonderful.

As all living organisms are greatly influenced by their environments, we find the flowers naturally distributing themselves along the lines of climatic variations. The wild flowers of California are celebrated throughout the world, many of them have found their way across the oceans and have endeared themselves to flower-lovers in many a foreign garden. At home in their native haunts, on seashore and hillslope, on mountain top and marsh and meadow, they unfold to us marvelous stories of plant life.

A consideration of all California's wild flowers is almost impossible. We choose only a few of our favorites. Claiming our first attention is the eschscholtzia, better known as "California poppy." In early days when Spanish vessels sailed up and down the newly discovered Pacific Coast, the mariners looking inland saw the flame of the poppies upon the hills and called this territory the "land of fire." Filled with a devotion enkindled by the sight of these flowery creations, they disembarked to worship upon the shore. Most appropriately did the early settlers call the eschscholtzia by the sweet sounding name of "copia de oro"—cup of gold. Although cultivated in many parts of the world it is only when blooming on its own native hillsides, reveling in the sunshine, that any conception of its uncommon beauty can be formed, for as Ina Coolbrith sweetly says:

"It is nurtured from the treasured veins
Of this fair land; its golden rootlets sup
Her sands of gold—of gold its petals
spun."

Intimately associated with the early traditions of the Western land, its minty fragrance calling up visions of long, low rambling mission buildings and gentle, brown-robed Padres, is the Yerba buena, dear to every Californian. Yerba buena, "the good herb," so the Fathers called it, because of the great faith placed in its medicinal virtues by the Indians.

Of special interest to us is the goldenrod, when found either on our dry hill-slopes with its pyramidal clusters of flowers, or in the wet plains near our coast, with its slender, willowy stems and acacia-scented blossoms. The charming golden pansy, that dances on its long stem over the low hills of the Coast Range, or upon the plains of the interior, is the "darling of the children," who gather them in great handfuls.

Early in the springtime, when the morning air is fresh and the earth is garbed in her prettiest greens, our sweet "Baby blue-eyes" (*Nemophila insignis*) opens in quiet surprise upon a lovely world. Groups of them together lift their innocent eyes confidently to the skies which bend gently over them. Plucking them, as we pass from one to another, the farther one seeming just a prettier blue or just a little more charming than the tiny flower at our feet, these little blossoms vary considerably both in size and in color, and differ greatly from their sisters, "Baby-eyes," which nestle amid a tender herbage. They grow in such profusion that it might seem as though bits of sky had fallen to earth.

"They grow where none but God,
Life's Gardener,
Upon the sterile sod
Bestows His care.

"Their morn and evening dew—
The sacrament
That maketh all things new—
From heaven is sent;

"And thither, ne'er in vain,
They look for aid,
To find the punctual rain
Or sun or shade,

"Appointed hour by hour
To every need
Alike of parent flower
Or nursling seed;

"Till, blossom-duty done,
With parting smile
They vanish, one by one,
To sleep awhile."

From Mendocino to Los Angeles, tossing its delicate cup upon the breeze, "wafting sweet odor, faint and exquisite," is found "the winged bloom, the blossom butterfly." With its varied colors and spots the queenly Mariposa tulip, sometimes called the Mariposa lily, is one of our most beautiful wild flowers. Marvelous is the imitation of the insect's wing streaked in finely tinted colors on its flowers: so marvelous that a gifted poetess exclaimed:

"Insect or flower? Fragile, fairy thing,
Poised upon slender tip and quivering
To flight! A flower of the fields of air,
A jeweled moth, a butterfly with rare
And tender tints upon his downy wings."

When skies are smiling and fields are green, and the first clear note of the meadow lark is heard, the buttercup appears. The fields are full of them, and children on their way from school delight in gathering great bunches and holding them under each other's chins to see if they love butter.

We find the tender violet with a tear in each blue eye, looking out from her humble home beneath the ferns and vines. One would imagine the wicked companions of nature were jealous and took pleasure in exterminating the life breathed into it by its Creator.

As I pause and bend over this sweet crushed flower, I think of lives thus cruelly persecuted. But these, like this little plant, will continue to bloom on, and unfold the beauty of their hearts when those who were stronger and more powerful lie faded and lifeless.

More delicate and fragrant, perhaps, than the wild flowers are the "petted darlings" of the garden. Let us take a glance at them as the sun is pouring his first radiant smile over the earth and darkness gives place to light. Reflecting

rays fall on the flowers and they awake as if God's finger touched their sleeping eyelids.

In soft, mellow tones the bluebells from their green belfries give the signal to the floral sisterhood that it is the hour for morning prayer. The rose, "the Queen of Flowers," sends up to God her first sweet, odorous sighs; the passion flower, bearing on its bosom the mark of the Saviour's sorrow, looks heavenward and seems to say, "Father, forgive them"; the pure white lilies unfold their dainty robes, that God might read the secrets of their golden hearts; the morning glories, with their toy-like trumpets, send up their praises to the throne of their Creator.

How pleasing these fragrant creatures

must be to Almighty God! Did not Christ tell us to "Consider the lilies, how they grow?" When we think how numerous the flowers are; how elegant, and with what exquisite skill they have been fashioned and adorned—when we see them united in a universal prayer offering up to God their incense of praise, we shall surely find it profitable and pleasant to learn the lessons which they teach.

"Fair floral worshipers, ye pure of heart,
Oh, may we learn from you to bless the
Power
Who gave the holy dew of His Son's
blood
To nourish our weak souls, and was
them white
From every stain, that when, from ear~~1~~
removed,
They'll bloom as lilies round His thron
above."

"Devotion to the august Queen of the Rosary, so great and so hope-inspiring, has never appeared in such brilliancy as when the Church militant seemed to be imperilled by the violence of heresy in its widening progress, or by intolerable corruption of morals, or by the attacks of powerful enemies. Ancient and modern history, as well as the more sacred records of the Church, bear witness to the fact that public and private supplications have been addressed to the Mother of God, and mention also the help she imparted in return; they proclaim in like manner the peace and tranquillity she so often obtained from God. Hence the illustrious titles of "Help of Christians," "Consoler," "Mighty in War," "Victorious" and "Peace-Giver", accorded to her in Christian Annals. And principally among these titles is to be enumerated that familiar one derived from the Rosary, by which its signal benefits to the entire Christian world have been consecrated forever."

—*Leo XIII.*

O height incomprehensible! O grandeur immeasurable! O abyss impenetrable! Every day, from one end of the earth to the other, in the highest heights of the heavens, and in the profoundest depths of the abysses, everything preaches, everything publishes, the admirable Mary! The nine choirs of angels, men of all ages, conditions and religions, good or bad, nay,

even the devils themselves, willingly or unwillingly, are compelled, by force or truth, to call her Blessed.

—*Blessed Louis Mary Grignon de Montfort, O. P.*

This figure of the dawn, under which Holy Scripture and the Church represent to us Mary at her birth, justifies itself by three properties common to the aurora and Mary. The dawn is a mother almost immediately after her birth, for the sun follows very quickly. The dawn becomes a mother without losing any of her purity or integrity. And, lastly, what is still more wonderful, the dawn is the mother of the sun, of whom she herself is the daughter, being at the same time the daughter and mother of the sun: his mother, for he proceeds from her; his daughter, for it is the sun who produces that first morning light which we call the dawn.

Behold Mary, the young Virgin, early in life a Mother; Mary a Mother without ceasing to be a Virgin; Mary the Mother of the Eternal Son, who existed before her and fashioned her with His own hands. So St. Augustine confounds Manicheism by making Jesus Christ to say: "The one whom thou dost despise, O Manichean, is My Mother, made by own hand." O Virgin Mary, sweet aurora, may your light enlighten our pilgrimage till we contemplate the Sun of Justice in the great day of eternity!

—*Rev. J. B. Petitot, S. M.*

THE SECRET OF GROSSMEISTER CLIFFS.

MARGARET D. O'BRIEN,

CHAPTER XIII.—GUY'S HOME.

In a quiet valley near Thun nestled a pretty Swiss cottage, not unlike many of its neighbors, and surrounded by laurel, lilac and laurustinus. Their season of bloom was past, but their shades of green warmed a foreground backed by distant mountains, whose snow-capped summits were lost in thick, grey mists that hung veil-like over the valleys. The cottage, cut off from the high road by a neat iron railing, was reached by a serpentine walk, bordered with rare flowers. In the center of two smooth grass lawns played small fountains in marble basins. Every internal arrangement spoke refinement, if not in the inhabitants, in the person who directed the work. Seldom visitor entered here, more seldom were its occupants seen abroad.

About four years previously a strange, dark man came to Thun. He spent several days examining localities in the suburbs, the localists meantime examining him. He made a visit or two to hamlets and villages in the neighboring valleys. Having returned to Thun, the local mutual examination recommenced. Looking uncertain, the stranger would walk, apparently objectless, for a few days, mailed letters to some foreign parts, then walked again, his hands in his own pockets, his eyes in other people's premises, his thoughts—not with any one near! Eight or ten days having passed, he presented himself, hands, eyes and thoughts, at the post-office, asked in German for his mail. His quick, sharp, most un-German voice was not lost on Herr Postmaster, who examined the foreign mail, found a package, looked at it, then at the dark man, back again to the name, seemed satisfied, and then slowly delivered it to the stranger. Impatiently beating time with his foot, as to some un-

sung melody, he eagerly received the parcel, and walked away while he mastered its contents.

A few hours later the firm of Bergman & Co. received an offer for certain property in a valley near Thun. The firm closed with the offer. The dark man, having duly presented himself with his notary to draw up deeds, make transfer of property and secure titles to said grounds, paid in cash and bowed himself out with good grace. The affair had been transacted to the utmost satisfaction of the firm. Next day, foundations for the Swiss cottage mentioned were laid. The best architect of Thun had the building; his men were experts; the work rapidly progressed, and in a few weeks the house was ready for occupation. But the dark man was prudent, and, much to the disappointment of neighbors' curiosity in the business, he deferred sending for the tenants. The interval he employed in beautifying the grounds, constructing a miniature farmyard and forming two spray fountains that ornamented the parterres in front.

These arranged to his satisfaction, he disappeared for a day or two, and returned accompanied by a delicate lady, closely veiled, a stout woman, and a child about two years old. All came in a closed carriage; the man was at home to meet them. Some hours passed when the man came into the yard at the rear of the cottage, the woman with him, and looking thoroughly satisfied with all the arrangements. "So she ought," whispered the curious, behind every available curtain for a good distance round, "he did it splendidly."

An hour later the man stood at the front gate, giving his last directions to Franz, the gardener, footman, messenger, jack-of-all-trades, in this mysterious

abode. Very happy the people around thought him, to be let into the secret of so much mystery. What would they not give for his knowledge! But as Franz, like his master, was dark and silent, no one dared openly question him. Whatever they might glean in time should be gleaned by stratagem, as something of indifference in which they had not a particle of interest.

"I'm bound to hear every word concerning them," said Frau Washerwoman, "when I go home with his linen. He is proud of nice collars, and when I strike on their cut and tell him how well they show off the fine turn of his neck, I have him; he will tell me anything."

"And I," said the baker's wife, "I know what kind of rolls Franz likes; while he eats I'll have my story."

Thenceforth, once a year the dark man was seen at Thun. He went to the cottage, stayed an hour and left by the next train. So it was to-day. He had just left; the slight lady stood before an old desk, looking over various legal papers, re-tying some with veritable red tape. Her face was paler than its wont, her high brow contracted, her dark eyes sad. Once she must have been very pretty, but never very intellectual; her sweet mouth showed lines of weakness, which the nervous, uncertain motion of her delicate hands confirmed. Her robe of soft black material, confined at the waist by a sash of the same color, fell gracefully around her slender form. In her hair and at her throat she wore a crimson rose. As she folded paper after paper, the expression on her face spoke of satisfaction, despite the lines of care.

"Mamma, a man up the rocks said he would shake me to pieces and then throw me to the fish." It was the voice of the boy, who suddenly stood by her.

"And what did my darling do that this man should so accost him?"

The boy's face flushed, his good qualities strove to assert themselves, but his obstinate weakness prevailed. Lowering his eyes, he swung his feet, twisted his fingers in his belt and said sullenly, "Nothing." The mother tenderly brushed

back the curls from his forehead, coaxed him to look at her, but he refused. Her face grew sad, she suspected something had gone wrong, but she only said:

"What would mamma do without Guy?"

"Yes, that is what I said," and he looked up, now triumphant.

"And who was—" the door opened, and as the mother quickly turned her head the stout German woman approached, her face dark, her motion quick.

"Well, Baubet," said her mistress, "what has happened?"

The woman looked at the boy, who hung his head and played again with his belt.

"Has Guy been naughty?" asked the mother, noticing the child's change of countenance.

"More than that," said the woman. "I tell you, once for all, unless you correct your false love for him you will be his ruin as you were of—"

"Baubet!"

"I must speak, he will be brought home dead—"

"Baubet!" Her mistress clasped her hands in supplication, her face white and drawn. "Oh, not that, Baubet," she pleaded, "not before him."

"Why not?" said the woman. "Look at him, see the anger with which you will have to contend. If you are too weak resist him now, what will you be later? See!" and she pointed to the boy, who sat glaring at her.

Had he been the American giant he would have made short work of throwing her to the fishes.

"Go into the garden, Guy," said the woman, coldly and calmly, while her mistress sat, her face covered with her hands. The boy muttered, the woman pointed to the open window. "Go," she repeated.

"I won't," he said slowly, while he drew closer to his mother.

"No use," said the woman, colder still. "you must go." She lifted him lightly though he struggled, carried him over the hall and dropped him on his bed in his own room. Locking the door on the outside,

side she returned to the parlor. Kneeling by the drooping form of her mistress, the strong woman became gentle as gentlest mother.

"It is for your own good and for his, my mistress," she murmured, "pardon me, his danger to-day warns me he must be checked, else his father's fate—"

"Hush, hush, Baubet! Anything but that."

"But, my mistress, listen. I must speak, something must be done." She drew closer, placed her hand on her mistress' knee, while she whispered, "*he* is here." The drooping figure was erect, the dull eyes flashed.

"*He* here? Who told you?"

"I was not told, I met him!"

"Did you see *him*?" asked the mother hoarsely.

Baubet rose. "Aye, and recognized him, spoke to him!"

The lady sprang to her feet; then, from a quick revulsion of feeling, knelt.

"Save us," she cried. "Save him," she indicated the boy. "You promised his father to save us."

"Hush, hush!" said the woman, soothingly, "have I not kept my word to your dead mother?"

"You have," replied her mistress.

"And I will keep it to him; I have only one regret—that I ever consented to your marriage with—"

A loud unusual ring at the bell interrupted.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE AND S. GOTTHARD'S PASS.

The route to Devil's Bridge and Mount S. Gothard's Pass was changed by agreement. The time fixed for Count Alworth's return to England hurried the party's movements and prevented the visit to Fluelen. So from Interlachen they set out provided with as little luggage as possible, some waterproof cloaks, strong shoes and phials of glycerine. The Alpenstocks, if needed, could be provided later.

The voyage up the lake to Interlachen showed them some beautiful bits of scenery—the promontory, "Le Nez," the chateau Spiez, and a distant view of

the village Merligen, behind which rose Justenthal, which they intended to take in on their way back. At Interlachen they remained a few hours to enjoy the magnificence of Jungfrau and Grindelwald. The position of the town affords, in the circuit of a few miles, the most interesting beauties of Switzerland, and her most noted waterfalls, Geizbach on Lake Brienz and Staubbach in the Lauterbrunnen, views of Mürren, Scheinge Platte, Grindelwald and Faulhorn. Carl called these his "Group of Six" and wished his friends to see them.

"They are lovely," said both girls, as they stood, with glowing cheeks and glistening eyes, on the piazza of the Hotel Interlachen, and gazed on the charms above, below and around them.

"Lovely, indeed," echoed Carl. "No wonder, Miss Beaumont, I came a second summer to Interlachen." He smiled.

"No wonder! I should come a third, Mr. Wallenstein," said Rosa enthusiastically, turning back to the beauties her eyes had forsaken while she spoke.

The mighty waterfalls, with their angry roar or joyous laughter, their countless radiant bows flashing diamonds in the sun; the lofty mountain peaks, capped with perpetual snows and dotted with feudal schloss or peaceful hamlet; the silver lakes, whose bosoms mirrored the thousand, thousand scenes above—all framed in by the distant hazy Alps, forming a picture for which the girls were not prepared, a picture whose beauty thrilled their souls while its spell forbade words.

Turning from the scene, Bella met Carl's clear, expressive glance. The sensation of awe she felt at their first meeting returned with startling force. Drawing Rosa's arm in hers she said: "Let us go in, Mrs. Beaumont awaits us."

Carl noticed her confusion, but was too delicate to question its cause and too indifferent to suspect he had any connection therewith.

From Interlachen their route was by diligence. "A shabby turn-out," said Harry, "but very comfortable, and for this we can sacrifice appearances." Carl proposed that the ladies take a carriage;

Harry and he could ride. To this Mrs. Beaumont would not consent, so the diligence was chartered. They passed through the lower valley of Lauterbrunnen, which they had seen in the morning from Interlachen, and here they decided to rest their horses and to remain for the night. Before they had dinner they visited Staubbach Fall, which is about a mile from the village. The little town of Lauterbrunner is about two thousand four hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea and buried among precipices. It affords travelers glimpses of many beautiful Alpine scenes.

The next morning they crossed the Wengern Alps to Grindelwald. About four hours later they passed Scheideck on the way to Rascenani. Here is a glacier unequalled for the beauty of its situation and the grandeur of its caves. Their visit to the latter was unavoidably short, as they were anxious to reach Myringen before night.

Their next day's travel was rather monotonous. The falls of the Aar were the only objects of interest until they reached Grinsel. Here again Swiss sovereign beauty asserts its rights in wondrous pass, rugged peak and sparkling glacier. Going through Furca and Hospenthal, they take the direct road to Useren, one mile further. Here they found themselves in a beautiful valley that formed a striking contrast to the scenes they had left.

"When I visit places such as these," said Rosa, "they recall the mighty struggles witnessed by those hoary rocks and mighty mountains."

"In this land," said Carl, "every step we take is over ground watered by the blood of heroes."

"The Helvetians were a brave people, though small in number. I can never forgive the Romans for daring to destroy their liberties."

"If the Romans did not love liberty themselves," said Harry, "one could excuse them; but knowing how they prized its benefits and then to consider that they sought to rob the Helvetians of its blessings—it was cruel injustice."

"You must judge them by their intentions," replied Carl, "they thought to bring culture and civilization to Helvetia, so tried to conquer them for their own good."

"Their own good is ambiguous," said Harry, "do you mean for the Romans' good or that of the Helvetians?"

"For the good of the Helvetians."

"And you consider it culture for a nation to destroy another nation's liberties, abolish its laws, and, if needs be, disestablish its religious ceremonies to force on it your laws, beliefs, etc.—call you that liberty? I call it slavery in its most despotic form. I never gave pagan Rome credit for disinterestedness, nor can I yield my judgment in its favor here."

"Harry," said Mrs. Beaumont, "not all pagan Romans were selfish and interested; some were good and generous."

"Tell me one, mother," said Harry.

"You have Marcus Coriolanus, who sacrificed himself and his revenge for sake of the love he bore his mother."

"Yes, he yielded, because he thought his action might gain him greater favor with his generation; but I can hardly believe that his 'You save Rome and destroy your son,' had for him any high and noble signification—his very after actions go to sustain my interpretation of his words."

"The proud Roman eagle!" said Bella, lifting her eyes as if she expected to see it wave above the heights of Gothard, now distinctly in view.

"Proud they were," said Carl, "but cruel and despotic."

"Nevertheless, I admire the spirit of their legions," said Bella, the same look of admiration still in her dark eyes.

"And you would have given them inspiration," said Harry, regarding her noble profile and brilliant countenance.

"Would I?" said she simply, turning toward him, "I fancy I could have fought."

"May be so," he said, "you possess a brave spirit, one that would risk contest for a noble cause."

"Have I shown belligerent propensities?" asked Bella, laughing.

"Sometimes," responded Harry, candidly, "your eyes glow and your cheeks flush at the mention of hero or battle; you are a hero-worshipper, despite what your outward protests."

"Then she will never worship you," said Rosa, with an arch smile.

"I do not know about that," said Harry dryly, "heroes spring up where no one suspects. It is the cool, sedate, prosy nobody of your acquaintance that becomes the world's great distinguished somebody, not the gushing, sympathetic rhymeaster of your fashionable salons!"

"Few were the numbers she could boast, But every freeman was a host, And felt as though himself were he On whose sole arm hung victory," said Carl quickly, with a martial ring in his voice. Pausing a second, he looked toward the Helvetian peaks and continued:

"What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause."

Give this and welcome war's most bloody strife. Then each soldier becomes a hero, each fallen brave a sacrifice to fatherland, each victory a triumph—such the phases of Tell's struggles, victories and falls. For him may we twine laurel and bay." Carl's enthusiasm was aroused. "See yonder," he continued, his deep eyes glowing. "yonder the scene of struggle for power between Frenchman and Austrian."

"The Devil's Bridge—it seems nearer than it is," Mrs. Beaumont raised her glasses.

"There the French under Lecourbe and Loison drove the Austrians up the Ruess."

"Yes, just above the tunnel at the 'Hole of Uri,' the massacre was terrible."

"I always feel sympathy for the vanquished," said Rosa, "particularly if their cause be just."

"And I," said Bella, "incline toward the triumphant."

"You seem destined to grace triumph and victory," said Carl, with a look of admiration for her beauty, and unspoken reproach for her sentiment.

The aspect of savage grandeur for Mount S. Gothard's Pass which begins about Goschenes, on the Fluelen side, is enhanced by the narrow ravine of Schellenen, circled for nearly four miles by stupendous walls of granite. The sublimity of this pass about the Devil's Bridge exceeds imagination. The fearful gorge shoots out a lofty cataract, whose mighty sheets of water, rolling with sublime grandeur, lash its granite sides with fury, lave with foam the heights around and dash their surges back in tinted spray, to be flung with giant force into the awful depths below. Two bridges span this torrent; one is justly named the Devil's.

"Fancy contest between human ambition, liberties and lives held 'mid scenes such as these," said Rosa with a shudder, looking into the depths of the chasm.

"In such awful presence," said Carl, "men should be awakened to a sense of their own impotence, and strike a truce."

"Nay," said Bella, "from these they drew their inspiration, their sense of power. The cataract's roar was in their ears, its strife in their breasts, its unceasing turbulence their ambition. They forgot danger, death, all in the glory to be won."

"If we may call glory triumph won by human slaughter."

"Where is Bürglen, William Tell's birthplace?" asked Mrs. Beaumont, who had been glancing over the neighboring heights through her glasses.

"Some miles further on," said Carl, "on the other side of the pass. It is near Wasen, where we shall put up for the night. The inns are poor, but we could not reach Amstag before a late hour."

"Is not Tell's chapel near Amstag?" said Rosa.

"It is nearer Fluelen," replied Carl. "It stands on a large rock that overlooks the bay of Uri. I think a mile or so from Grutli."

"Then we shall not see it." Rosa looked disappointed.

"Not this time, unless you all agree to return by Fluelen and take in Justenthal another time."

When they arrived at Wasen they arranged to return by Fluelen.

"Have you been to Chillon, Mr. Wallenstein?" asked Bella, as they sat round a cheery fire in the humble Alpine inn.

"Once."

"I am told it is very much neglected."

"May be; it is always open to visitors, but rules exist to prevent them from carrying away any portion as souvenirs, from cutting flowers, or doing any injury whatever to the premises."

"It is a grand old place," said Mrs. Beaumont.

"A very fine specimen of feudal times," Harry remarked.

"A striking monument of its despotism," said Carl shortly.

"I believe it was built by Amadeus IV. of Savoy."

"Yes, but it is Byron's celebrated poem that has rendered it famous."

"How beautifully Byron puts it," and Bella quoted in her well-trained voice: "Chillon! Thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas
I trod

Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a
sod,

By Bonnivard! May none these marks
efface,

For they appeal from tyranny to God."

"And I," said Harry, with a half-suppressed yawn, "appeal that we all retire. We have a long journey before us and we need rest."

"And I second your appeal," said Mrs. Beaumont, rising, "but first let us recite the Rosary." She glanced at Bella; Rosa followed her glance and hastened to say:

"You would like to retire at once, Bella; you look weary."

"No, Rosa," she replied earnestly, "let me join you."

It was the first time she took part in their Rosary. A few days more and they returned to Interlachen. As the party drew up at the Belvedere, Harry noticed a short dark man lift his hat to Carl as he passed out of the hotel, no word was exchanged, but both seemed to understand. However, Carl remained with his

friends until they had some refreshments, and afterwards saw them on board the steamer for Thun. Up to the last moment they thought he would accompany them: hence great was Mrs. Beaumont's surprise when he alleged that business of importance demanded his immediate attention.

"But you will come," she said, "as soon as you have it settled. You would be all alone here and I do not want that."

Carl thanked her and promised he would be with them in a few days. Harry afterwards recollects how very pale he was and how warmly he grasped his hand at parting.

The last adieu was waved as the graceful little vessel steamed out of sight. Carl walked back to his rooms in the Belvedere. Often had he thought them cold and gloomy, but never so cheerless as today. Their utter loneliness contrasted sadly with the bright, joyous companionship that had been his for the past fortnight. The lofty rooms, stately and desolate; the furniture rich, but old and faded—the unlighted chandeliers, the dim, heavy curtained windows, the low fire—each object appeared to vie with another in its comfortless and unhome-like ways. Leaning against the mantel in the dull grey of the misty evening, Carl looked around the room with a vague, wistful glance, as if it or its objects could reveal all that he would know, give him some means of escape from difficulties that he felt thickening around him.

Externally he is little changed from what he was before his illness; however circumstances might have worked internally, they left no impress on the outward man. The same dignity of mien and courtliness of bearing; the same thoughtful pose of the classic head; the same keen flash of eye! Only the lines about the mouth had deepened. Catching his reflection in a mirror opposite, he started.

"I seem ten years older," he said, but almost instantly he resumed his broken thought.

Hearing a light knock at his door, Carl, without a motion even of his eyes, said curtly, "Come in." A short dark man en-

tered, closed the door quietly, walked up to Carl quietly. He did all things so quietly one might be inclined to suspect him of double dealing, did not one glance at his honest, open countenance suffice to restore confidence.

"Well?" said Carl in a low, deep tone.

"Well," echoed the man. "You received my letter?"

"Yes," said Carl, calmly, "but only this morning."

"It was not my fault that you were not here."

"No," Carl's lips tightened, "you might have sought me."

"Sought you!" irony was in the voice. Carl turned.

"Pardon me," he said, "pray be seated," and placing himself opposite his visitor he said, curtly as before, "Now."

"Now," repeated the man. Carl frowned. "I have failed again. I have sought every hamlet and valley in the Cantons. He must be dead!" Carl's brow was very dark.

"Do you suspect he has been made away with by means not—not—exactly a natural death?"

"No," said the man, "I have no circumstance to sustain such an opinion."

"What is your opinion?" said the young man sharply.

"You say he was a holy man, an exact man, he came on the scene—"

"Hold," said Carl abruptly, "no rehearsal."

"From your evidence," continued the man, "as he promised to help you in case of difficulty, he would keep his word. His character would lead me to suppose he could not be bribed. If death came before he was called on to fulfil his promise, most likely he left a written statement signed by witnesses. Could we discover where he died?"

"If he died," interposed Carl.

"If he died," the man repeated, "we might be able to find those who were with him in his last moments, and to whom naturally he confided his wishes, and who may be in possession of his effects, which they probably regard as useless, while to us they are precious."

"Aye, precious as life," said Carl, rising quickly with a gesture peculiar to himself. Tossing back his head and crossing his arms on his chest, he paced the fast darkening room. Turning sharply on his companion who remained seated, he asked: "And the boy?"

"I have never seen him!"

"He must be grown," muttered Carl,

and resumed his walk. "What do you propose?" he asked hoarsely after a long silence. The man, lifting his clear, dark eyes, met the searching glance that would read his soul, and replied: "It is for you to propose, for me to carry out."

"I know of no other resource," and Carl's head drooped.

"Then, if you wish, I shall visit border parishes; the Curé may have been removed."

"The Curé," said Carl sharply, "I thought a moment ago he was dead."

"That is only my supposition, I have no certainty. I can only conclude from the exactness of my search and my utter failure."

"Then seek the boy," said Carl, almost sternly, "he was young enough to be alive."

"The probabilities are so," replied the man, slowly stroking his beard and looking out beyond Carl into the dim dusky atmosphere, as if his words concerned the distant hazy mountains, rather than his listener. "So," he repeated, still to the mountains.

Carl looked at his dark, thoughtful face, paused in his walk and said: "So what, Heinrich?" and without waiting for an answer moved on. The man looked after him, a shadow of pain crossed his face, his brow contracted, while he said very gently, softly: "Hans Schafer is here."

"My God!" exclaimed Carl, turning as if stung by a serpent. For a second he stood; then said in a voice that startled his lawyer, Heinrich Erdhart, so strange, harsh and grating its sound: "I am lost!"

Both men looked into each other's eyes; both had tested the strength of the snare that entangled them, had tried to cut its meshes—to be free—but in vain! Both knew no words could avail, no power of earth aid. What then? "God is above all," said Heinrich, and departed.

Carl remained as his lawyer left him until twilight gave way to night and a servant entered with lights. Carl started, and taking out his watch to see the hour, a trinket dropped from his guard; stooping to pick it up, he noticed a yellow envelope on the floor, near the table on which his letters were, and which had dropped unperceived when he turned over the letters to read the superscriptions. Taking it near the light he examined it—a telegram! He tore it open, only two lines: "Come at once—your father sinks fast. Thornsby, Baltimore, August 28th, 18—" It was three or four days old. The paper dropped from his fingers. He stood alone—alone in affliction as in doubt.

To be continued.

CALIFORNIA.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Fair Land of Sunshine! Realm of Peace
and Rest!
Joy's long-sought haven found, at last,
in thee,
Whose coast-line, with its rocky barriers,
breast
The mighty waters of Balboa's Sea.

What was thy past? A dream of languorous ease,
Of valleys brilliant with the Springtime's bloom,
Of golden plains swept by the Summer breeze,
Of forests old in dense primeval gloom,
Of streams that laved the feet of oak and pine.
And great Sequoia groves whose giants grand
Drank deeply of the draughts of amber wine,
The season's offering on thy shrine, dear Land.

Thine was the mountain's golden secret locked
In deeply hidden caves,—for thee, the song
Of countless birds that to thy kingdom flock'd
With measures sweet thy praises to prolong.

Thy children, dusky dwellers of the wild,
Lured from thee by no false ambition's dream,
Reared their rude homes where fadeless Summer smiles
And shared thy simple joys of hill and stream.

Such wert thou, my loved land, when to thy shores,
From distant scenes the blest Junipero came,
And with his brethren to thy people bore
The precious gift of faith's illumining flame.

Bidding them know our Father's tender care;
Teaching the savage hosts in love to pray;
Winning to patient toil rude men who ne'er
Before bowed humbly to a Master's sway.

Brave Pioneers! True Soldiers of the Lord!
Their history shrines each loved and honored name—
Their ruined Missions, now alas! record
A land's ingratitude, its people's shame.

Thou hast known sorrow—great thy children's wrong;
Heard war's wild clamor on thy tranquil shore;
Felt joy's glad rapture swelling deep and strong,
When Peace proclaimed thy day of trial o'er.

Then came the hour when from the busy East,
Its hurrying thousands thronged each mountain trail,
And, from all ports, seeking thy Golden Feast,
The winds of ocean wafted many a sail.
Banished for aye thy calm and sweet repose,
Strange voices waked the echoes far and near,
Through the still air the voice of labor rose,
And homes new builded rang with merry cheer.

Homes of thy sturdy sons, the bold and free;
No truer knights e'er guarded monarch's throne
Than they who by the ever-murmuring sea
Won Statehood's honors for their loved, their own,

And set thy star upon the azure field
Of the dear Flag that floats o'er us to-day,
'Neath which their sons, thy honor's living shield,
Shoulder to shoulder stand in firm array.

And bid the sounding echoes ring again
From the Sierras to the throbbing sea,
As cannon's thunder, music's thrilling strain,
And joyous cheers proclaim thy Jubilee.

Thy fifty years of Statehood's grave renown,
Unsoiled by treason, undefiled by wrong.
Worthy thy glad mid-century's golden crown,
Worthy the patriot's praise, the poet's song.

While the fond children of thy glorious years,
Sharing thy blessings, by thy love caressed,
Pray that thy future know nor grief, nor tears,
Dear Land of Beauty! Eden of the West!

RE THE STARS AND STRIPES WERE UNFURLED.

SISTER GABRIEL, O. P.

ntury of uninterrupted pros-
assed over our land of gold,
mance California radiant in
l flowers, extends her benedic-
he fiftieth anniversary of her
o her valiant sons and lovely
And not only does she lavish
s upon the children of her soil,
es she welcome the wanderer
lands, and tenderly does she
e brave hearts that loved her
t no more. All honor does she
the memory of her valiant

y of our happy and populous
que; it is told in song and
ie living representatives of
settlers whose deeds of lofty
pirit of religious piety secured
blessings they now enjoy. If
ppreciate the advantages we
must go back to the days of
splorer and the gentle mission-
ce their footsteps over arid
through Nature's wilds.
he spirit of zeal which had
d by the Kings of Spain in
or the evangelization of the
their newly acquired terri-
ind the intrepid sons of S.
arked upon an expedition, as
69, for the re-discovery of
hich Sebastian Vizciano had
undred and sixty-seven years
the shores of Monterey Bay
rew de la Assumption and An-
scension had celebrated Mass
e oak on the 17th of Decem-
ather Andrew had written a
of the excellent harbor of
d of the surrounding country,
d the missionaries of 1769 in
ition was planned and super-
Josef de Galvez, an offi-
nting the King of Spain,
ited Lower California under
to use all possible dispatch in
Father Junipero Serra, who

had civilized and converted many of the
savage tribes of Mexico, was consulted re-
garding the enterprise. It was resolved to
send, besides the expedition by sea, one
by land. Accordingly the *San Carlos*
sailed from La Paz on January 9, 1769; the
San Antonio set sail from Cape San Lucas
on the 13th day of February, 1769. The
land expedition was divided into two parts
—a precaution against the dangers of a
savage and unknown country. Don Gas-
par de Portala, Governor of Lower Calif-
ornia, was commander of one force and
Don Fernando Rivera y Moncada of the
other force. Rivera set out with soldiers
and provisions in September, 1768, and
reached San Diego May 14, 1769. Father
Junipero Serra, as President of the Mis-
sions in Lower California and of those to
be founded subsequently, set out with
Portala. After enduring severe hardships
during the journey he reached San Diego
on the 1st of July, 1769, welcomed by the
party that had preceded them by water.
Here the expeditions were united with
great joy.

In the person of the saintly Junipero
Serra we behold the first Pioneer of
our California. Upon his advent, on the
first day of July, one hundred and thirty-
one years ago, we should find the history
of our State. Having taken formal pos-
session of a piece of land for the founda-
tion of the Mission—which numbered
about two hundred souls—a temporary
chapel was erected and the Cross planted.
The Mission of San Diego was now com-
menced. The work among the Indians be-
gan in winning them over by presents of
food and clothing. The missionaries
readily acquired the language of the na-
tives and communicated to them the in-
struction necessary for baptism. Gradu-
ally the savages were drawn from their
wandering mode of life and collected into
villages close to the churches of the Mis-
sions. The Fathers in charge, although
exercising the authority and control of a
master, whereby they might keep their

converts in the practice of civilized habits, ever manifested for these wayward children the affection of an indulgent parent.

Father Junipero Serra began his missionary labors at San Diego on the 16th day of July, 1769. This first attempt to work among the California Indians was attended by an incident of a terrifying nature. The savages who had been prevented from stealing coveted articles, surprised the Mission during the absence of the guard, and were it not for the valor of the six men that happened to be present, Junipero Serra would have been treacherously murdered. On the 14th day of July a party under Governor Portala, numbering sixty-five persons in all, set out by land to find Monterey. Among the party were Fathers Crespi and Gomez. The *San Carlos* had been laid up at San Diego; the absence of the *San Antonio*, which had been sent back to San Blas with the news of the arrival of the missionaries and also for reinforcements, prevented an undertaking by sea. Portala, upon his return, reported that he could not find Monterey, although he had been there and failed to recognize the place.

Provisions having become scarce, it was determined to abandon the mission. Happily for California, relief came with the arrival of the *San Antonio* on the 19th of March. Portala again set out by land; Father Junipero Serra boarded the *San Antonio* and arrived at Monterey on the last day of May, 1770.*

The land expedition had arrived at Monterey eight days before the *San Antonio*. Father Serra shortly after removed his mission to a beautiful spot on the river Carmelo. Here he always resided, unless called away by the duties of his office as President of the Missions. His activity in the civilization of the savages and his exalted charity in their conversion brought about success that was miraculous. Father Serra continued his apostolic labors until a few weeks previous to his death, which occurred on August 28, 1784. The book of baptismal

records in his own handwriting, together with vestments and articles for the use of the altar, may still be seen at the Church of San Carlos, Monterey. His body rests in the peaceful sanctuary at Carmelo. A plain marble slab, upon which his name is inscribed, is the single, mute memorial of the passing from earth of this saintly missionary.

The history of the twenty-one Missions—from the foundation of San Diego, July 16, 1769, to that of the foundation of Sonoma (San Francisco Solano), August 15, 1823—forms an era of tranquillity and progress in the history of California that is not dimmed by the glitter of the golden days of its more populous period. The disturbances which finally led to the “secularization of the Missions,” and total extinction of the Indians, commenced about 1830. In the brief space of ten years twenty thousand Christian Indians had vanished from the face of fair California. Mexico having established her independence, California declared her adherence to that country, and was under the rule of Mexican Governors until 1846. The American flag was hoisted at Monterey on the 7th of July, 1846, much to the chagrin of the English, who entered the Bay of Monterey just in time to witness their defeat.

The events which led to the raising of the American flag form a most interesting chapter in California's history. The native Californians having thrown off the galling yoke of Mexico, and instinctively revolting against becoming objects of barter to the English, enthusiastically placed themselves under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. While affairs were being adjusted for the welfare of the Californians, and just two weeks before the articles of peace were signed, the discovery of gold attracted the attention of the world. The maddest excitement followed the announcement of Marshall's discovery. The plow was left standing in the field; houses in course of erection were abandoned; nothing received attention but the securing of necessary means of transportation to the gold fields.

As soon as the news was confirmed, the

*A cross at present marks the spot of landing; a beautiful statue of Padre Serra, life-size, standing erect in a small boat, has been erected by Mrs. Leland Stanford to commemorate this event.

greatest exodus on record took place in the respective States of the Union. Thousands also scaled the Andes and found their way to California. Immigration reached its grand climax in 1849. The immigrants by sea numbered thirty-five thousand people; the immigrants by land numbered forty-two thousand, thus making a total of seventy-seven thousand persons, which, including the population of the country, made about one hundred thousand persons at the close of the year 1849. Hence arose the great necessity of providing a stable government for California. The Constitution having been framed and duly adopted, an election for Governor took place November 13, 1849. Peter H. Burnett was the choice of the people, and he was ac-

cordingly inaugurated. The work of the first Legislature of California has proved most beneficial to the country, and it may be safely affirmed that no subsequent Legislature has accomplished greater things. The bill for the admission of California as a free State underwent considerable discussion and met with some opposition, but was passed, however, after a third reading in the House of Representatives "by one hundred and fifty ayes to fifty-six ultra-Southern noes."

On September 9, 1850, President Fillmore signed the bill that declared California the thirty-first State in the Union. Without a companion, in her rapid and extraordinary career of prosperity, she stands peerless in her golden glory of great achievements and greater possibilities.

EUREKA!

CHARLOTTE PAU.

Where the orange groves, with their fragrance rare,
Slope toward the murmuring sea;
Where the mocking-bird tunes the midnight air;
Where the fields are decked with esch-scholtzias fair—
There, there do I long to be.

In the land of wood, 'neath sylvan dome
Of redwood, oak and fir;
In the land where the deer at noonday roam,
Where the branches waft back the ocean's moan,
And the leaves unceasing stir.

Where the golden rays of the sun are blent
From matin's till vesper's chime;
Where the red and the blue in union are sent
O'er the pure white snows of Shasta's ascent,
Weaving a banner sublime!

Eureka! I cry, as on the golden shore
Of fair California I rest;
While memory recalls those days of yore
When the great Columbus reached Salva-dor—
I deem him scarcely more blest.

THE OLD STILE.

LOUIS B. JAMES.

The dream is all a dream, *cherie*,
And sadder still 'tis vain,
The birds may sing as they have sung,
cherie,
But not for us as twain.
Time works its will, *cherie*,
It spares nor young nor old,
Nor gives one thought to pain, *cherie*,
Nor favors aught we hold.
We may not rest while here, *cherie*;
One tiny circle binds
The joys that daily fill, *cherie*,
Our eager hearts and minds.
Then be the gate of bronze, *cherie*,
The stile of wood or stone—
When robins on it light, *cherie*,
They sing to winds alone.
Yet scarce may I recall, *cherie*,
The picture of the stile,
But as I backward glance, *cherie*,
Others rise the while.
Far less antique I ween, *cherie*,
But not in fact less fair,
They point the trysts that were, *cherie*,
Hope points to some elsewhere.

DISCOVERY OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

RICHARD EDWARD WHITE.

Good Junipero, the Padre,
 Slowly read the King's commands
 In relation to the missions
 To be built in foreign lands.
 And he said: "The good S. Francis
 Surely has some little claim,
 Yet I find that here no mission
 Is assigned unto his name."

Then the Visitador answered:
 "If the holy Francis care
 For a mission to his honor
 Surely he will lead you there;
 And it may be by the harbor
 That the Indian legends say
 Lies by greenest hills surrounded
 To the north of Monterey."

Spoke Junipero, the Padre:
 "It is not for me to tell
 Of the truth of Indian legends,
 Yet of this I know full well—
 If there be such hidden harbor,
 And our hope and trust we place
 In the care of good S. Francis,
 He will guide us to the place."

Soon, the Governor Portala
 Started northward on his way
 Overland to rediscover
 The lost port of Monterey.
 Since the time within its waters
 Viscayno anchor cast,
 It remained unknown to Spaniards,
 Though a century had passed.

On his journey went Portala
 With his band of pioneers,
 Padres, Indian guides and soldiers,
 And a train of muleteers;
 And said Serra, as he blessed them,
 As he wished them all Godspeed:
 "Trust S. Francis; he will guide you
 In your direst hour of need."

On his journey went Portala,
 Till he reached the crescent bay,
 But he dreamed not he was gazing
 On the wished-for Monterey.
 So a Cross on shore he planted,
 And the ground about he blessed,
 And then he and his companions
 Northward went upon their quest.

On his journey went Portala
 And his army northward on,
 And methinks I see them marching,
 Or in camp when day was done;
 Or at night when stars were twinkling,
 As that travel-wearied band
 By the log fire's light would gather,
 Telling of their far-off land.

And they told weird Indian legends:
 Tales of Cortez, too, they told,
 And of peaceful reign of Incas,
 And of Montezuma's gold;
 And they sang, as weary exiles
 Sing of home and vanished years,
 Sweet, heart-treasured songs that always
 Bring the dumb applause of tears.

When the day was sunk in ocean,
 And the land around was dim,
 On the tranquil air of midnight
 Rose the sweet Franciscan hymn;
 And when bugle told the dawning,
 And the matin prayer was done,
 On his journey went Portala
 And his army northward on.

Far away they saw Sierras,
 Clothed with an eternal spring,
 While at times the mighty ocean
 In their path her spray would fling.
 On amid such scenes they journeyed,
 Through the dreary wastes of sand,
 Through ravines, dark, deep, and narrow,
 And through cañons wild and grand.

And with what a thrill of pleasure,
 All their toils and dangers through,
 Gazed they on this scene of beauty
 When it burst upon their view,
 As Portala and his army,
 Standing where I stand to-day,
 Saw before them, spread in beauty,
 Green-clad hills and noble bay.

Then the Governor Portala
 Broke the spell of silence thus:
 "To this place through Padre Serra
 Hath S. Francis guided us.
 So the bay and all around it
 For the Spanish King I claim,
 And forever in the future
 Let it bear S. Francis' name.

Thus he spoke—and I am standing
 On the self-same spot to-day,
 And my eyes rest on the landscape,
 And the green hills, and the bay,
 And upon S. Francis' city,
 As, with youth and hope elate,
 She is gazing toward the ocean,
 Sitting by the Golden Gate.

Needless were such gifts as Heaven
 Gave to holy seers of yore,
 To foretell the meed of glory,
 Fairest town, for thee in store!
 To foretell the seat of empire
 Here will be, not far the day—
 Where Balboa's Sea doth mingle
 With the waters of the Bay!

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.

G. N. COLE.

In the appalling tragedy which at the dawn of the twentieth century in China, we may well consider the position of that heathen land as unkindly as the waters laving its vast

Wrapped for centuries in mystery and silence and steadily exclusive of all nations, China slowly and reluctantly opened her ports to the outer world and as slowly and cautiously has associated with it on matters of religion, and politics.

authentic history of the Chinese nation dates from the reign of the Chow Yen, which began in 1122 B. C. and in 256 B. C. Confucius, the celebrated Chinese philosopher, lived during this period, or about five hundred years before Christ. His teachings on the love of humanity and on veneration of ancestors entered the minds of his followers even at an early day; nor does death end this life. Obedient to his mandate: "The Chinese must be buried in China," we behold the loyal native sons guarding the bones of his descendants until they are safely deposited within the precincts of the celestial kingdom.

ries of efforts on the part of the Chinese have failed to accomplish much Christian civilization of this nation among almost five hundred millions. In the present crisis it may be questioned, Do they hold the empire in their own hands? Do they merit its dismemberment by rejection of Christianity and treachery towards the nations? The Chinese received the light of gospel during the first century of the Christian era is a tradition not without foundation. It is an unquestioned fact that S. Thomas, the Apostle, sowed the seeds of the faith in India, but Thibet, Great Tartary and the empire of China. The foundation of churches in the distant East is at-

tributed to S. Thomas. Many pilgrimages have been made by Christians to the shrine in which his body rested for centuries in the province of Mailapur (Maliapur), where the saint suffered martyrdom.¹ Many miracles were wrought at his tomb.²

In 1523, the King of Portugal, John III., ordered a search to be instituted for the body of S. Thomas. The bones of the Saint, together with a part of a lance, and a vial tinged with his blood, were found in the vault of a ruinous old chapel at Meliapur, or S. Thomas', in the peninsula of Coromandel. The relics were placed in a porcelain chest adorned with silver.

Reliable historians sanction the reiterated assertion that Christianity existed in China between the seventh and twelfth centuries. Ung-Kahn, the famous Prester John, who lived in the twelfth century A. D., probably received the baptismal name of Yuhanna, or John (after S. John the Evangelist) at the suggestion of his Christian instructors. The tribe to which he belonged was known by the name of Krit, or Kera-it, an

1—Marco Polo gives the popular legend, current in China, of the death of the holy Apostle: "Having retired to a hermitage where he was engaged in prayer, and being surrounded by a number of pea-fowls, with which the country abounds, an idolator of the tribe of Gauil, who happened to be passing that way, and did not perceive the holy man, shot an arrow at a peacock, which struck the Apostle in the side. Finding himself wounded, he had time only to thank the Lord for all His mercies, and into His hands he resigned his spirit."—(Travels of Marco Polo, p. 397) Henry G. Bohn, London, 1864.)

2—Sir John Mandeville, in the fabulous accounts of his travels, thus describes the miraculous Judgment of S. Thomas: "In the kingdom of Mabaron (Meliapor) lieth the body of S. Thomas the Apostle, in flesh and bone, in a fair tomb in the city of Calamye: for there he was martyred and buried. But men of Assyria bare his body into Mesopotamia, into the city of Edessa, and after he was brought thither again. And the arm and the hand that was put into our Lord's side when he appeared to him after the resurrection and said to him: 'Noli esse incredulus, sed fidelis.' And by that hand they make all their judgments in the country, whose hath right or wrong. For when there is any dissension between two parties, and each of them maintained his cause, and one saith that his cause is rightful, and the other saith the contrary, then both write their causes on two bills and put them on the hand of S. Thomas. And anon he casteth away the bill of the wrong cause and holdeth still the bill with the right cause. And, therefore, men come from far countries to have judgment of doubtful cause. And other judgment use they not here."

Eastern pronunciation of Christ or Christian.

At the request of Innocent IV., the Generals of the Franciscans and Dominicans sent missionaries to labor in Tartary in 1246. In 1252 the same Pope formed the "Society of Brother Travelers for Jesus Christ." The members of this Society were taken from the religious Orders, notably the Franciscan and Dominican.

The Papal missions effected much good in Tartary. John de Plana Carpini, a Minorite friar, merits the honor of having given valuable information to Europe respecting the character of this people, so long regarded as formidable invaders.

In 1288, Pope Nicholas IV. dispatched an embassy to the East. Among these zealous missionaries was John de Montecorvino, a Minorite friar, who, after remaining thirteen months in India in company with Nicholas de Pistoia, of the Order of S. Dominic, proceeded to Northern China. Montecorvino spent six years in erecting a church in the city of Cambulu (Pekin). He baptized about six thousand persons and purchased a hundred and fifty children; these he instructed in the faith; taught them Greek and Latin and composed hymn and prayer books for their use.

Montecorvino converted a Mongol prince to the Catholic faith. The example of this prince, whom he called George, led a great number of his vassals who had hitherto belonged to the Nestorians, to embrace Catholicity. George died in 1299; this event led to the defection of some of the converts. Montecorvino was consecrated bishop in 1308; Gerard, Peregrin and André de Perousse assisting at the ceremony. Pope Clement V. erected the archiepiscopal see of Kahn-ba-likh, or Pekin, in 1314, according its great privileges on account of its influence in the extension of Christianity throughout the East, and also on account of the meritorious labors of this great Franciscan. Montecorvino died about 1330, and was succeeded in the archbishopric of Pekin by a Franciscan named Nicholas. S. Hyacinth, the great

Dominican Apostle of the thirteenth century, labored for the faith on the very borders of China. Hundreds of Dominican martyrs since that period have watered Chinese soil with their blood.

Friar Oderic of Portenau, of the Franciscan Order, who died in 1331, leaves a most interesting account of his travels through the countries between the Black Sea and the extremities of China. Oderic resided three years in Pekin in a Franciscan monastery dependent upon the court. In 1556, Brother Gaspard of the Cross, a Dominican, had the glory of setting foot in a part of China where no missionary had preceded him. Upon his return to Portugal he wrote and published an account of his travels and missionary labors. Though not fruitful, his apostolate cannot be denied.

In 1575, Brother Michael Benavides of the Dominican Order penetrated China with two companions. He built a church under the invocation of S. Gabriel.

The great Apostle of the East, S. Francis Xavier, left Goa for China in 1552, but died on the Island of Sancian, within sight of the shores of China, the land which he had so ardently desired to visit.

John of Castile, with another member of the Dominican Order, made an attempt in 1590 to enter China; but as it was at an unpropitious moment, they were arrested, imprisoned, and finally exiled. The first religious to instruct the Chinese, in Chinese, was a Spanish Dominican, John Cabosius, of the Philippines, who there taught the Chinese immigrants. Angelus Cocchi, a Florentine Dominican, labored in China in 1630.

The testimony of Friars Carpini, Ru-bruquis and Oderic regarding the spread of Christianity through Tartary and the Chinese Empire has been sanctioned by the authority of Abu'lfaraj, a historian of acknowledged fidelity and discretion. Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, who spent twenty-one years traveling in the service of Portugal, has been accused of unblushing embellishments in the account he gives of his travels in India and China. A learned writer facetiously styles him

Mendax Pinto; and Shakespeare has given notorious currency to this opinion: "Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee,
Thou *liar* of the first magnitude."

Pinto, however, is supported by persons of known veracity in his statement that during his journey from Nankin to Pekin, about the year 1540, he met many Christians, the descendants of those who had been converted more than a century before by Matthew Escaudel, a Hungarian missionary.

Pinto joined the Jesuits at Malacca, and wrote home to Portugal to enlist the services of the missionaries in the work of converting the Siamese. In 1556 Pinto visited Japan, in company with Belquier, the missionary. He appears to have acquitted himself well on this occasion, for the governor of Malacca presented him with a testimonial of his services.

The Italian Jesuit, Ricci, reached China in 1583. He attempted to establish the consistency of Catholic worship with the traditions of Confucius, and by so doing made some converts among the mandarins, but drew upon himself not only the condemnation of some of his fellow Jesuits, but the most determined opposition of the Dominicans. John Baptist de Morales, a Spanish Dominican prefect-apostolic of the Dominican Missions, laid a vigorous complaint before Urban VIII. against the pernicious tendency of these "rites." Apart from the gravity of the question at issue, Morales' sufferings for the faith, as well as his important official position, entitled him to a hearing. He died in Fo-Kien in 1664, reputed a saint even by those who opposed his stand touching the "rites."

With the history of this delicate matter we shall deal in the next number of DOMINICANA.

"Now, therefore, that the anniversary of manifold and exceedingly great favors obtained by a Christian people through the devotion of the Holy Rosary is at hand, we desire that the same devotion be offered by the whole Catholic world with the greatest earnestness to the Blessed Virgin, that by her intercession her Divine Son be moved in our favor and appeased in the evils now pressing upon us.

"It has always been the custom with Catholics, in times of danger and trouble, to fly for refuge to Mary, and to seek for peace in her maternal goodness, showing that the Church has ever most justly put all her hope and trust in the Mother of God. And, truly, the Immaculate Virgin, chosen to be the Mother of God, and thereby associated with Him in the work of man's salvation, has a favor and a power with her Son greater than any human or angelic creature has ever obtained or can obtain.

"Our need of divine help is as great today as when S. Dominic introduced the use of the Rosary of Mary as a balm for the wounds of his contemporaries. That great saint, indeed divinely enlightened,

perceived that no remedy would be better adapted to the evils of his time than that men should return to Christ, who 'is the Way, the Truth and the Life,' by frequent meditation on the salvation obtained for us by Him, and should seek the intercession with God of that Virgin to whom it is given to destroy all heresies. He, therefore, so composed the Rosary as to recall the mysteries of our salvation in succession, and the subject of meditation is mingled, and, as it were, interlaced, with the angelic salutation and with the prayer addressed to God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. We who seek a remedy for similar evils do not doubt, therefore, that the prayer introduced by that most blessed man with so much advantage to the Catholic world, will have the greatest effect in removing the calamities of our times also. Not only do we earnestly exhort all Christians to give themselves to the recital of the pious devotion of the Rosary, publicly or privately, in their own houses and families, and that unceasingly, but we also desire that the whole month of October in this year should be consecrated to the Holy Queen of the Rosary."

—*Leo XIII.*

A GROUP OF OUR LADY'S FEASTS.

September is rich in feasts of our Blessed Lady, though the month itself is not, as are May and October, specially dedicated to her. On the eighth we have the feast of her Nativity, the birthday of our Holy Mother. As children we rejoice in the birthday of our earthly mother; we offer her gifts and tributes of love and devotion. Shall we not then celebrate more lovingly, more joyfully, the birthday of our Heavenly Mother, the Mother of Jesus, the Mother of God? Let us draw near to good S. Anne, and look with rapture upon the gentle babe nestling in her arms. Save the Divine Infant Himself, she is the sweetest, loveliest babe that Heaven has ever sent to gladden a mother's heart:

With angel beauty is the face alight,
And grace and virtue in the soul unite.

Yes, it is the indwelling of the unspotted soul that makes the rare loveliness of this favored child, the little infant Mary.

As from some placid lake reflected, gleams
The tranquil glory of the moon's clear beams;
So from the limpid depths of those sweet eyes,
The calm, pure soul shines forth and beautifies
Man's heritage of guilt she does not share,
Of Adam's race, she is, alone, all fair.

The Church gives us an octave wherein to make glad for our Mother's birth, and, like true children, we should strive to love her more sincerely, to offer her such gifts as we know will be pleasing to her:

And best of all gifts are the virtues,
We practice for love of her Son;
Good deeds to our neighbor, the triumphs
That grace over nature has won.

On the Sunday within the octave of the Nativity, we have the feast of the Holy Name of Mary. Here, again, is a day of joy for Mary's children, our Mother's name day, a name that, next to the ador-

able Name of her Divine Son, is the sweetest, the holiest, the most powerful of all names:

The name that fills man's heart with joy and love,
That bids him hope when all is dark and drear,
That gives the faltering strength to persevere,
That lifts the soul from earth to Heaven above.
The pure and holy name that doth appall
The powers of darkness; for, though sorely pressed,
Swift doth temptation flee the troubled breast,
If, trusting in its power, for aid we call.
O Mary, be thy blessed name our shield,
When, unto God, our souls in death we yield.

On the third Sunday of September the Roman Calendar honors the feast of our Lady's Dolors. We have already, on the Friday of Passion week, kept a feast of the Dolors, though that is, more properly, the feast of Mary's Compassion, as we then consider more especially the last four of the Dolors, in which Mary so keenly and so deeply shared the passion of her beloved Son. In the September feast of Dolors we consider all the sorrows of our dear Mother from first to last. We go with her to the temple,

And we ponder how a sword
Turning all her joy to sadness,
Pierced her soul at Simeon's word.

We flee with her into Egypt. With her we seek the missing Holy Child. We walk with her to Calvary. We stand with her by the cross; with her we look upon the agony and death of her adorable Son; we see His mangled, lifeless body laid in her arms; we are with her

When the sad disciples place Him
In the tomb and all depart.
Pity here the desolation,
Of that sinless mother's heart.

As we rejoiced at the birth of our Mother, and sang praises to her sweet

name, let us on this feast of her Dolors excite ourselves to sentiments of tenderest sympathy and grateful love, and cry out with contrite heart:

Oh, forget not, sad, sweet Mother,
Weeping thy most bitter loss;
We to thy dear love were given,
'Neath the shadow of the cross.
Give to us of thy compassion,
That with thee we may bemoan
All the wounds wherewith thy Jesus,
For our sinning did atone.
Queen of martyrs, through thy dolors,
May the woes we bear be blessed;
That, within the heavenly portals,
We, through sorrow, may find rest.

The feast of our Lady of Mercy occurs on the twenty-fourth. This is the special feast of the Order of Mercy for the Redemption of Captives, founded in the thirteenth century by S. Peter Nolasco and S. Raymond of Pennafort. It is also the patronal day of the Sisters of Mercy, a celebration of special joy and devotion for those religious. We should all love to invoke our Lady under this beautiful title, and frequently address her in that holy anthem, the Salve Regina:

Hail Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy!
Hail our life, our sweetness and our hope!

IN THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

A. M. B.

I list to a Voice in the silence,
In the still where a gleam doth shine,
Where my spirit rests full quiet
As a light on sweet Mary's shrine.

A Voice—oh, its holy whispers
To my soul a quiet brings;
Like sunlight on ruffled waters
A balmful peace its flings.

More consoling than silver'd accents,
Or the gentle clasp of a hand,
When soul kneels down to the Saviour
And is led from a weary land.

Only for a moment is it—
But the thrill of that moment is blest,
And my heart is calmed by the silence,
And my Saviour's loving caress.

Calm'd in a world where my Father
Has nestled His child from the frost;
I thank him for rain and sunshine,
For shadows on meadows crossed.

Only a moment while resting
At the foot of the altar in prayer,
In a holy and wordless silence,
in the mystical Presence there.

Thrilling my soul with a glory,
Touching my spirit with light,
Kindling a vision of beauty
Only to my soulful sight.

Kneel, while I and the silence
Commingle in wordless prayer,
And list to the Voice on the altar
Whose Presence is ever there.

MOTHER OF MERCY.

SISTER AMADEUS, O. S. F.

Mother of Mercy, and Fountain of Grace;
Port of the Shipwrecked and Strength
of the Weak;
Refuge of Sinners, and Hope of our Race;
Light in the Darkness, when guidance
we seek.
Ransom of Captives, and Solace of those
Yearning for comfort, all-wanting in
man;
Heavenly Dew which assuages the woes
Common to flesh since the primeval
ban.

Aurora thou art, bright Dawn of the
Morn;
Lady of Victory, Tenderest Dove;
Verdure of Oases; Rose without thorn;
Mother of Knowledge and beautiful
Love.
Titles, both olden and honored are these,
Sanctioned by nations, accorded by
right:
Clinging to her whose care never shall
cease
Till stand we near her in the Kingdom
of Light.

VISION.

HARRIET ALACOQUE BARTNETT.

Softly forms a cloud above me,
Lower sinks my head to rest;
Thrilling gently through my soul, sings
Rippling music of the blest,
Singing songs I've never heard,
Sweeter far than any bird,
Chanting carols in her nest.

IN LOWER CALIFORNIA.

REV. J. R. NEWELL, O. P.

From many points of view, Lower California presents great attractions.

Leaving the description of its vast material resources to the enterprising pen of those who look only for such advantages, we confine our observations to the religious view of the Peninsula and its inhabitants.

About ten years ago, in the hope of contemplating the monuments of the Dominican Order in that country, we crossed the line of Mexico at Tia Juana with a buckboard and two Indian ponies, and drove down through the Peninsula for a distance of about four hundred miles, or to the most southerly Dominican Mission.

But, let us say it at once, we found very little left to describe. Since Mexico's achievement of independence from Spain, and the expulsion of the Spanish Friars from the Peninsula—that is, for a period of seventy years—these missions had been utterly abandoned, and, what is worse, adventurers and interlopers from Sonora—who constitute the present owners of the Mission lands—after driving and killing off the Indians, dismantled the churches and monasteries, seized on and sold the valuable church furniture and works of art, and even tore the tiles from the Mission roofs for their own huts, thus exposing the walls to the dissolving action of the rains, so that there is hardly a Mission in that country of which it might not be said, *Etiam ruinae perierunt!* Even the ruins have perished.

The dwindled remains of these Dominican Missions form a long chain of ruins, at intervals of about thirty miles apart, and extending down from the line to a distance of 400 miles—that is, not geographical, or as the crow flies, but practical, or, better still, impracticable—awful, Mexican road miles—every league of which we have ample reason to remember!

And here we venture to offer a correction to what, in our firm opinion, is a gross error of so-called history. Histori-

ans, following one another like a flock of geese, have been repeating the assertion of some confused writer that the Franciscans gave up their flourishing Missions in Lower California, or the Peninsula, to the Dominicans, and then proceeded to establish others in Alta California, or the California of the United States.

The fact is that, though members of the several Missionary Orders visited the Peninsula a century ago, yet before the establishment of any missions in either of the Californias was undertaken, a joint Council of the Jesuits, Franciscans and Dominicans was held under the proper ecclesiastical sanction, and, with the aid of the civil authority, at Guadalajara, in Spain, and the respective spheres of jurisdiction and evangelization were there and then fixed and determined for each of these orders, the Jesuits being assigned to the southern half of the Peninsula—that is, from Cape St. Lucas to the desert of San Fernando; the Dominicans to the northern half—that is, from the desert of San Fernando to what is now called the line, and the Franciscans to Alta California—that is, to all that region now comprising our State.

The dates of the earliest Dominican foundations in Lower California are contemporary with the earliest foundations of Father Junipero Serra, in our State. While the names and titles of the missions mentioned in the records of establishment are all Dominican—Santo Tomas, Santo Domingo, Santa Catalina, San Pedro Martir, San Ramon, San Telmo, San Vicente, El Rosario, the statues and paintings taken from the missions, and yet, in great numbers, piously preserved in the houses of the people, are all and exclusively of Dominican saints and scenes.

It is not the custom for one Religious Order to erect churches under the name and invocation of the saints of another, and especially a contiguous Order; nor is it the custom in the Church to change the

of the saints or the sacred titles whose invocation the mission has unded.

life of the Catholic Indian, where sted by the vices and violence of called civilized white man, is usual-reat length, and it was our good to meet survivors of the earliest is—old they were, of course, but orous enough to sit two whole days saddle as our guides, and who re red no other missionaries than the robed Padres del Santo Domingo."t, for love or money, we could se om the people as mementos of the nishing monuments of Dominican e a few small oil paintings of the and of S. Vincent Ferrer, and egisters of foundations, including thousands of recorded baptisms, ges and interments of Indians lized by the sons of S. Dominic in California.

he time of our visit there was a c population of not less than 15,-m the line to Cape S. Lucas; and re were not more than three priests he Peninsula. One, at the southern id the reputation of being a suc cattle rancher, and another, at the

northern end, was an eccentric man—half Indian and half-witted—who made an unsuccessful bee farmer! Some ten years before that, Bishop Moreno had been appointed to the Peninsula, but left for Europe—and for good—after a short stay at La Paz; and since then no bishop had visited the country. Later on, Lower California was placed, nominally at least, under the administration of the Bishop of Hermosillo, Sonora. At present, as a result of his recent visit to the Peninsula, its administration is in the hands of Propaganda, and we are happy to say that it enjoys the watchful care of a resident Bishop and the spiritual attention of several zealous and active Priests. This timely action of the Propaganda has re-lighted the torch of religion in the peninsula, and preserved the rising generation there from the danger of perversion at the hands of the wily Methodists who, under favor of a gang of Kentucky sharpers called "The International Colonization Company of Lower California," were erecting cross-mounted steeples to seduce the simple Mexican Catholics. What religion and piety we found among that long-neglected people we can solemnly aver was due mainly to the widespread and deeply-rooted practice of reciting the Rosary.

GLIMPSE OF THE CHARACTER OF PETER H. BURNETT.

SARAH C. BURNETT.



GOVERNOR BURNETT.

It is with some hesitation that I have undertaken the task of sketching the character of the well-known pioneer whose name I am proud to bear. In telling the history of one's own family, it is difficult to avoid the extremes of vanity, or excessive diffidence, according as one desires to win the praise of one's readers, or fears the imputation of egotism.

But as, after all, those who have lived in daily contact with a character, can best study and set it forth before the public, it may be meet that I should endeavor to paint, as I daily observed them, the traits of the man whose life was a grand proof of the possibility of combining a successful worldly career with a faithful fulfillment of even the smallest duties of a Christian.

Perhaps the characteristic that was most influential in forming his career was this—he was slow to decide, but prompt

to act. Having concluded that a removal from Oregon to California would be the best solution of the financial problems that had worried him for years, he soon found himself at the head of a wagon party which reached the gold mines within six months of the time they were first heard of. Less than two years after his arrival he was at the head of the State government. It was often hard for me, as a girl, to realize that the quiet, amiable old man who never interfered with anybody had once been a leader in the struggle of a young community, and had moulded the future of a great commonwealth. But it was characteristic of him that, whatever he undertook, he did thoroughly, and, once finished, laid it aside.

Before my time most of the labors of his life were completed, and in the tranquillity of a good old age he watched the struggles of the coming generation—ever willing to advise and guide, never attempting to rule or domineer.

In California, one life can comprise many chapters of history. From the time that Peter H. Burnett came to Sacramento until the date of his passage over the river of Death—only forty-seven years in all—what wonderful changes had taken place! The State government formed, the Capitol built, moved, and moved again, mining camps grown into cities, wildernesses changed into fields and orchards. And even Mother Church, whose doctrines he had adopted before leaving his Oregon home, how her children had increased and multiplied! The bands of Indian converts had passed away, the saintly old Spanish padres had laid down to their well-earned rest, but their places had indeed been filled.

In San Francisco, in 1848, one little adobe church honored the Lord of Hosts. And how many spires now hold up the sign of Salvation before our often forgetful eyes!

How many homes for poor, sick, even sinful humanity; how many institutions of religious and secular learning now occupy the once sandy wastes over which the zealous pioneers trudged on their wearisome way to church!

Wonderful and many were the works accomplished during the lifetime of one man—and a man whose early youth had been passed in other places, and whose active career came to a voluntary close fifteen long years before the hand of Death closed his eyelids to the world in which he had seen so much.

* * * * *

I have almost reached my allotted limits, and as yet I have said but little of the personal characteristics of my revered ancestor. It is so hard to speak dispassionately of one we have loved! We may see even in the uneventful daily life of an old man indications of the same indomitable energy, the firmness of purpose, the unwavering justice towards himself and towards others—all of the qualities which in his day made him a leader in the vanguard of life. And yet to place him before the public eye, uncolored by the fact that they formed part of the character of one whom we cherished and venerated as one of our own, is a difficult task indeed.

Let Peter H. Burnett's life speak for itself.

The moral effects of his influence and example on the people of this State cannot be calculated. No one can tell how far a few words, a trifling action, may go towards influencing a human life, while the most brilliant achievements may leave but a passing memory behind.

Many may feel that the triumphant career of a public man is not the field in which to look for the encouragement of a good example. For these, perhaps, his ordinary daily actions form a pattern after which to model their own. If, in the course of his journey from the cradle to the grave—through all the vicissitudes of his fortunes—in the depths of the wilderness or amidst the noise and din of cities—it has come to pass that one human being has been encouraged to undertake great and arduous deeds, or that the example of his private life has taught any fellow-creature to persevere in well-doing through the monotony of an uneventful career, it may well be said that Peter H. Burnett has not lived and labored in vain.

IMPRESSIONS OF A DOMINICAN IN CHINA.

REV. BERTRAND COTHONAY, O. P.

Answer to the request of the editor of *VICANA*, I take pleasure in recording to readers my impressions of the people whom some writers claim civilized and polite, but whom the unhappy conditions reveal asous and barbarous.

n familiar with the methods and s of the revivalists and freethinkers go to the Far East, to India or to in quest of imaginary civilization, der to deprecate the Catholic h. After finding a shadow and tak- for a reality, they publish through- he world as a strong argument st the Church, that she is not alone work of human advancement, that powers have civilized men, formed thing societies, inspired beautiful in- ual achievements, specially in phil- y and science. To what heights not such writers raised the famous ou-tseu (Confucius), whose moral ng they unblushingly compare with f the Gospel.

ing the years I spent in China I lly studied the extraordinary people Middle Kingdom, and I can bear is that I did not find them heavenly. good qualities, of course, I recog- nd appreciate. They are laborious, t, and generally submissive. Filial is in great honor among them, but exaggerated to the point of making ther the arbiter of his children's d goods, whereby he imposes upon an abject servitude during his life duty of worship and adoration after ath.

not better indicate my impressions y quoting the words of the Book of m, as given in the tenth, eleventh, i and fourteenth verses of the fif- chapter: "For his heart is and his hope vain earth, and his ore base than clay. Forasmuch as w not his Maker and Him that in-

spired into him the soul that worketh, and that breathed into him a living spirit. Yea, and they have counted our life a pastime, and the business of life to be gain and that we must be getting every way, even out of evil. They are foolish and unhappy, and proud beyond measure."

This is a picture of any pagan people, but it is a particularly accurate one of "John Chinaman." The contention that China's civilization is superior to that inaugulated by the Gospel of Christ has often been urged by shallow writers who forget that Faith is necessary to man that he may not falsely reason, and that freedom from error and crime is essential to any social state of civilization that will flourish and endure. We may grant that even a pagan society, bound down by superstitions and infected with errors dogmatic and moral, sometimes presents features which modern civilization might profitably consider; but the unhappy contrast tells only of the lingering of feeble truth in the former, and of betrayed principles in the latter, meeting as on common ground.

But of the actual condition of Chinese civilization I have been an observer, and of the experience of men who have probed to the bottom I have also availed; and I deliberately record of that civilization, the same now as it has been for several thousand years, that it is not only anti-Christian, but it is an inhuman monstrosity. "Foolish, unhappy, proud!"

Documents and many practical reasons prove that China is to-day what she was thousands of years ago; her pride is so great that it prevents her from accepting anything coming from the "barbarians" of the West. When, however, one points out to an intelligent Chinaman the progress and inventions of the Western nations, as in steam, electricity, etc., one can see a sarcastic smile on his lips, and,

should he deign to answer, he will perhaps regale you with a sentiment such as this: "Oh, this progress and these inventions are all contained, in germ, in our 'Book of Changes,' written many centuries before any of the Western nations existed, and it is in our book that some of your clever men discovered them."

"But why," I replied, "did you yourselves not find them out?"

"Oh," he said disdainfully, "we could have found them out, but—"

I could not extract anything from the vagueness and contempt hidden beneath this *but*.

The first and most essential element in the civilization of man and in the cultivation of his superior qualities is Religion, because Religion touches man, not superficially, but most intimately, entering into his soul and conscience. But religion or rather the religions of the Chinese are monstrous and absurd, consisting only of rites of which nobody, not even the *literati*, can give the significance or the meaning. This is done because it was done from the beginning. Nothing more! Were a Christian to apostatize and embrace the Chinese religion, nobody would be able to tell him what he should believe, because nobody knows. The dogma of Confucius is that it is better not to meddle in such things.

Though the Chinese indulge in much superstition regarding the spirits, they are practically atheists "without God in this world." In their cumbrous language of more than forty thousand characters there is none to express God. The Christians have been obliged to make use of a paraphrase to designate the Supreme Being, the Creator, they call him *Tien tchou*, that is, *Coeli Dominus*, or Master of Heaven. The real religion of the Chinese is fear, a terrible fear of the devil, immense egotism, the worship of their belly, the satisfaction if possible of all their passions here below, and the adoration of themselves after their death by their posterity.

The bonzes are an abject and despised caste, ignorant and degraded. The arts are practically unknown; painted or

sculptured figures of devils or horribile animals can be found, but always fantastic and monstrous and gross. I sculpture, it is true, that their patience has enabled them to produce works surprising at first sight, but on examination they are found to be quite inartistic. Chinese works of this kind are without expression; their makers know no rule of art; they have no idea of the beautiful.

Their music is Satanic; their architecture in its *ensemble* is grotesque; the few monuments of to-day are identical with those of a thousand years ago. The literature, though abundant, is "of the earth, earthy," often childish, with few noble ideas or elevated feelings. Indeed certain ready-made sentences, common and often disgusting, clothe vulgar proverbs bereft of all philosophy.

The Chinese language! One might most consider it an invention of the devil. A lifetime is necessary to fix the memory its numerous fantastic characters. After twenty years or more this study the Chinese graduate has no idea of any natural or exact science, & he is proud of being able to read and write fifteen or twenty thousand signs or characters out of a total of forty thousand. Then, if he has sufficient money to meet the bribery requirements, he may be appointed a mandarin, a sub-prefect of a district, or a judge, with full authority to grind and bleed the poor people.

In China the rich, who are almost invariably imperious, cruel and vicious, heartily despise the poor, who number fully ninety-nine per cent of the population, and are ever in misery that is oft abject and appalling. That gift of God which we might describe as fellow-feeling they have never acquired, nor do they appreciate it. In the Chinaman the human heart is degraded. There is no friendship; conjugal love does not exist. Vile passions hold sway; practical polygamy prevails. The Chinaman is ungrateful as he is covetous. In his manner of living this poor heathen echoes the words of the Roman heathen, Juvenal: "The good odor of gain from ever

And when a father gives an
to his son he only translates the
of the impudent Horace: "When
'e to act, act rightly if you can; if
it in such manner as you please."
only aim of the organized govern-
administration seems to be to
res and to squeeze the people as
is possible. There is scarcely a
which is not guilty of infanticide;
en the children are made vicious,
from the cradle. We have all
of Chinese politeness as some-
xquisite. Indeed, it is *charming!*
the *litterati* comes to see me. He
a gracious manner. I acknowled-

Afterwards he addresses to me
nventional, stereotyped platitudes,
h I am bound to make the con-
al answers. He will ask what is
ious name, and I must answer
vile name is such. He will tell
he admires my palace; I must
that my wretched hut is not
to receive his excellency. I must
uire for his wife; it would be
ous. Besides, he may have three

However, if the turn of the con-
n brings my visitor to speak of
, he will not call her by her name.
ly she has no name. He will
"the abject creature of my in-
apartments," or "the vile en-
one," or something similar. Nor
nquire for his children; it is not
ed. They are so little to him!
y I ask for anybody else; it would
ijury to him. During the conver-
ne freely expectorates, regardless
oundings; he despises a handker-
ut in meanest ways avails of one's
th or curtains. Tea having been
he first rinses his mouth with it
cts it on the floor. Then another
ow and more conventional sen-
and he departs.

Chinese oppose an invincible dis-
the industries encouraged by
nations. To their own rudi-
, unchanging and often amusing
they obstinately cling. In the
es north of the Yang-tse Kiang
re some miserable roads wide

enough for their rude wheeled vehicles;
but south of this river there are no roads,
but only primitive footpaths, which are
never repaired, and which admit the ~~passage~~
of only one pedestrian at a time.
When two persons meet, one must go to
the field to allow the other to pass. The
sedan chair such as was used three hun-
dred years ago still holds the place of
honor among vehicles. In it one sits un-
comfortably, being carried on the shoul-
ders of three or four men. These bearers
frequently quarrel, shout like wild ani-
mals, complain almost incessantly that
their passenger is too heavy, rest when
they feel disposed, putting one down in
the middle of the road. When paid they
invariably express dissatisfaction.

Agriculture is the only industry well
developed. The necessity of feeding such
multitudes obliges the Chinaman to draw
from the ground as much as possible.
The methods of fertilizing which prevail
in the "celestial" empire are of the rudest,
yea, most disgusting kind. Despite the
Chinaman's industrious toil, rice is al-
most the only staple intelligently culti-
vated. We may add a few vegetables and
that pest of China called opium, and, in
the north, wheat and barley. Fruit trees,
oranges and jujubes being the best, grow
as nature directs; grafting is unknown
and laughed at. A few cultivate some
miserable flowers. Women are very fond
of them, the poorest ornamenting their
hair with them when they can procure
them.

The Chinaman is by necessity very
sober. Some bowls of rice, with a bit of
decayed fish and miserable sauce make
up his poor meal. It is the ordinary fare
of unnumbered millions. On feast days
and on extraordinary occasions, when
the rich revel in a bill of fare including
swallows' nests, fins of sharks and their
eau de vie distilled from rice, the poorer
will content themselves with decayed
eggs, clams, bits of unripe fruits in vine-
gar or sugar, a kind of cheese made from
the flower of beans, fried silk worms, oc-
casionally a bit of pork or of dog, and tea,
of course, but without sugar or milk. Milk
is not used in China, where there are few

goats or cows, and those are not milked. There are no pastures and no hay. All the available places are used for rice, vegetables, or the poppy, for opium manufacture.

Chinese medical practice and pharmacy consist of a confused variety of prescriptions and drugs, each surpassing the other in absurdity. In cases of illness the sorcerer (there is one in every village) is usually consulted. He himself consults the devil, and the most extraordinary and unexpected medicines are prescribed. Everybody may act as a doctor, no studies nor diploma being required. However, there are in China some men practising medicine who have studied and acquired a great deal of experience. Knowing many simples and cordials, they render great service to their people, because they use their common sense instead of the pretended science of the charlatans.

There are not wanting writers who speak of the immense libraries of China, of the encyclopedias consisting of fifteen thousand volumes (some say one hundred thousand), but all the women and the great majority of the men are illiterate. Amongst the *litterati* few possess more than a dozen of volumes, the classics. In the large cities and in the monasteries of the Bonzes there are libraries, but, so far as I have been able to ascertain, they are not very large, and have few readers. In Pekin, it is true, there are great heaps of books and documents, but they are almost inaccessible, even to the Chinese. These so-called "libraries" increased during the long centuries. Competent persons say they are *ruditis indigestaque moles*—an ill-regulated mass consisting of thousands of volumes of a soporific newspaper, "poems," descriptions of rites and ceremonies, essays on agriculture and on filial piety, history of wars, eulogies of emperors and of mandarins, but no exact scientific notion can be found.

There are very few bridges over the rivers of China. No bridge can be built without consultation with the devil by the sorcerer, and generally the devil answers in the negative. In some instances, according to an ancient tradition, the devil

formerly answered that he would permit the river to be bridged on condition that as many children (an equal number of boys and girls) as there were piers should be buried under them. In many places there are rocks in the beds of rivers which form dangerous rapids, and are the cause of frequent shipwrecks and loss of life. Whenever Europeans have attempted to blow up the rocks and to clear the river the Chinese have made strong opposition, saying that the genius of the river did not want it.

Any attempt of the Europeans to do aught out of the Chinese routine meets with all kinds of difficulties and obstacles. For instance, a Dominican Father told me some years ago he desired to build a church in the island of Hai-San. The permission of the mandarin was necessary to buy the ground. The great man said to the Father that the chosen spot could not be so used because a church erected in such a place would abolish the Fong-Shoui—i. e., the current of felicity blowing on the city. The missionary experienced great difficulty in finding another place because the mandarin had secretly forbidden the people to sell land to him. However, after many months of negotiations, he purchased a hill at some distance from the town, and duly applied to the mandarin for authorization to build. That worthy answered that he was very sorry indeed, but he could not grant the permission because a paw of the dragon protector of the country was lying just under this hill, and in digging the foundations there would be danger of hurting him, and consequently of provoking his wrath.

Last year I heard from a Protestant minister an amusing story. An heir was born to him, and the villagers among whom he lived, seeming to share in his joy, decided to give him a testimonial. They subscribed a small sum of money and bought a silver chain to hang around the baby's neck. The token was presented with ceremony to the father, who was deeply touched by this attention shown to him. He deliberated with his wife how they could best acknowledge it, and after much musing and talking the following

scheme was adopted. The villagers drew their water from three wells. The minister called the notables who had presented the trinket and told them that to show his appreciation of their kindness, he and his wife would buy a pump and place it on the well near their house. He described to them, of course, what kind of a thing a pump was—a sucking machine which would draw up the water without trouble, without ropes and bucket, etc. The grave representatives of the village bowed very profoundly, expressing their gratitude to the reverend man, but told him that before writing to Shang-Hai to order the "sucking machine," they needed to confer with their people, and that soon they would return with an answer.

A week later the committee called on the minister. Deep bow, prostration, salutation, etc. After these necessary preliminaries the spokesman said to the minister that, after conferring with the people of the village concerning the "sucking machine," which he had been so good as to offer to put on one of the three wells, the villagers wished to ask some questions.

"Ask them," said the minister.

"First," he said, "the money collected for the trinket of your baby has been subscribed by persons living all over the village. Putting in only one 'sucking ma-

chine' would not do; the other people living near the other two wells would be jealous. Can you make up your mind to buy three 'sucking machines' instead of one?"

The minister said his means did not allow him to do so.

"Secondly," said the spokesman, "if you put in this 'sucking machine,' about twenty-five men who earn their rice by drawing the water from the wells and taking it to the houses will lose their only means of living. Will you compensate them by giving them money, or at least finding a position for them?"

The reverend man answered that he could not.

"Thirdly," the spokesman went on, "we have consulted a man amongst us who knows everything, past and future, and he told us that if you put the said 'sucking machine' in the well it will frighten the well's genius, who, to avenge himself, will cause many evils in the village, and probably will dry up the well."

"You see, great man, for these reasons, and some others, we have thought it better not to accept the 'sucking machine,' but, all the same, we are all very thankful to you for your good intention."

Profound bows, prostrations, salutations, and exit with reverence!

A BOY'S LAMENT.

EDWIN ANGELO LEMAN.

Vacation days are over now,
My fun is at an end;
And in the horrid schoolroom I
Must fall and winter spend.

Oh, me! how very blue I feel
To think of sums and books!
I'd rather think of bats and balls,
Or fishing lines and hooks.

It must be awful nice to stay
The whole year out of school;
To never have to study, or
To never mind a rule.

Some people say that when you're small,
You never have much trouble;
Yet, I am sure that my cares, compared
With grown folks, are just double.

If ever I am President
Of the United States,
I'll pass a law that will forbid
Schools, teachers, books and slates.

My law will let all boys and girls
Have their own will and way;
They'll only have to eat and sleep,
And then get up to play.

But, wait; I guess I'll take all back,
Whatever I have said;
For there's an old-time story now
A running in my head.

It tells about a lazy boy
Who left his lessons once;
And when he grew to be a man,
They named him Mr. Dunce.

EDITORIAL.

In identifying this number of DOMINICANA with the golden jubilee celebration of California Statehood, we feel that our efforts, though hedged about by difficulties which have prevented the realization of well-intentioned plans, will be appreciated not only by the native sons and daughters of the Golden West, but by all who are interested in California. And wide though the circulation of DOMINICANA is, it is not wider than the range of those, at home and abroad, who recognize, in a measure, the greatness of our favored State, and who will sympathetically and appreciatively manifest their interest in any enterprise begotten of California State pride, loyalty and devotion. There is a peculiar fitness in our action. As Catholics we are entitled to a foremost place. As representative of Dominican thought and life we feel that an unbroken record of fifty years of self-sacrificing zeal and labor on the part of the men and women who have worn Dominic's honored robe may be mentioned, in no spirit of self-laudation, but merely as a reminder of things done for Religion by pioneers, who sought only the glory of God in the salvation of souls.

Apropos of present interest in China, we remind our readers that the Dominican Order is generously represented in that land of peril and martyrdom. From the Order no fewer than seven have been taken by the Holy See, and elevated to the episcopal dignity: Monsignor Colomer, Vicar Apostolic of Northern Tonquin; Monsignor Velasco, his coadjutor; Monsignor Terres, Vicar Apostolic of Eastern Tonquin; Monsignor Fernandez, Vicar Apostolic of Central Tonquin; Monsignor Cezon, titular bishop of Biblos; Monsignor Mazot, Vicar Apostolic of Northern Fo-Kien; Monsignor Clemente, Vicar Apostolic of Amoy. All of these missionary prelates are aided by bands of devoted Dominican Fathers and by numerous native Tertiaries, men and women.

John Bull has shipped many Boer prisoners of war to death-dealing places in the far East. St. Helena is not sufficiently fatal. Cronje still lives. Yet there is no nation with conscience or honor or humanity sufficient to protest against the organized scoundrelism and monstrous cruelty that trailed a bloody blot, page after page, over Irish history as made by England, a history the spirit of which animates her baffled and humiliated hosts in South Africa to-day.

Our readers will observe that the present number greatly exceeds in volume and variety our regular issues. And yet there are subjects upon which we have not been able to touch, important though they are to California, and honorably though they are associated with her marvelous growth. The writers of California, the men and the women who have won fame, the country over and beyond the seas, in the great battle of the pen when its wielders seek bread as well as glory, should be remembered. To them we pay the passing homage of deserved greeting in praise, mindful that the works they have done have been among the best results of California's half century of extraordinary progress. At another time we shall return to this subject with a fuller measure of recognition in a larger treatment of the theme.

Our Portland correspondent writes that the Feast of S. Dominic was observed with impressive ceremonies at the Church of the Holy Rosary. Rev. P. Henry, O. P., celebrated High Mass; Rev. L. Breen, O. P., acted as deacon; Rev. D. O'Brien, O. P., sub-deacon. Rev. Father Odamate, O. S. B., gave a most eloquent panegyric of S. Dominic. La Hache's Mass was excellently rendered by a select choir, under the able leadership of Mr. E. C. Martin. The new organ was opened on this occasion.

The impetus recently given to that noble society, "The Propagation of the

' has had an enlivening effect the various branches previously shed, and it has further developed us work in many parts of the coun-
ere new organizations have sprung
eing, under the direction of the
s and clergy. We shall revert to
portant matter in subsequent num-

present to our readers a portrait brief character sketch of Califor-
rst Governor, that staunch and de-
Catholic, whose book, "The Path
ed a Protestant Lawyer into the
ic Church," is a work of great and
ig merit. The Editor of DOMINI-
ives it to Miss Burnett, the gifted
aughter of the Governor, to state
is invitation to her to contribute
timate of Mr. Burnett was sent at
eventh hour," and with limitation
e. At another time, however, our
will be favored by Miss Burnett,
thout restrictions. We promise to
ends that the offering will be a
treat.

thanks are due to the courteous
ement of the Mount Tamalpais
Railway for the use of the cuts
iting "A Day on Mount Tamalpais."
re also indebted for a like favor to
idness of the publishing house of
Judd & Co., San Francisco.

we put our thoughts (and they
en burning in our heart these long
past) into words such as we are
o quote, we should have drawn on
ds, in sharp criticism if not male-
the wrath of all who favor a
f English villainy and American
nacy under that stupid, unhistori-
meaningless name of "Anglo-
ivilization." But, for "the shadow
eat name," we remind our readers
ie Call, San Francisco, August 24,
oke the following words, editori-

n the brave Cronje was sent to St.
to punish him for a defense that
nothing by comparison with the
t actions in war, we deprecated the

startling exhibition of England's malice and spiteful spirit. Outnumbered in men and guns by more than ten to one, he fought until thirst, starvation and exhausted ammunition compelled him to capitulate. Lord Roberts' vainglorious dispatch, 'Majuba Hill avenged,' was the first ugly sign of the meanness of spirit that followed the surrender.

"The brave old Boer was shown scant courtesy by his foemen and correspondents of the London press tickled the fancy of their readers by humorous descriptions of the dress and toilet of Madame Cronje, a brave and high-hearted woman, who had endured the terrors of the march and the horrors of the besieged camp by the side of her husband. Had her critics been men, remembering their mothers, they would not have pretended to expect her emergence from such a scene dressed for a social function, but would have respected her gray hairs and raiment, every rag of which was ennobled by devotion to her husband and his cause.

"The Romans, in the high tide of conquest, bawling, 'Woe to the conquered,' as they rattled by in chains in the triumph of the conqueror, never manifested a more brutal spirit than was shown toward Cronje and his faithful wife.

"We believed at the time that instead of shortening the struggle of the Boers by terrorizing them, sending Cronje to a hated island prison to die would intensify the struggle.

"This has proved to be the case. Eng-
land is paying for it now in blood and
treasure. Stout old Kruger warns his men
that surrender does not mean home, but
St. Helena, and every shaggy soldier girds
him and fights on. Lord Roberts is trying
to end the war by burning farmsteads
over the heads of the women and children
and the aged, too decrepit to fight. But
the shelterless women gather their young
about them and go out upon the cheer-
less veldt, only to ask of their men under
arms to fight on.

"It is not fair war that Roberts is making in South Africa. It is an attempt to compel the surrender of combatants by abuse of non-combatants, which is not

recognized by nations nor by soldiers as within the code of war.

"The world may long wait for the sure retribution that will follow the tactics of Roberts and Kitchener, but the shadow of judgment always overtakes a people who sanction such things, and the people of England owe it to themselves to purge their hearts of the spirit which permits such deeds to be done in their names."

And yet there are "American patriots" (traitors to all that is best in American national life) who hysterically urge a partnership of Uncle Sam and John Bull for purposes of world-wide rascality and general deviltry—all, of course, in the name of liberty and Christianity, both, as understood and fostered and "bulleted" and "bayoneted" and "gatlined" and otherwise "rifled" and "fired" into helpless men and women who dare think that they have a right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Of course, those brown, yellow and black "fools" must be taught by an American Czar that the men of 1776 were fools and knaves, that the era of political purity and patriotism dawned only when bosses and trusts, and scoundrels under the name of "party leaders," came to the front. Of course, we mean the "front" of jobs, boodle, pelf, plunder and infamy. The front of battle such fellows never reach. That is a place fit for volunteers and others of whom the least said the better.

The first Bishop of Monterey was the holy Franciscan, Father Moreno, who was consecrated in 1840. He died in 1846. Four years went by before his successor was named.

After the promotion of Bishop Alemany to the newly formed Diocese of San Francisco which began its ecclesiastical career with the archiepiscopal dignity already conferred on it, the Holy See appointed to Monterey and Los Angeles the Vincertian Father, Thaddeus Amat, who was consecrated in 1854. In 1873 he received the help of a coadjutor, Bishop Mora, who subsequently ruled the diocese from 1878 to 1896.

In 1861 the growth of Catholicity and the increased labors of the Archbishop rendered necessary that division of the archdiocese by which the Vicariate Apostolic of Marysville was erected. In 1868 the diocese of Grass Valley was founded with the Right Reverend Eugene O'Connell, the Vicar Apostolic, as first bishop of the new see. He was a prelate of deep piety and learning.

In January, 1881, Father Patrick Manogue, a brave missionary and a true pioneer, was consecrated as coadjutor of Bishop O'Connell. In 1884 he succeeded that venerable man. In May, 1886, the Holy See declared the erection of a new diocese, consisting of the former diocese of Grass Valley and Marysville, with a portion from San Francisco. The Cathedral was placed at Sacramento, whence the See derives its name. He died in 1895. In 1896, Bishop Grace, the present devoted and apostolic prelate assumed the direction of the Church in Sacramento.

Owing to the infirmities of Bishop Mora, a coadjutor was sent to Los Angeles in 1894. Father George Montgomery of the Cathedral, San Francisco, a zealous and learned priest, was chosen for the post. In 1896 he succeeded the retiring Bishop.

The portraits of the Bishops who have ruled the Church in California since the establishment of the See of Monterey are presented to our readers in speaking testimony of great things done for God. As Archbishop Alemany never sat for a photograph, we have been obliged to follow a hastily made sketch.

We are also at a disadvantage regarding the venerable Franciscan who was first Bishop of Monterey. No authentic likeness has been preserved. We were obliged, therefore, to follow an old engraving, the copy of a painting "moreless" correct.

To Bishop Grace of Sacramento and Bishop Montgomery of Monterey and Los Angeles we are indebted for generous kindness in furnishing to us portraits of Bishops O'Connell, Manogue, Mora and Amat.

We had intended to publish illustrations of the Cathedrals of California, but we decided to hold them till we shall have prepared a series of articles on these moth-

hes. These papers, we trust, will appear, and in the not distant future, we shall pay tribute to the holyies who have gone to their reward, all as to the zealous and apostolic who now sit in the chair of ; at Los Angeles and Sacramento. e present number of DOMINICANA we been obliged to omit many features which we should gladly have dwelt.

the 6th, 7th, 8th of this month the less in honor of our Lady will be held Lyons, France. The place chosen is able Basilica of our Lady of Four-

We trust that our French corre-
ent will be able to send to us an ac-
of this notable assembly in time for
ation in our October number.

ving all question of right or wrong,
g aside the unvarying principles of
, ignoring the oft-proclaimed equal-
lie, by the way) inculcated by the
ation of Independence—"a good
h Morgan" for flamboyant Fourth of
omfoolery to deceive the "gullible"
o cover up conquest that masks
the vapid term "benevolent assimili-
" fair-minded men, not given to the
sentimental or emotional in their
iting enquiries, will financially, if
orally and humanely ask, whether
licy has been "a paying one" which
quandered treasure and national

as well as the blood of thousands
guided "patriots" and "volunteers,"
speak of the unnumbered victims of
zation's" and "Christianity's" cam-
sacrificed in foreign lands because
ared defend their own, because they
for their altars and their hearths,
ance of infamous hypocrisy, cruel
and vicious grab, shamelessly mas-
ing in the name of liberty, under
adow of monster guns and to the
of death-dealing musketry.
ourse, there is no hell for nations,
scoundrels who trample on all the
les of justice, truth and honor that
for national life in its only worthy
will yet arrive at their proper

DOMINICANA is under special obligations to the gifted pens of Miss Harriet M. Skidmore, Miss Marcella A. Fitzgerald, Sister Anna Raphael, of College Notre Dame, San Jose, and Mr. R. E. White, for poetic contributions of beauty and strength, appropriate to our golden jubilee celebration.

It is with feelings of deep satisfaction that DOMINICANA calls the attention of our readers to the opening of the new S. Rose's Academy, on Scott street, this city, as announced in our advertising pages.

In appealing to our subscribers, friends of the Dominican Order, and devoted to the interests of our Sisters, who have literally borne a fiery trial in San Francisco, we count on such encouragement, cheer of countenance, co-operation and generosity in word and work, in prayer and contribution, as will guarantee the success which our Sisters so well deserve.

At this writing there are in the Philippines more than sixty thousand American troops, regular and volunteer. Of course, we have all heard *usque ad naufragium* that the war is over—a lie of the brand military, official and personal, of Manila make and Washington circulation, but always bearing the hall mark of jingoism, of partisan "crookedness," and o that all-pervading, all-corroding American sin, dishonesty.

Spain never found it necessary to main-
tain an army in those islands greater in
number than one-fifth of Uncle Sam's
brave boys; and under Spanish rule a
good portion of the force was Filipino.
Comment necessary? Only for a blind
man, and then it would be useless!

It is now six and thirty years since
Bret Harte sang of our favored State that
" . . . o'erhead the arching vault
springs clear,
Sunlit and cloudless for one-half the year;
For this no snowflake, e'er so lightly
pressed,
Chills the warm impulse of our mother's
breast.
Quick to reply from meadows brown and
sere,
She springs responsive to Spring's earliest
tear;

Breaks into blossom, flings her loveliest
rose
Ere the white crocus mounts Atlantic
snows.

Recalling these lines in association with the sad accounts of the multitudes stricken, through excessive heat even unto death, in New York, Chicago and other Eastern cities, we realize that California is blessed above many regions in many ways, and that in this our metropolis of San Francisco we enjoy a climate of varied charms, be the season winter or summer.

That this special jubilee number has been realized we owe, in a great measure, to our friends whose cards appear in our advertising supplement. Cordially do we recommend their various establishments to all our friends.

We publish an interesting letter received from a Dominican in the land of the dragon. Father Cothonay's present contribution will be duly followed by others, in which he will record some instances of the rule of the demon who is, indeed, the great prince of China, and whose miserable slaves are the multiplied millions of the down-trodden and blinded who worship at his evil shrine.

BOOKS.

We have received from J. Fischer & Brother, New York, (1) HYMNS TO THE SACRED HEART AND HOLY NAME OF JESUS, by Victor Hammerel. This volume contains a collection of well harmonized hymns and two Benediction settings, all within easy range of voices, but lacking in pleasing melody. (2) A MASS IN F MAJOR, IN HONOR OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS, by J. Wiegand, which is distinguished by the same excellent qualities which are characteristic of all Mr. Wiegand's compositions. It is in four-part harmony; is very melodious and effective, and in no instance goes above medium difficulty, either in the vocal or instrumental parts. It is particularly suited to convent chapels and sodality choirs. Even large, well-balanced choirs might well adopt this Mass as a vocal rest from the regular heavy, stereotyped choir work. DOMINICANA heartily endorses this mass.

THE QUEEN'S GARDEN, by M. E. M. Davis, has been received from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. It is a story of the romantic happenings during seven days of the life of a beautiful orphan girl. The authoress vividly contrasts sudden and pleasant events with possible and imminent dangers, thus intensifying interest in the narrative. The publishers have brought out the book in attractive form.

From Brentano's, New York, we have received WRITTEN IN RED, by C. H. Montague and C. W. Dyar. It is a thrilling story of crime in the cultured city of Boston. The ingenious intricacies of the plot baffle the reader's attempt to solve the mysterious complications which the authors admirably develop in the final chapter. The publishers present the volume in a becoming and appropriate form.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, have issued THE BURDEN OF CHRISTOPHER, by Florence Converse, a story cleverly relating the struggles and temptations of a high-minded, honorable business man, who endeavors to realize his ideal of reconciling the conflicting claims of capital and labor. The authoress beautifully illustrates the helpfulness and lightening of the burdens through his wife's sweet trust and love. The publishers have faithfully performed their part as to the printing and binding; they have made, as is their wont, a handsome volume.

THE DOMINICAN STAR, an annual publication of the Dominican Nuns of Dunedin, New Zealand, is verily a literary light of no mean magnitude. Brightness is reflected throughout its pages of select literature and artistic illustration. The volume is bound in olive and gold, and its mechanical make-up is most creditable to the New Zealand Tablet Printing and Publishing Company.

"The true opportunity of the American people lies not in the tropical islands of the Pacific and Caribbean, but in the vast unsettled regions of their own country. Their true mission is not to impose their

dominion upon distant lands and alien peoples, but to work out the highest forms of civilization for their own race and nationality." With these words, forceful and wise because of the mania for "colonizing" and conquering in the name of benevolent assimilation, which has seized upon so many Americans, Mr. William E. Smythe opens the introduction to his valuable and admirable work, *THE CONQUEST OF ARID AMERICA*, which has recently come from the press of Harper & Brother, New York.

Mr. Smythe is an authority who knows whereof he speaks. His book is divided into four parts, treating respectively, and we may add clearly and exhaustively, of colonial expansion at home, of real Utopias in the arid West, of undeveloped America, and of the army of the half-employed. An appendix discusses the subject of irrigation. The two chapters entitled "The Evolution of Southern California" and "The Truth About California" should, of themselves, commend this volume to Californians. Their plain, pointed truths, their practical suggestions, their just reflections, their prudent forecast, indicate the competent man whose agreeable style lends an attraction to the really valuable matter which he presents.

Our desire to quote freely is checked because of our stronger desire that our readers will become readers of Mr. Smythe's book, of which we may justly say that for timeliness, for force of argument, for weight of fact, that it deserves recognition and study in all parts of the country, and particularly during these days of feverish, unreasoning imperialism.

Several maps and illustrations adorn the volume and enrich the text. From cover to cover of this well printed and appropriately bound book of more than three hundred pages interest flags not. To us it is a genuine pleasure that we are able to bring it to the attention of our friends.

Clear type, good paper, substantial binding are the features of the recent edi-

tion of the Bible in English issued by the John Murphy Company, Baltimore. Fourteen hundred octavo pages of text and eight maps make up the volume, which these publishers have placed on the market at the price of one dollar. No more need be said in commendation of their enterprise. Even the poorest family can own a copy of the Great Book at such a cost.

INSTITUTIO SPIRITUALIS, A BOOK OF SPIRITUAL INSTRUCTION, by the Venerable Louis Blosius and translated from the Latin by Father Bertrand A. Wilberforce, O. P., is published by B. Herder, St. Louis. To quote the author of this excellent work: "Rare, indeed, is it, in our age, to find a man who really desireth to deny himself and to follow Christ with true humility, genuine mortification and resignation."

The aim and object of the writer was to enkindle in the hearts of his fellow-men this desire and longing for perfection and for a more intimate union of the soul with God, the fountain and source of all perfections. The reader is ushered into the mystic school of eternal wisdom, where the saints of God were moulded unto perfection. For religious in the cloister as well as for persons in the world seeking the true inner life, this little work should prove of great value. As a message vivid with the spirit of that land, "where one day is better than a thousand, where God himself is all that a loving soul can desire," this work of the Venerable Blosius will be heard, we trust, in many hearts.

Father Wilberforce has generously contributed to Catholic literature, especially on lines spiritual and ascetic. The latest is not his least service to the cause. The publishers have becomingly done their part.

From F. Pustet & Co., New York, we have received the six volumes of *STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY*, by the Reverend Reuben Parsons, D.D., which comprise the admirable work that this learned and distinguished priest has prepared for gen-

eral readers. As it is our purpose to deal with these STUDIES in a special review, we confine our present remarks to this acknowledgment, and to a further word of hearty congratulation to the scholarly author, who certainly stands alone and unapproached among American writers in his chosen field of ecclesiastical history.

From Benziger Brothers, New York, we have received ECCLESIASTICAL DICTIONARY, Containing in Precise Form, Information Upon Ecclesiastical, Biblical, Archaeological and Historical Subjects, by the Rev. John Thein. This handsome volume of more than seven hundred pages proclaims on its title page the purpose of its author as well as the scope of his work. In our next number we shall more fully discuss the features of this latest production of Father Thein's active pen.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND, OR LIVES OF THE SAINTS was compiled by the Blessed James of Voragine, a Dominican friar, who died in the year 1298, having at that time filled the archiepiscopal see of Genoa for more than six years.

Probably no book of the Middle Ages is so redolent of the spirit of those ages of faith, and certainly no work of that time has had a wider vogue. Done into the various tongues of Europe, it was distributed broadcast, and for the two centuries which preceded the general use of Gutenberg's wonderful invention, the *Legenda Aurea*, had a popularity commensurate with the limited means previously employed for multiplying books. Subsequently it sprang into fuller recognition, and during the sixty years intervening between 1470 and 1530, it was, perhaps, the most frequently reprinted of all the books then passing through the press.

In 1483 THE GOLDEN LEGEND, as Englished by William Caxton, appeared in London. A reprint of Caxton's edition is among the recent issues of the Temple Classics, published by J. M. Dent & Co. of London. From the Macmillan Company, New York, we have received the

four volumes of this edition, and we cordially commend them to our readers.

Averaging three hundred pages each, printed from clear type on a fine quality of paper, illustrated by etched frontispieces, quaint and artistic, and bound daintily, the four volumes comprising this set are specimens of the bookmaker's best work, and yet they are sold at a trifling cost. In placing these beautiful volumes on the American market at the extremely moderate price of two dollars a set, the Macmillan Company have done a praiseworthy service to Catholic letters.

The Pennsylvania Fire Insurance Company has sent us, through its courteous Pacific Coast representatives, a copy of *Short Rates*, their regular publication, but issued in special form commemorating the diamond jubilee of the company. Paper, letter-press, illustrations, text are all of excellent quality. We congratulate the editor and staff. It is not easy to make a special technical publication generally readable and interesting; this the Pennsylvania has succeeded in doing.

As a specimen of its editorial "snap," we quote the following: "According to the world's philosophy a man with an idea is a crank, and the frequency with which he urges the idea becomes the evidence of his insanity. If, however, the mob approves the idea, it's genius." Wit and humor and criticism are also in good measure to be found.

The University Publishing Company, New York and Boston, have issued STANDARD LITERATURE SERIES, "The Song of Hiawatha," with foot-notes and clear illustrations; "Five Great Authors" (Irving, Hawthorne, Scott, Dickens, Hugo), edited by Wm. L. Felter, Ph.D.; "Poems of Knightly Adventure," selected and edited by Edward Everett Hale, Jr.; "Evangeline" and "The Lady of the Lake," the two latter with notes and introduction by the same competent hand.

The selections are well chosen. The introductions are gems. The one to the "Five Great Authors" is in itself a choice specimen of literature. The whole series we take pleasure in commanding.

Among the many beautiful and interesting works that have come to us from the pen of Eliza Allen Starr, we find none more welcome than her little volume, *THE SEVEN DOLORS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN*. In it are many inspiring passages which must make us feel more deeply the sword of sorrow that pierced the tender heart of our Blessed Lady. Such sentiments could not be penned but by one who possesses a sincerely religious spirit, who feels in her own soul the compassion of which she writes. This little book will not only make the reader "more pious, but more intelligently pious." Aside from the religious tone, the work is one of value to those interested in art. Each dolor, or sorrow, is described just as it is represented by the great masters. From the manner in which Miss Starr discusses the different artists, one cannot but admit that the authoress is not only a light in the literary world, but also one who is deeply imbued with a love and a knowledge of all that is grand and beautiful in art. The "make-up" of the handsome brochure is in harmony with the precious thoughts and illustrations of which it is the bearer, while the moderate price of seventy-five cents deserves approval. Copies can be ordered directly from Miss Starr, S. Joseph's Cottage, 299 Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

A little book that will be of value to teachers and of service to children is *HAPPY HEARTS AND PLEASANT FACES*, a compilation embodying some of the best work, in verse and prose, of Miss Margaret E. Jordan. An introduction and appendix by the well known and competent educator, Mrs. B. Ellen Burke are in themselves testimonials of value. The volume is beautifully printed on paper of extra quality, richly illustrated, and neatly bound. We advise parents and teachers to secure this excellent brochure. Copies can be obtained by addressing the author, 344 E. 62 St., New York. Considering the quality of the contents and the style of the "make-up," the cost price of thirty cents is very low.

Marlier, Callanan & Co., Boston, recently issued *EPISODES OF CATHOLIC HIS-*

TORY. The author's object was not to give an exhaustive treatise on Church History, but only to present certain striking events identified with notable epochs in a manner calculated to stimulate a more extended study. Judging the volume according to this standard we should say that the unnamed compiler has pleasantly realized his purpose. The style is agreeable, an important feature in such work. The volume is well printed on fine paper, illustrated and substantially bound, altogether a serviceable book.

We have received from the publishing house of Little, Brown & Co., Boston, a copy of the fascinating novel, *CURRITA, THE COUNTESS OF ALBORNOZ*. The author, Rev. Luis Coloma, of the Jesuit Order, is eminently qualified to judge the follies of corrupt society in old Madrid. The period of which this story treats is one of peculiar historic interest; it includes events connected with the downfall of King Amadeo and those attendant upon the establishment of the short-lived Republic of Castelar.

Estelle Huyck Attwood has rendered this effective satire into vigorous English, and has faithfully interpreted the author's cosmopolitan spirit.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. have excelled in the style of printing and binding. The beautiful coat-of-arms of Spain, which is engraved in gold on the cover, appeals to all lovers of romance and chivalry.

THE FLOWING TIDE has been received from Herder & Co., St. Louis. Under the above title Madame Belloc, in her usual sympathetic style, points out the sources of the revival of Catholicism in England. Probably no subject could elicit greater interest in thinking minds than the initiative movement at Oxford, during the early part of the nineteenth century and its gradual development up to the present moment. The sketches of Cardinals Wiseman, Newman and Manning, with those of other notable personages who largely influenced the "incoming tide," which are enlivened by personal recollections of Madame Belloc, are particularly interesting. We cheerfully commend the

book, and predict for it a wide circulation. Herder & Co. are to be congratulated upon the manner in which they have brought out this volume.

The Text Book Publishing Co., San Francisco, have issued in neat pamphlet form Father Peter C. Yorke's three vigorous letters, originally addressed to *The Call*, San Francisco, on EDUCATION IN CALIFORNIA. Father Yorke knows how to say a good thing in a good way. Those who read his letters as they appeared in *The Call* will be glad to have them in more permanent form. Those who did not read them in *The Call* are now enabled to follow his thought, argument and warning—and on all three points what he says touches the question as an issue in places other than California. The publication of this pamphlet is, therefore, opportune.

From O'Shea & Co., New York, we have received (1) ESSAYS EDUCATIONAL AND HISTORIC, by a member of the Order of Mercy, a volume of varied interest, written in an agreeable style, and covering topics on which information should be appreciated. Spanish and French Louisiana, and the educational work of the Church there; the days when Brigham Young was king, a sprightly narrative; Lady Jane Grey, England's "nine days' queen"; Mary of Modena and the Jacobites; the battle of the Boyne, and the siege of Limerick—are the subjects treated. Reprints of independently written papers, these essays lack unity, and in some instances there is needless repetition; but of the whole, we may say it is good work pleasantly done. (2) THOUGHTS FOR ALL TIMES, by Monsignor J. S. Vaughan, a book of essays holding a place midway between science and spiritual reading, and "calculated," as the Bishop of Newport says in his preface, "to make every one who reads these pages a better man in proportion to the growth and development of his knowledge." An attractive style which Monsignor Vaughan commands is in constant evidence in his treatment of his various subjects. For people living in our busy, material, money-grabbing age, such a book furnishes needful reminders,

healthful stimulus to better because spiritual things; and for this reason we advise its reading.

The publisher, a veteran among zealous makers of good Catholic books, Mr. O'Shea, has put the stamp of excellent workmanship on these two volumes.

"THE JOY OF CAPTAIN RIBOT," by Armando Pelacio Valdez, is a charming novel. The works of this eminent author are characterized by a spirit of ineffable sweetness and purity. The present work illustrates the magnanimous soul of Valdez in his beautiful creation of a devoted and constant wife—a character so falsely colored by certain writers of present-day fiction. The translator, Minna Caroline Smith, has given us a rare insight into the social life of the charming inhabitants of Spain's classic city—Valencia. Here the characters of this beautiful story live and move, experiencing the waywardness of Fortune. The sacred friendships developed in their daily lives go to make up the series of pleasure and pain that culminates in "The Joy of Captain Ribot." Brentano, New York, has brought the book out in a bright dress, symbolic of sunny Spain.

One may enjoy an intellectual treat in the reading of STUDIES IN POETRY, by Thomas O'Hagan, recently received from Marlier, Callanan & Co., Boston. The scholarship of the author has enabled him to produce a work both instructive and interesting.

The collection of studies is a well-selected variety. It embraces the literary cream of the nineteenth century, dealing analytically with such master minds as Tennyson, the Brownings, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth and Coleridge. The subjects are all discussed with clearness and good judgment. At the end of each chapter is a set of practical questions which add to the value of the work. We congratulate author and publishers in the hope that that their work will meet the success which it deserves.

We have received from Fords, Howard & Hurlbert, New York, volumes I and II of "Nature's Miracles" by Prof. Elisha

Gray. The first volume contains treatises on Earth, Air and Water; the second volume treats of Energy, Sound, Heat, Light and Explosives. Professor Gray has succeeded in presenting these subjects of scientific inquiry in a most pleasing and clear light. The fascinating style of the books will attract not only the attention of the strictly scientific student, but that of numberless persons anxious to enlarge their stock of knowledge. The forthcoming volume on "Electricity and Magnetism" is assured of a hearty welcome. The publishers have produced the work in an attractive and handy form.

MAGAZINES.

The Critic for August solves the mystery of the authorship of "Elizabeth in Her German Garden," by publishing the portrait of Princess Henry of Plesse, who was formerly Theresa Olivia West of Derbyshire, England, upon the reliable information that Princess Henry wrote the "Elizabeth" books. The admirers of these literary gems will better appreciate their worth coming, as they do, from the pen of a young and beautiful woman.

Mr. Oliver Herford, as caricatured by Ernest Haskell, is certainly the impersonation of genial humor.

An idea of Art, as it dawned in the days of Chaucer, may be formed by the reproduction from an original painting of Occleve's "Authentic Portrait of Chaucer," and "Chaucer's Ymage." The quaintness of the engravings is enhanced by the accompanying verses of the poet in Old English Text.

In his "English Dramatists of To-day," Mr. W. Kingsley Tarpey assigns the first place to Mr. A. W. Pinero. Mr. Pinero's success is due to his rare combination "of the subtle dramatic instinct and the capacity to take infinite pains."

To Mr. William Archer's "Quousque Tandem?" we sympathetically echo, "How long, O Lord," will the "alliterate" Austin retain the English Laureateship?

The superior illustrations, together with contributions from the pens of C. A. Pratt, Regina Armstrong, Christina Brinton, and others, make this number of *The Critic* one of unusual interest.

The Arena for August contains some excellent matter—thought-provoking contributions—to which we shall later advert. Now we desire only to call attention to one article on the failures in English temperance reforms, from which we make one excerpt: "Hitherto gilded depravity has flaunted unchecked, while absurd and abominable pretensions have been countenanced and supported with nauseating pomposity and piously disguised mendacity. 'Beer and the Bible' is a persistent phrase, a scandal to Churchism and a sorry reflection upon modern Christianity (the writer means the Church of England brand) that nowhere does drunkenness thrive with such virulence and vigor as within the pale of the Church. Christians may whimper about unconverted heathendom, but even there the greed of gain never culminates in opulent and titled brewers and distillers. Nowhere does the brandy-beaker circulate so constantly as in a gathering of churchmen in England, thereby occasioning much turbulence and violence; and the familiar wine cup of the Christian is always replenished with sanctimonious regularity and ruin beneath the shadow of the cross."

In all of which, we may add, there is probably fanaticism. Nevertheless, the condition of the English church is the point to which we would call attention. It is not a condition of security such as would come even from a foundation resting merely on popular respect. It is a shifting sand affair, as even hitherto blind admirers reluctantly admit. And the day of popular reckoning with it, when royal support (of spiritual leadership) and aristocratic favor will not be able to save it from the wrath of those whose forefathers it robbed of their Catholic faith.

In *The Forum* for August Mr. F. F. Hiller gives his views concerning "The Present and Future of the Philippines," from an American standpoint. In his opinion the salvation of the Filipinos is to be secured by the establishment of a system of American education, the "panacea" which has worked untold calamity here. This

writer also points out that regulation of real estate titles is part of the Administration programme—a euphemism for confiscation likely to come. There are also able papers on the resources of Texas, on the present condition of Afghanistan, by Sultan Mohammad Kahn; "Some Italian Problems," by H. Remsen Whitehouse; "Canada and Imperialism," by John Carlton, M. P., besides several other articles on interesting topics.

The Forum is holding its own with magazines of higher price and greater pretensions.

In *Scribner's Magazine* for August the opening story, "Tito, or the Coyote that Learned How," by Ernest Seton Thompson, contains some interesting traits and characteristics from animal life, cleverly wrought into story form. "Old Carnations," by Albert Bigelow Paine, illustrated by C. S. Chapman, is a touching little narrative how an old, uncared-for flower-peddler became the instrument of bringing two hearts together after a bitter quarrel. "The Duchess at Prayer," by Edith Wharton, is a rare treat for lovers of fiction. The scene is laid in "sunny Italy," and possesses a weird influence over the reader. "Pretoria in War Times," by Richard Harding Davis, is a vivid sketch of life in the Boer city. It also embraces a personal interview with the "grand old man" of South Africa. The writer denounces frankly the ungentlemanly conduct of captive British officers during their detention in Pretoria, a significant fact that shows to the civilized world the misapplication of the word "nobleness," hitherto considered an attribute of the British lion. "The Green Pigs," by Sydney Herman Preston, is a source of great amusement, enlivened as it is by several fine illustrations. Besides "My Love Story," by James Raymond Perry; "Tommy and Grizel" (serial), by J. M. Barrie; "A Matter of Opinion," by George Hibbard, the number contains several poetic gems and numerous illustrations of a high order.

The fiction number of *Harper's Magazine* appears in a dress befitting the royal

month of August. The colored frontispiece, as well as the other illustrations of Grennell's Bluejay Story, are creditable specimens of E. W. Deming's clear conception of the subject. Mr. Sydney Brooks writes an entertaining article on "English and American Elections," drawing a comparison in favor of American methods of campaigning. The critical observer will congratulate Mr. Clifford Carleton upon his success in typifying, in his sketches, the national characteristics of the English and of the American people. "The Lady of the Barge," by W. W. Jacobs, is forcibly illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen; "In a Hansom," by Brander Matthews, "His Old Love," by Margaret S. Brisco, and "The Doctor's Horse," by Mary E. Wilkins, are cleverly interpreted by W. T. Smedley. Mr. A. B. Frost's artistic representation of a colored blacksmith is a life-like production. Among other commendable sketches are the delineations of Frank R. Stockton's humorous *Bicycle of Cathay*, by Orson Lowell.

The *Century* for July contains, as usual, a number of good, solid articles. Besides the eight complete stories mentioned in our August issue, there are the continuation of "Doctor North and His Friends," by S. Weir Mitchell; the ninth paper on "Oliver Cromwell," by John Morley; a sketch of Sarah Porter and her educational work written by Wm. M. Sloane, and several others equally worthy of notice. In this number we find the commencement of a series, "Memories of a Musical Life," by one of America's greatest musicians and musical educators, Dr. William Mason. The reminiscences of this famous teacher and composer will prove agreeable and useful reading not only to those who lay claim to the same profession, but to all who interest themselves in the personalities of great artists. Doctor Mason, while pursuing his studies in Europe, came in constant contact with master minds, both as friend and pupil, and his experiences and impressions are presented to the readers of *The Century* in a most pleasing manner.

The August number of this magazine ap-

pears in a brighter dress, the cover being white with a colored illustration by J. Carter Beard, drawing our attention to a well-written article within entitled "Treasures of the New York Aquarium," by Chas. L. Bristol, Professor of Biology in the New York University.

This month we find Doctor Mason's "Musical Memoirs" continued, and feel sure that all who follow the series will watch eagerly for each succeeding number.

What promises to be a worthy story, "The Helmet of Navarre," by Bertha Runkle, presents its opening chapters. "Summer Holidays in Alaskan Waters," by John Burroughs is well written and nicely illustrated.

A great variety is presented, and one can safely say that time spent in reading *The Century* is always spent to advantage.

Donahoe's Magazine for August, besides its illustrated articles on "Boston's Cuban Guests," "Here and There in Ireland," and "The Peasants of Cortina," contains an interesting paper on "Catholics and Their Converts," by Rev. John Talbot Smith, and a very suggestive article dealing, in a frank way, with Catholic interest in the coming Presidential election. From such discussions there should come a wholesome development of Catholic backbone.

The August *Bookman* excels in the variety and literary merit of its productions. "An American Publisher of a Hundred Years Ago," by Luther S. Livingston, is quaintly illustrated. "The Foreign Stage in New York," by Hutchins Hapgood, and "A Study of Chopin," by Lewis M. Isaacs, are articles of exceptional interest.

Lippincott's for August contains, besides the thrilling story entitled "The Sign of the Seven Sins," three short stories and some interesting papers. The poetry is peculiarly suited to midsummer. "Walnuts and Wine" gives a bright little anecdote of Father Sorin, which illustrates the geniality of American humor and the charms of French *nairete*. Stephen Crane's graphic battle series continue.

The Educational number of the *Outlook*, New York, is veritably a scientifically arranged digest of progressive educational methods at home and abroad. "The Cuban Teachers at Harvard University," by Sylvester Baxter, with its picturesque illustrations, enlists the sympathetic interest of the reader. The establishment of international friendship and unification of Cuba, which are the objects of the movement, should meet with hearty encouragement.

Under the heading of "Disgusting Extravagance" a recent number of the New York *Freeman's Journal* enumerates the articles of wearing apparel of the pet poodle of a woman bearing an unmistakably Irish and Catholic name. The list includes everything necessary for the luxurious comfort of a fastidious lady, from dainty night dresses, "fluffy with frills of real lace," to a "glittering collar of diamonds and turquoises, with bracelets on all four paws, valued at \$1,000; jeweled collars to match its silk coats, lace-trimmed handkerchiefs, towels of finest linen, a bed of down, table napkins, cut glass finger bowls," etc., go to make up the appointments of this fashionable dog. To preserve the identity of her "elective affinity," Mrs. Kelly has her monogram skillfully cut in the dog's hair. The intertwined letters are plainly visible—when the dog is *undressed*. Evolution is a power in favor of this exceptional *cur*, and we may yet live to see it engaged in some "humanitarian" scheme, in which its mistress may be induced to assist. Or, more likely, when the *sans-culotte* and proletariat, bred and multiplied by conditions now prevailing, will attempt to come into "their own," Mrs. Kelly and all of her miserable kind, will realize that the tears of poverty and the cries of hunger, hot from burning eyes and loud from broken hearts, are not without a terrible reckoning. Sybaritic infamy is nearing its infamous depths, and yet the unthinking multitudes stupidly follow the conscienceless and designing knaves who dedicate their villainy and inhumanity under the alluring names of national destiny, benevolent expansion, "and such like fooleries."

THE HOLY CROSS

WORDS BY REV. J.R. NEWELL O.P.

MUSIC BY FRANKLIN PALMER.

1. Hail Ho-ly Cross where-on our Sav-i-or died! Hail conq'ring
2. Hail Ho-ly Cross, of life the heal-ing tree! Hail price-less

stand-and by the Lord un-furled! Hail sa-cred Rood in
pledge of Heav'n's en-cir-ling love! Hail sa-cred chart of

Blo-blood sanctified! Hail Cross of Christ! The glo-ry of the
hu-man li-ber-ty! Hail Cross of Christ, true wis-dom from a-

world! Hail Cross of Christ, the glo-ry of the world!
bove! Hail Cross of Christ, true wis-dom from a-bove!

Hail Ho-ly Cross that broke the lost world's pride!
Hail mercy's hand that stayed the avenging rod!
Hail sacred arms that drew all to thy side!
Hail Cross of Christ, where reigns the might of God!

Hail Ho-ly Cross, Redemp-tion's clear decree!
Hail pardon's gage how deep so-ever we fell!
Hail sacred Sign proclaim-ing vic-tory!
Hail Cross of Christ, despoiling death and hell!

Hail Ho-ly Cross, assuaging all our fears!
Hail faithful guide as on through life we grope!
Hail sacred Friend that bids us dry our tears!
Hail Cross of Christ, our light, our joy, our hope!

CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

- 1—S. Philomena, Virgin and Martyr. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
- 2—THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST—S. Stephen, King of Hungary. Communion Mass for Rosarians, 7 o'clock. (Benediction.) Three plenary indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at Procession; prayers; (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.
- 3—B. Gualz, O. P., Bishop and Confessor. Meeting of Rosarians and Rosary Reading Circle.
- 4—Octave day of S. Augustine.
- 5—B. Catharine of Raconigi, O. P., Virgin. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) Anniversary of the deceased Benefactors and Friends of the Dominican Order. Solemn Mass of Requiem will be sung at 9 o'clock in S. Dominic's.
- Plenary indulgence for Tertiaries, Rosarians and members of the Holy Name Sodality: C. C.; assist at Offices; prayers.
- 6—B. Bertrand, O. P., Confessor. Regular Mass of Requiem for deceased members of the Building Association at 8 o'clock.
- 7—S. Rose of Viterbo, O. S. F., Virgin.
- 8—The Nativity of our Lady. (Benediction.) Two plenary indulgences for Rosarians and Tertiaries: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers (this indulgence may be gained at any time from first vespers on vigil, 7th, till sunset on feast); (2) C. C.; visit any church; prayers. A plenary indulgence may also be gained by members of the Living Rosary. And on one day chosen at will during the octave a plenary indulgence may be gained by Rosarians: C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers.
- 9—FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST—The Most Holy Name of Mary. A plenary indulgence for Rosarians and Tertiaries: C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. Plenary indulgence for members of the Living Rosary and members of the Holy Name Sodality. Communion Mass for the Holy Name Sodality at 7 o'clock. Meeting at 3 p. m.
- Meeting of men Tertiaries at 2 p. m.
- 10—S. Nicholas of Tolentino, O. S. A., Bishop and Confessor. Meeting and debate of the Young Men's Holy Name Society.
- 11—S. John the Evangelist before the Latin Gate. (From May 6.)
- 12—Our Lady Help of Christians. (From May 24.)
- 13—B. James Salomon, O. P., Confessor.
- 14—Exaltation of the Holy Cross. (Benediction.) Plenary indulgence for Tertiaries and Rosarians: C. C.; visit Rosary Church; prayers.
- 15—Our Holy Father S. Dominic, commemorated under the title of *Suriano*—a famous image of the Patriarch. (Benediction.) Plenary indulgence for all the faithful: C. C.; visit a Dominican Church; prayers.
- 16—FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST—B. Imelda, O. P., Virgin, Patron of first communicants. In the Roman Rite, the feast is celebrated of our Lady's Dolors. Two plenary indulgences for members of Living Rosary. Meeting of women Tertiaries at 2 p. m.
- At 7:30 p. m. the regular monthly musical service, directed by the organist, Franklin Palmer, will be rendered. The programme includes Rossini's "Stabat Mater," which will be sung by the choir, the soloists being Miss Lily Roeder, soprano; Miss E. V. McCloskey, contralto; Mr. J. F. Veaco, tenor; Mr. G. S. Wanrell, basso.
- 17—The Stigmata of S. Francis Assissi.
- 18—SS. Cornelius and Cyprian, Martyrs.
- 19—Quarter Tense—fasting day of obligation—S. Januarius and Companions, Martyrs. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
- 20—B. Francis Possadas, O. P., Confessor.
- 21—Quarter Tense—fasting day of obligation—S. Matthew, Apostle. (Benediction.)
- 22—Quarter Tense—fasting day of obli-

gation—B. Sadoc, O. P., and Companions, Martyrs (from June 2). Votive Mass of the Rosary.

23—SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST—S. Thecla, Virgin and Martyr.

24—Our Lady of Mercy. Plenary indulgence for members of the Living Rosary.

Meeting and debate of the Young Men's Holy Name Society.

25—S. Thomas of Villanova, O. S. A., Bishop.

26—B. Dalmatius, O. P., Confessor. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

27—Translation of S. Peter, Martyr, O. P. (from June 4).

28—S. Joseph Cupertino, O. S. F. (Benediction.) Commencement of Novena in honor of our Lady of the Rosary.

29—S. Michael, the Archangel. (Benediction.)

30—SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST—S. Jerome, Doctor of the Church. (Benediction.) Plenary indulgence for those accustomed to recite a third part of the Rosary in common, at least three times a week. Usual conditions.

SPECIAL.—The celebration of GREAT

ROSARY SUNDAY, October 7, will be characterized by the usual solemnity which has ever been identified with the ceremonial in S. Dominic's on that occasion. We now remind our readers merely in the spirit of preparation. Our October number will contain details.

A plenary indulgence may be gained once a month on any day chosen by the members of the Holy Name Sodality who make a daily quarter of an hour's meditation. Conditions: C. C.; prayers.

A plenary indulgence may be gained on all Saturdays and Sundays by Tertiaries: C. C.; visit a Dominican Church; prayers.

The members of the Angelic Warfare may gain two plenary indulgences each month, on days selected at will. For the first the conditions are: (1) Daily recitation of the prayer "My Dear Jesus"; (2) C. C.; on day determined; (3) prayers. For the second: (1) The daily recitation of the prayer "Chosen Lily of Innocence"; 2 and 3 as above.

Readers of DOMINICANA are reminded of the Directory published in our March number. This may be consulted, with advantage, from time to time.

Hail, most high, most humble one!
Above the world, below thy Son;
Whose blush the moon beauteously mars,
And stains the timorous light of stars.
He that made all things, had not done
Till he had made himself thy Son.
The whole world's Host would be thy
Guest,
And board Himself at thy rich breast,
O boundless hospitality!
The Feast of all things feeds on thee.
The first Eve, mother of our fall,
Ere she bore any one, slew all.
Of her unkind gift might we have
Th' inheritance of a hasty grave:
Quick buried in the wanton tomb
Of one forbidden bit,
Had not a better fruit forbidden it.
Had not thy healthful womb
The world's new eastern window been,
And given us Heaven again in giving
Him.
Thine was the rosy dawn that sprung the
day,

Which renders all the stars she stole
away.

Let then the aged world be wise, and all
Prove nobly here unnatural:
'Tis gratitude to forget that other,
And call the maiden Eve their mother.

Ye redeem'd nations far and near,
Applaud your happy selves in her;
(All you to whom this love belongs)
And keep 't alive with lasting songs.

Let hearts and lips speak loud and
say,

Hail door of life, and source of day!
The door was shut, the fountains seal'd,
Yet Light was seen and Life reveal'd.
The door was shut, yet let in day,
The fountain seal'd, yet life found way.

Glory to Thee, great Virgin's Son!
In bosom of Thy Father's bliss.

The same to Thee, sweet Spirit, be
done!

As ever shall be, was and is. Amen.

—Richard Crashaw.





OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY VENERATED BY HIS HOLINESS
LEO XIII.

After the Painting by U. (Ribustini.)

DOMINICANA

I.

OCTOBER, 1900.

No. 8

THE ROSARY IN ART.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

LDING the Rosary in our hands, its n mysteries fifteen veritable wells of thought as well as of dogma, we are ssed by the part which the Rosary orne both in literature and in art; t has given form to what else might been vague; how it has supplied im- to the imagination, circumstance ent, so as to give verity to these es, until we find the history of Chris- y indissolubly woven into the tissue ese fifteen mysteries, of which the or- l intention would seem to have been ion—another example of the manner hich the Church educates the intel- of her humblest, most illiterate chil- while seemingly intent only upon piritual benefits of a devout practice. le are often astonished to find how liar are the unlettered poor with the of the Gospels, which they have r read any more than they read their ers, which, in fact, they too seldom read, from the pulpit or elsewhere, r because they invariably attend a low Mass on Sundays and holidays, e too far off in our large city church- o hear the Gospel, even if read. A sadness takes hold of us when we re- ber how few and unsatisfactory are opportunities of the poor to catch the el story, still more to realize its sign- ance. But it is precisely here that the ry comes in to supply this defect, e we must believe that a divine ent- ent has accomplished the recita- of the beads, and the remembering he mysteries during that recitation. his way a most attractive and poetic y comes before the mind of our good

friend, man or woman, who knows nothing of letters, but who dwells, with the simplicity which belongs to the unlearned but virtuous and pious soul, upon these mysteries, clothing them, in their own imaginations, with a beauty which is well nigh celestial. Any one will find this to be true who is in touch with the devout poor, and they will be found, also, in peaceable, unquestioning possession of the most charming circumstances attending the dogma as well as of the dogma itself. It is thus that the generations have been intellectually and poetically educated by the recitation of the Rosary, while art, which has been, in all ages, an exponent of the popular mind, took up the events contemplated in the mysteries of the Rosary in a way to show they were subjects of predilection to the artist and to his pa- trons.

But of all these subjects, the first has been treated not only as one of the most charming of the fifteen, but as, literally, fundamental. From it, as from a root es- sential to the vitality of the plant, spring all the others, each developing the origin- al mystery under some one of its aspects. In fact, the Incarnation may be declared to be the soul of Christian art, as it is of Christian poesy. The first age of Chris- tianity saw its story delineated on the ceiling of one of the earliest as it was one of the most august of the Roman cata- combs, that of Saint Priscilla, around which gathered the most precious monu- ments to the beliefs and sentiments of the first Christians, and that, too, under apos- tolic authority.

The artists of the first Christian century

were classically educated, and our artist of Saint Priscilla's century was no exception. The event of the Annunciation, during which the fact of the Incarnation was accomplished, comes before the mind of our classically trained artist in all the serene beauty and simplicity of an event in Grecian story. The Virgin of Nazareth is no peasant maid, but the daughter of the princely house of David, dignified in her loveliness, seated on a chair of regal proportions; but the humility is there, breathes in every line of the graceful figure, in the head slightly inclined—and the angel? No other than Gabriel, the Strength of God, and the messenger chosen, from all the heavenly host, to bring the most wonderful message ever sent from heaven to earth, stands before her in his girded Roman tunic, the face turned eagerly toward her own, the index finger raised impressively, and the whole air that of one who bears from the King of Kings a message full of mighty import to one who, although a creature, is worthy to be treated with concerning eternal things and to participate in the counsels of the Most High. But this angel is not winged, and we must look for our Dove, symbolizing the Holy Ghost, at the corners of the beautifully decorated ceiling, its classical festoons bearing out the ideas of Greek elegance.

Thus we have a type of the Annunciation in the very first age of our Christian era, a type which contains the germ of all that is essential to the theological representation of the mysteries.

The next representation of the Annunciation which claims our notice is that on the Arch of Triumph in the Basilica of Saint Mary Major, Rome. In this the Virgin is seated upon a throne; she is attended by angels at the back of her throne like a true princess, and these angels are vested and girded like deacons and are winged, while one flies downward to her through the air with his message from heaven. This was executed in the year 440 by the order of Sixtus III., faithfully carrying out the design of his predecessor, Celestine I, who was, at his own request, deposited in the cemetery of Saint Pris-

cilla, showing how dear to him were all of its associations.

To suppose the hands of Christian artists idle from the fifth to the twelfth century, when frescoes and bronze doors and stained glass windows were to be seen on every hand, is to ignore a whole world of art in the services of the altar, in the form of choir books and missals. One must pore through ponderous volumes to know these treasures, and to realize, also, how the threads of artistic traditions were secure in the midst of all the tumults of these ages. The serenity with which the Church has preserved her artistic types as well as her dogmas is one of discoveries we make among the cathedral libraries of the old world. But no sooner had those cathedrals raised their walls than there was a call for their decoration, and then do we see our fifteen mysteries, which have been conned, meditated upon by a whole continent, blossoming forth at the hands of artists who themselves love the Rosary and recite it.

In spite of a sort of popular chronology of art which places Florence and Cimabue at the opening portals of its revival, Siena gives us one of the loveliest Annunciations of that revival. The Lorenzetti were pre-eminently devout men who had painted the stories of the Hermit-saints in the Campo Santo at Pisa; but this Annunciation by Pietro has a mystical quality which breathes the very aroma of heaven. Our Angel Gabriel, the veil laid over his head bound with an olive wreath, symbol of peace, his garments richly embroidered, kneels before this truly Blessed Virgin, who is seated; in his hand is a palm; between them stands a vase of lilies, while the Virgin herself seems lost in a trance of rapture, her hands folded over her bosom, her eyes raised, as are those of the angel, to the Dove winging its way to her, and we see inscribed on the background, mingling with the rays of glory from the Dove of the Holy Spirit, Mary's meek acquiescence in the designs of God toward mankind: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to Thy word." Simone Memmi, Ansano of Sano, Fungai, all Sienese artists, painted this scene; more than once, too,

for there was a habit with the artists of those days to fill in any bare space, any architectural corner, any medallion which gave symmetry, with the charming composition which this subject invariably suggested. Gentili Fabriano, in his exquisite picture of the Adoration of the Magi, fills with it two round spaces in his frame, while, again and again, we see a Crucifixion crowning some fresco, and the Virgin and Angel at Nazareth filling in the spaces at the side, thus uniting the Incarnation and the Crucifixion in a way to secure their dogmatic relation to the popular intelligence.

But the artist whose name invariably calls before the mind his great pictures in the Campo Santo, Pisa—namely, the Triumph of Death and the Last Judgment—Andrea Ocagna, gave years to that shrine of the miraculous picture of the Madonna in Or San Michele, Florence, enriched by bas reliefs in silver, representing the life of the Blessed Virgin. Notably among these is the Annunciation, given with a tenderness of conception which shows what was the hold of the mystery on the heart and imagination of this sublime genius. The youthful Virgin is seated with a sculptured dais under her feet, on which rest the rich folds of the mantle that covers her head. An open book lies on her knees; the hands are folded over each other as she leans slightly forward, her eyes fixed upon the angel kneeling before her and bearing the lily; his right hand raised in the solemn act of giving his message; the Dove of the Holy Spirit being seen above winging His way to the bosom of Mary, whose sweeteness of acquiescence tells the story of her part in the redemption of man.

We might speak of Donatello's Annunciation in Santa Croce, of Giovanni Pisano's at Orvieto, of Jacopo della Quercia's in an arch over the "Porta della Mandorla," of the Cathedral of Florence; of the Annunciation on Ghiberti's door of beauty to the Baptistry—of countless ones, in fact; but Luca della Robbia's relief in terra cotta, one of the treasures of the Annunziata, Florence, must always command an expression of our veneration, as well as our admiration, uniting, at it does, the

entire theology of our mystery with the most profound religious sentiment. The deepest shadow and the brightest sunshine of Florence are found on the Piazza Annunziata and its arcades, on the span-drills of which a della Robbia set the effigies of the martyred Babes of Bethlehem, as a vestibule to the Asylum for Foundlings, named Innocenti, in memory of the same Holy Innocents, as if to touch the heart of humanity in behalf of the little ones cast from the bosoms of their mothers, without name or lineage, on the charity of the faithful. In a corridor of this asylum, Lucca della Robbia left one of his masterpieces, the Annunciation, and what an Annunciation! It fills a lunette, only, the arch above described by cherubs' heads. Within is seen the Eternal Father, accompanied by other angels, and below Him we see the Dove of the Holy Spirit, but where is the Son, by which to complete the adorable Trinity?

In the middle of the foreground stands a vase of lilies, as if they had abided with her who was "set as a lily among thorns." This Lily herself is on her knees, reading, at her prayer stool, the prophecies concerning Him who was to come, when an angel enters, bends his knee to her, saying: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee." This angel is Gabriel, and his name, signifying the Strength of God, as we have said, seems to have been emphasized by della Robbia. The head is almost stern in its beauty; the heavy drapery is girded around a form which recalls the description given by the Psalmist of the angels, "Mighty in strength, doing His word"; while the index finger is raised towards Mary as he gives his message with a solemnity from which we feel she might well shrink; and it is thus that we read his message as we stand before the wonderful group: "Blessed indeed art thou; well might I bid thee hail; for of thee it shall be said as of no other, 'A virgin still and yet a mother.' Mother, indeed, of the fairest Babe that ever sucked a mother's breast, yet one to be contradicted, whose life shall be sought for ere it is fully begun, who shall be traduced, set upon by evil men, finally betrayed by one of His own—betrayed, too, with ♀

kiss! He shall be scourged and spit upon, crowned with thorns, finally crucified. As the most blessed, yet the most sorrowful of mothers, I bid thee Hail! for out of death shall come life and out of defeat a victory over which heaven will rejoice. For all this, awaiting thee in thy future, I bid thee Hail!" Everything we read of in the Gospels is in this lunette from the hand of Lucca della Robbia, the summing up of the Incarnation in the Redemption.

From the Annunziata to San Marco, and here we are with our own Dominicans, among the choicest traditions of the Preaching Friars. Here we find traces of the magnates of their grand Order—philosophers, doctors, saints everywhere; but, to-day, we ask for our artists and the flower of the artists of San Marco, Fra Angelico! With how reverent a step we enter the narrow side door which leads to the corridors above, for here lived like a saint, known as "Il Beato" among his brethren of the monastery, one who is known to us more than by any other name as Fra Angelico; lived here, prayed here, made his soul ready to enter into the conversation of the blessed in heaven; and here he painted, out of his well nigh celestial imagination, the beauteous forms that gave to Florence visions of Paradise. Not from any mortal maiden did Fra Angelico limn her whose immaculate beauty was above any known among the daughters of Eve, yet which had never stirred the shadow of desire in the heart of any mortal.

On his knees, praying as his chalk touched in the profile of that pure face, praying as his brush gave the lily and the rose to her cheek, to her immaculate flesh, Fra Angelico wrought at the Annunciation which is on the wall of the corridor leading to cell and dormitory. She is seated, like the Virgin in Saint Priscilla's cemetery, but not even on a throne chair; simply a bench, such as we find to-day in a convent corridor. She is not reading the prophecies of her people, but is rapt in the prayer of contemplation as she sits thus under the arcades of her home in Nazareth. The first buds of the season are peering through the green sward of the enclosed garden before her; the

breath of the opening spring is around her; we feel it on our cheeks; when across the green sward, one foot on the floor of the arcade on which she sits, comes an angel guest, an angel so gentle, so suave, we forget that his name is Gabriel, the Strength of God. With a smile so ineffably sweet that it must have come from Heaven, he bends the knee to this Virgin, sitting so lowly in the shadow of her home, and, like the dulcet voice of an angel as it was, comes the "Hail Mary! full of grace!" a hail of joy, of beatitude itself. The tenderest of maidens would not fear that salutation, could not distrust its import. "Hail! yes, hail! blessed among women; chosen of God as His daughter from among all the children of Eve; bride of the Holy Spirit, mother of the Son; yea, mother of God Himself!" Another inflection would give such an awful meaning to these words, but the intonations of Gabriel's voice as he treats with the Virgin of Nazareth do not raise one doubt in her heart or stir one pulsation through her lovely frame. Mary's hands are folded on her breast; the angel's are folded on his. We see, indeed, the long wings, but the index finger is not raised; there is no Dove, no vision of the Heavenly Father; there is not even a lily! So interior the spirit in which the group is conceived that one might expect men to be blind to its significance, and yet, of all the Annunciations, it is the one which, for five hundred years, has held the heart of Christendom. The colors have changed, but the inimitable purity of outlines is there, never to be copied, scarcely to be transferred by the camera. When it was painted the artists of Florence said to each other: "Where did the monk of San Marco find the model for his angel, still more for his Virgin?" No one answered the question, but each one felt, in his soul, that both had come to him in vision.

Gentle reader, learned, unlearned, old, young, ecclesiastic or laic, judge of courts, general of armies, toiler on the world's highways, delver in its deepest mines. Servant of the servants of God, under veil, or cowl, or mitre, or tiara, touch lightly the beads of the first decade of your Rosary; touch them lightly, but ponder deeply, for from this mystery of the Incarnation has sprung forth our Redemption.

THE VISION OF CATHERINE OF ROME.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

Beneath full many a lofty dome
That from the hallow'd heart of Rome
Uplifted high the Saving Sign,
A white-robed friar, in days of old,
To well-night countless legions told
Evangel's history Divine.

And, 'mid the throngs that daily sped
From fane to fane—unresting—led
By voice of Heav'n-sent Dominic,
Was one, the slave of foulest sin,
Who hid, her peerless form within,
A soul with deadliest ailment sick.

Faint dawn of Grace at last awakes,
When, from the preacher's hand she takes
The Rosary-chain of Sacred Beads
But, though her lips each day repeat
Its prayers, their mystic meaning sweet
Not yet that deaden'd conscience heeds.

Till through her heart a thrill of awe
Swift sped, when at her door she saw
A strange, Majestic Figure stand.
And, ere her palsied tongue could frame
One trembling word, she heard her name;
And then, these tones of King's com-
mand:

"With swiftest speed, with earnest care,
Thy choicest feast at once prepare,
For I, as guest, would sup with thee.
And blest shall surely be this day
With Heav'nly gifts, if thou wilt pay
The royal honor due to Me."

* * * * *

In willing haste the board was spread;
Now sits the stranger at its head.
But soon, with wild, affrighted stare,
And throb of terrified surprise
She sees, before her startled eyes
His figure change to Infant's fair.

His limbs, in swaddling-clothes arrayed,
On manger's crib of straw were laid;
In childish voice He spake: "Was born
For thee a King, while angels sang.
O'er earth in joyful echoes rang
That Gloria-hymn of Christmas morn.

Again, a change! The Man-God hangs
Upon his cross, in mortal pangs
Of dread, unequaled agony,
And waileth thus: "Through murder,
done
By creatures' hands, thy Saviour won
The boon of Endless Life for thee!"

And now, in robes that far outshine
The midday sun, the King Divine
Is seated on His glorious throne,
While seraph hosts adoring stand.
And ransomed saints, a countless band,
To Him a glad allegiance own.

And once more on her rapt ear swells
The Voice that soothes, like sacred bells,
The wildest sounds of worldly din:
"Would'st thou My fadeless glory share?
Then let thy soul no longer bear
The loathsome weight of guilt and sin."

Now starting from her blissful trance,
She saith: "My soul's unworthy glance
O joy! was privileged to see
The meaning blest of myst'ries strange—
Glad, mournful, glorious—in each change
Of Dominic's Heav'n-sent Rosary."

* * * * *

She gave her riches to His poor,
She made her Heav'nly heirship sure
By saintly life, in lowliest home.
Thy legend claimeth willing ear,
And faithful hearts thy name revere,
Grace-conquered Catherine of Rome!

THE SECRET OF GROSSMEISTER CLIFFS.

MARGARET D. O'BRIEN,

CHAPTER XV.—OAKLEY HALL.

"Think of it, Starry, not quite six months home from school! And we have gone through the mysteries of debut, wedding and all the concomitants—oh!" and Bertie, pausing in her walk, picked a rose, secured it in her belt, and smiling, looked her companion in the face. "What! Already in dreamland?"

"Not yet," said Starry, smiling in turn. "Still with you. What said you of the wedding?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Bertie, "I knew you were away—I said we have been home only a few months, and yet have seen the world in its happiest moods, have taken part in the realization of its dreams, its—its—hobgoblins."

"Oh, Bertie, what a term!"

"Well, Starry, it was all so different."

"What do you mean by it?"

"You know, the wedding and all that. Why, I thought brides were like angels, bridegrooms so absorbed in their happiness that they lost sense of life's commonplaces, and lo, Tuesday! Was it Tuesday?"

"Yes, to-day is Thursday."

"Think how time flies when the reality comes. Louise looked quite natural, and Stanley, right after the ceremony, sat to table with appetite common to all mortals. Oh, for the degeneracy of ideals!"

"And what would you have?"

"I would have them above this; yet," after a pause, "I do not know. They are the first couple I have seen, and I thought them rather prosaic."

"Starry looked gravely at Bertie, whose spirit she could scarcely discern.

"I am afraid," she said at length, "our little Bertie indulges too much in sentiment. Do not judge of happiness by mere externals; they are often very deceptive. Mr. Devereux is a practical

Catholic, very prudent and very sensible. He loves Louise tenderly; of this your parents are convinced. And I have a sort of intuitive belief that with all his love and kindness he will not spoil her beautiful, simple, trusting disposition."

"Oh, Starry, these are not the things I mean. I am thinking of angels and those wonderful instances the girls used to relate at school and which you find in some books about brides."

"In novels; nowhere else."

"But I look for them in real life. The novel pretends to be such. Why should I not look for the realization of its pretensions?" Starry opened her great eyes to their utmost, stood still and laid her hand on Bertie's shoulder.

"Well, B-e-r-t-i-e L-a-n-d-r-y, are you in earnest?"

"S-t-a-r-r-y B-e-n-t-l-e-y! I am."

Starry turned her head quickly, while her face clouded. She could scarcely believe. Bertie drew her arm closer, and stooping her bright, beautiful face until she forced the great, deep eyes to look into her own, she asked: "You are not vexed at my nonsense, are you?"

"No, why should I? But it pains me to hear you speak lightly of solemn subjects."

"Nay, not lightly. It was only a way of putting my disappointment in all that I witnessed. I had my dreams, dearie, and they were so different."

"So unreal, Bertie."

"Maybe unreal, but very beautiful, far, far above what Stanley and Louise realized, but—" a light step on the shell walk leading to the avenue of magnolias, where the girls generally took their morning walk, attracted their attention. Both turned, Bertie smiled, Starry frowned.

"I hope I do not disturb you, Miss Bertie and Miss Bentley," spoke a rich,

mellow voice with a slight touch of foreign accent, so peculiar and so charming to the native French of Louisiana, and René Courtney, bowing gracefully, presented to each a small bouquet of rare exotics found only in gardens of richest Southern planters. Starry accepted the gift with a cold bend of the head; Bertie with a bright smile and "How thoughtful you are, René."

Courtney smiled for the one, bit his lip and struck his boot with his riding-whip for the other.

"I was passing," he said, "and seeing you walking, I thought I would call. I shall leave to-morrow for Baltimore."

Starry's face brightened.

"For how long, Mr. René," asked Bertie, her face beaming. He was puzzled to know whether this meant pleasure for his departure or amusement at the coolness with which his flowers had been accepted; but knowing Bertie's kindness of heart, he replied quietly: "Only for a few days, Miss Bertie!"

"O-o-o-h!" said Bertie, taking a long breath. "Excuse me, I almost dropped my bouquet."

"No perceptible danger," said René coldly, a strange light in his eyes.

"I wish you every pleasure while you are away," continued Bertie, imperturbable, "hope you may feel awful homesick and lonely."

He looked at her, then laughed. "Miss Bertie, I may be tempted to wish you the second item, but wishes for you in this case are vain."

"Yes, René, put on your wishing-cap now and retain it until your return, and you do not affect me, but try Miss Bentley," she said with an arch smile. He looked askance at Starry, who hastened to answer.

"I fear Mr. Courtney's charms for me would have still less power."

"Some day I will test them," muttered René in concentrated tone; aloud, "I must away, good-bye, Miss Bertie."

"Not good-bye, Mr. René, au revoir," and Bertie extended her hand cordially. "We are old playmates, remember, and must always be friends."

He smiled gratefully.

"Au revoir, Miss Bentley." He merely touched her fingers, but he looked earnestly into her calm, cool face, turned quickly and was gone. The girls watched him till out of sight.

"How can you smile so graciously on him, Bertie?" said Starry.

"Because, Starry, he needs some one to be kind to him. His mother died before he knew her worth; his father is a cold, stern man, taken up with his business and politics; his two sisters are married and occupied with the cares of society; and poor René, who is only a few years older than I, has no one to sympathize with him, to be interested in his joys and sorrows, hopes or aspirations. He is impulsive, warm-hearted and impetuous, and would be good if he had any one to influence him—he is indifferent because he cares for no one—or rather"—Bertie paused—"cared."

"Why cared?"

"You want to know the ins and outs of René's secrets do you, my sage Starry? No, no, Bertie Landry comes of an old stock, and she shall not turn informer, least of all on her old playfellow, who taught her how to ride, to fish, to fence a little and other gentle accomplishments."

"And in return?"

"I taught him his prayers, and how to make the sign of the Cross."

"For true, you told me at school many mothers have not time for these duties, or rather, no inclination; society occupies all their thoughts."

"Unfortunately such cases are common. So you will be kinder to poor René, will you not?"

"No," said Starry, decidedly, "I will never be kinder to him than I am, it would be cruel; his seems a dark, jealous nature."

"That was sad about Mr. Wallenstein," continued Starry, after some moments' silence.

"Yes, but I did not pay attention to the particulars of the case at the time, I was so occupied with Louise."

"Not many particulars enter into the case; a stroke of paralysis, I think the third. Dr. Thornsby attended him. He

had a most happy death. Every one says he was a saint."

"Poor man! Was his son with him at the time?"

"No, he was in Europe and could not reach home until after the death and funeral. But Dr. Thornsby, Father Z., Mr. Pierson, papa and all the old retainers were about his bed when he expired. Papa did not wait for the funeral, as mamma at the time was very ill and I was afraid to be alone. So he returned immediately. Shortly after came your invitation."

"I am so glad your mamma consented to come. I am sure the change will completely restore her health."

"It has already improved her."

"I think it has. I hope your father may leave you both for the winter."

"He has half consented, provided you spend the summer with us."

"Oh, as to that, Starry, you know how I love to travel and how I enjoy mountain air, sea breeze and boating, so you may count at once on my acceptance."

"And that goes far with papa, dear, kind papa," and Bertie's eyes grew hazy. "But, *cara mia*, we are forgetting the main object of our walk: the Curé's request."

"I have thought it over and planned and rejected and planned again. I cannot decide on what to choose, you Southeners are so classic in taste!" Bertie stepped out before her and made a low obeisance.

"It is true," said Starry, the least perceptible smile playing around her mouth, and by degrees extending to her whole expressive face. "You have excellent taste. No wonder persons named your small city 'New Versailles.'"

"I often wonder what Bella Schiller would think of the South. She is so beautiful, so enthusiastic and so carried away by chivalry."

"Poor Bella! Though she is separated from us in faith, her heart and inclinations are so good, and she is always guided by high and sound principles."

"I have an idea she may yet yield to conviction. "Bella's is a deep, thoughtful nature, not to be won by mere enthu-

siasm, admiration or excitement, but by the sheer force of truth. It was so at school, and I am sure that a few months have not been able to work any considerable change."

"I hope you may be right."

"Rosa's latest letter mentions that Bella sometimes joined them in the Rosary, and even went to Mass with them, in preference to attending service in her own church."

"That speaks fairly, but may it not have been for convenience or some similar motive?"

"No; were that the case Rosa would have mentioned the circumstance."

"Miss Bertie, M-i-s-s Bertie!" An old negro approached, bearing a silver tray on which were letters for both young ladies.

"Thank you, Abel," said Bertie, taking the letters, some for Starry, others for herself. "Let us sit in the arbor to read."

How beautiful they were! Both young and inexperienced in the ways of the world and almost innocent of its foibles and affectations. They had entered society but a few nights previously on the occasion of Louise Landry's marriage. Almost directly from the school they had come into the salons of fashion. They were dazzled but not deceived by the brilliancy that met their gaze; they did not take fallacy for truth, age for youth, ugliness for beauty. For them virtue was virtue and vice vice; the prudent counsels of their virtuous mothers and teachers were ever called into action.

Bertie's charming *naïveté*, her sweet, bright smile and amiability of character gained her favor with all. Her voice and manner were kind and gentle; hers was a sweet dignity which never loses reserve and which ever heightens the charms of those characters that know how to modify its gravity. Her ambition was not merely to please or to dazzle, but to impart to her conversation that spirit of charity which gives to words the power to influence. She desired that the noble Christian principles which guided her own loving heart should also guide the hearts of others, and the earnest carrying out of this desire added grace and beauty to her

otion. She could converse freely
ture and art, and being naturally
losothic turn of mind, she took
when of serious mood, in dis-
heir principles.

dly attached to her country, she
with interest when its rights,
s, wants or necessities were
Often she talked only of daily
f her brilliant circle; then her
ts evinced penetration and
ge of characters that frequently
i her elders. No wonder she
interest, gave new zest to thread-
jects, enlivened the dull and re-
ted the lifeless. To her many
graces Miss Landry added one,
portant than all the rest in the
a mercenary world—she had a
rtune inherited from her grand-

This rendered her the darling
i mothers with light-pursed
sons and the chosen favorite of
ire fortune-hunters.

Bertie did not understand and
tainly misunderstood her—some-
There was always that in the
bent of her mind which was so
to the ideal, the refined, that de-
ven persons of intellect in their
of her character. She appeared
yet she was every inch a woman.
s regarded as superficial or un-
; she was both deep and contem-
—so that to those who did not
end her loving heart and genuine
y she was a mystery. She was
t attractive and beautiful girl of
son, "except," added the few
"that regal Miss Bentley, but she
> fortune!"

Starry, young, gifted and lovely,
through the scenes in which she
erself as if in a dream—the dread-
ning mothers and of poor but
is fathers who had grown-up
Starry's cast of countenance was
ly characteristic of passion and

The charm of the noble soul
most remarkably when her fea-
ere in repose; when in animated
tion her cheek flushed and her
led for the high and the holy, her
is deep and clear, her sentiments

indicative of a mind not given to many,
and withal, so graced by delicacy, so
deeply impressed, so filled with all that
her holy Church believes and teaches,
that for these she would willingly aban-
don all the rest.

Hers was a calm and profound nature
that could confide and repose only in
natures greater and calmer than her own.
Such natures she sought in vain among
her acquaintances. Her bearing towards
those around her was a mixture of cold-
ness and dignity peculiarly suited to in-
terest and attract esteem, at one time
winning and fascinating and again re-
pelling and holding aloof. To these
qualities were added a heart capable of
forming more than ordinary ties, whether
of friendship or affection, with a disposi-
tion humble and tractable as any child's
receiving first lessons in art. What gifts
of fortune God denied her he amply re-
paid in her fine intellectual qualities and
moral character. As Bertie said, she was
the "terror of speculative mammas." If
they knew how peremptorily Starry would
repel even their slightest attentions they
would abandon their absurd fears.

When Starry overheard remarks on her
want of fortune, her face assumed a
calm severity of look, she passed on with
a cold, polished smile or remained utter-
ing brilliant thoughts while the steel
pierced her soul. And yet why should
such comments wound her spirit? Pov-
erty was no disgrace.

CHAPTER XVI.—BERTIE'S EXPERIENCE.

The week following the wedding, the
beauty, elegance and accomplishments of
the two girls were universal topics.
Could they have heard the various opin-
ions on their merits, the interpretations
given their actions, how they would
laugh! Very beautiful both looked in their
simple walking costume as they sat read-
ing their letters and exchanging thoughts
on their matter.

"Oh!" exclaimed Bertie, eagerly open-
ing a heavy envelope, "this is from Bella.
See, Starry, what a long letter!" and she
took up the closely written sheets.
"Why, she and the Beaumonts have been
home since the beginning of October.

Bella writes in great spirits; she says her mother wants to have all Bella's classmates with her in April to celebrate her birthday, and will take no excuse. Are you listening, Starry?"

"Yes, I hear."

"Ah, please do a little more, give heed, but—" and Bertie, seeing the length of a letter Starry was reading, stopped short.

"Why, Starry, that letter is longer than mine."

"And, I may add, truer," said Starry, looking up with earnest thought on her grave face. "Listen, Bertie, it is from Rosa Beaumont."

"From Rosa, dear Rosa! what a coincidence that Bella and she should write to us on the same day."

"Rosa is staying a few days with Bella, so it is not strange; let me read this passage for you:

"You will hear with regret, dear Starry, that Bella's health is not good. In fact, some fear that she is in consumption. The physicians order her South for the winter. Bella has no idea of her condition, and wonders why her poor mamma urges her to leave home when she needs rest. Very frequently she says to me, 'Rosa, I want rest,' and then repeats to herself, as it were, 'rest, rest.' It would grieve you to the heart to see her father and mother. They never complain, never utter an expression of fear, yet the shadow of a great sorrow is on their faces and about their home. Pray for them, ask our Blessed Lady of Prompt Succor to help them to bear their cross, to obtain for them resignation to God's holy will."

"Poor, poor Bella," said Bertie, great tears glistening in her eyes, "and poor mamma and papa! Does Rosa say what part of the South?"

"No, only South; they have not yet decided whether to Louisiana or Florida."

"Then," said Bertie, springing up and kneeling by Starry, as she placed her hands on the open letter, "I shall ask them to come to us. It is near Christmas. We shall play school life again and cure Bella. Come, Starry, and consult mamma. It would be lovely; besides Bella must not go until she belongs to us. There is

dear S. Joseph, I must lay siege to him for favor and endeavor to gain his interest for Bella. Come, Starry, you sit so quietly cool, and I cannot rest from excitement."

"I am thinking, Bertie."

"When are you not, Starry?"

"The Beaumonts are staying with Mrs. Schiller," and Starry looked at Bertie.

"What of that?" queried the latter.

"You must invite them also."

"Why, certainly, Starry, we met them several times in Washington; mamma and Mrs. Beaumont are attached friends. Mr. Harry we know only slightly, as he was away nearly every time we happened to visit the family."

"That will be a large number, Bertie—counting maids, etc."

"Come here, my Starry," and Bertie passed her arm affectionately around her companion's waist and drew her out a few paces where they had a good view of grand old "Oakley Hall," with its ivy-clad turrets, curious ancient windows, many-pointed gables and odd, unlooked-for chimneys peeping up here and there.

"Look yonder," she continued, "have we not room enough for as many more there?" She nodded affectionately and proudly towards the family roof-tree, and added, "hearty welcome and hospitality, too. Our forefathers were grand old men, Starry, large-hearted and open-pursed, who built for friends as well as for themselves, and were never so happy as when surrounded by their kin. This old spirit is fast dying out; we must revive it."

Starry's countenance brightened, and both girls passed in through the great hall, up the broad oaken stairs, along a spacious corridor and turned to the right, when a few steps brought them to Mrs. Landry's morning room, which, in simple elegance and refined taste of arrangement, was characteristic of its owner. Today the rays of the bright December sun streamed through the large, low window, near which Mrs. Landry and Mrs. Bentley sat employed in making warm clothing to be distributed at Christmas among the poor on the plantation or in the parish. This was one of the oldest cus-

toms of the Landry family, brought with it from the old world and most affectionately cherished in the new.

"It is an ancestral custom," Mr. Landry said; "we must keep it up."

Mrs. Landry, ever eager to assist her husband in good work, assented, adding, "and we ourselves shall do the sewing."

He thanked her with a look more expressive than words, and passed on to his duties. Two small work-tables bearing baskets and sewing materials stood near the ladies; evidently the girls were expected to take their share of the work.

"You are late," remarked Mrs. Landry, looking up with a fond smile as the girls entered. "Have you been to the woods?"

"No, mamma, only to the magnolias; but we have had so many letters and so much news. Come, Starry," and Bertie drew two low stools near the mothers, "let us read Bella's and Rosa's letters."

Both ladies were shocked to hear of Bella's bad health.

"It may be only a cold which over-anxiety has exaggerated," said Mrs. Bentley.

"I hope it may be nothing more serious and that her visit South may entirely restore her strength. Does Rosa say, Starry, where they intend to go?"

"No, Mrs. Landry; simply South."

"We thought, mamma, Starry and I, of inviting Bella here, provided you and papa approve. She would be delighted, I am sure to be again with her old friends."

"A happy thought, Bertie, but we should invite the Beaumonts also; they are Mr. Schiller's guests."

"Certainly, mamma."

"In that case I must consult your papa; he is still in his sanctum."

"Oh, mamma, what's the use; you know exactly what he will say?"

"My darling," and Mrs. Landry, taking her child's head between her hands and drawing it back until the bright, smiling eyes met her motherly gaze, said gravely, "love never presumes; it always confides." Kissing her daughter's forehead, she sought Mr. Landry.

"I do not half understand that," pouted Bertie, "when you know one is going to

say 'yes.' Do you, Mrs. Bentley?"

"I do, emphatically, and I trust, Bertie, if placed in such a position as your mother's, you will always imitate her example."

"Heigho! The world must be coming to an end—three lectures on matrimony in less than an hour!"

Mrs. Bentley laughed. "Who else lectured you, Bertie?"

"No less a personage than Miss Starry—daughter and mother, sympathetic feeling I guess! Here comes mamma. Papa said, 'Yes, write by all means!'"

"No," replied Mrs. Landry. Bertie's face fell. Her papa to refuse! A Landry unwilling to give hospitality to a friend, and that friend hers—Bertie Landry's! The world, indeed, seemed coming to an end, but in a manner entirely different from that of a few minutes ago. Mrs. Bentley looked grave, Starry puzzled. Suddenly Mrs. Landry exposed a strip of paper which had escaped notice because of a partial fold of her robe.

"Telegram," cried Starry, her face lighting up with a flash of genuine pleasure that found reflection in each countenance of the group.

"Telegram!" repeated Bertie in a low tone. "I thought I knew his chivalrous heart—how could I have doubted him, even for a moment?" and a mist gathered in her eyes.

"You did not doubt him, darling," said her mother, seeing the look of pain in the girl's face, "it was only the shock. But for this," and she held up the strip of paper, "papa says letters are so slow and wiring so satisfactory and quick."

"Dear, dear good papa, just like him!"

"You see, Bertie, how much more you gained by having consulted papa," remarked her mother.

"Yes, mother, I shall not forget it. Come, Starry, let us thank him. I long to tell him how grateful I am for his kindness."

"As you pass, Bertie, touch my bell and send me Abel. I must wire Mrs. Schiller before noon."

A quarter of an hour passed and the girls returned radiant. "Papa was glad we went," cried Bertie; "we thanked him

and seeing him in so good spirits we thought we would consult him about what the Curé asked us. We told him all our plans and how each failed to give satisfaction. He considered for a while and then said: 'What do you think of a joust and a race?' I clapped my hands for joy. 'The very thing, but the course, the horses and all that?' 'Leave these to me and my overseer,' he said, 'You and Miss Starry see to the knights.'

"That will be a success," said Mrs. Landry, "it is new."

"The conditions on which your knights enter lists, Bertie?" asked Mrs. Bentley.

"Papa fixed them thus: each knight must provide his own outfit and pay two hundred dollars, cash down, for the honor of tilting in our lists; the racers the same; and we must have it in advance," she continued, with a wise look into the future, "for once the honor is granted the favor may be forgotten."

"You are severe on your knights," said Starry.

"I am just."

"Your charge is high."

"Papa says that is best, otherwise many may offer their services; we should be obliged to hurt them by refusal."

"He is right."

"It is time to begin to write, Starry. The knights must be incognito. Mrs. Bentley, Mrs. Beaumont, mamma and others shall have pavilions for ices and teas. Will you not, mamma?"

"Anything to aid the good work." Mrs. Landry smiled.

"What about the prizes, Bertie?"

"Oh, I forgot all about them." Bertie looked blank and seated herself for a few minutes to think. "I have it, mamma, if you allow I shall give that ring you gave me the day I graduated; it is worthy any knight's efforts to win. May it go, mother?"

"With all my heart, if my Bertie can give it up."

"I can, mamma, in this case, but I would not in any other."

Mrs. Landry smiled and fondly kissed her generous daughter.

"And I," spoke Starry, "can give that bracelet I received on the same day."

"With jeweled clasp?" queried Mrs. Landry.

"Yes."

"That is too costly for such an occasion."

"Nothing is too costly for God."

"True."

"May I give it to Bertie, mother?"

"Yes, Starry mine, and may it bring the cause its own worth a hundredfold."

"Thank you, mother."

"Now for the knights!" Bertie was in high glee. Fun preserved for her its fairest charms. "Think of having to ask favors of those stately lords to manors born (?) and whom I have hitherto favored with a cold nod or polite how-do-you-do and sweep by."

"You ought to let papa do the writing," suggested Mrs. Landry.

"We asked him, but he said no; better for us to do it, for many might refuse him who would aid us. And should they not be knights they can help us in other things."

"Yes," said Starry, "by neatly keeping out of our way."

"One of the best in emergencies," said Mrs. Landry smiling.

"No, that is not the way, they can assist us in this instance. I guess I must read up heraldry to know all we have to do, and to offer to the poor knights some suggestions as to their shields and devices."

"Bertie, make no suggestions." Mrs. Landry looked in earnest.

Bertie slightly raised her delicate brows, and with an almost imperceptible shrug. "No, mamma, not even to those who know not a knight from a clown, nor a boar from a lion!"

Mrs. Landry laughed and shook her finger.

"To such," said Mrs. Bentley, much amused, "to such old-fashioned folk I think you can presume on some delicate suggestions that may enable them to discern the difference between these objects."

"I am glad." Bertie looked important; the cares of the Presidency seemed suddenly to have rested on her shoulders.

"And the jockeys?" asked Starry.

ie jockeys, they are common.

Leave them to me."

e they are common?"

ugly miss, you know it is not
they are common—every one
at they have to do, unlike the
ho have to practice.

you must have a Queen of Love
y."

mamma. I have thought of her.
be chosen, sure; she is so beau-

nights are to choose her. In this
make suggestions."

ay as you choose."

Bella shall be Queen, and Mr.
gold shall jingle, not in his
nd one pockets, but among the
needy. Our dear Curé shall
lden harvest, for which the old
st sow the seed."

ercenary!"

ercenary in a good cause."

'tetes are so material," remarked

o you say material?" asked her

as so little to do in them."

rt has," said Bertie warmly,
in for heart."

smiled and looked beyond them
zure space above: "You have
oned the number of knights
ste."

aid if we can get six knights
gentlemen for the races we
enough to make the thing a

good judge in these matters."
be guided by him."

e?"

December; let us say February
ond, if fine; if not, we reserve
f a second choice."

will give ample time for all
is."

wise suggestions."

studying up the matter."

am was received that evening.

la's answer to the invitation:
mamma and I shall be with

week; do not send to meet us,

sure of the time; Beaumonts

CHAPTER XVII.—BELLA GOES SOUTH.

"How beautiful the South is!" thought Bella, as she stood at a deep bay-window of Oakley, looking out on the gently-sloping lawn studded with magnolia, acacia, sweet olive and cape jasmine and enlivened here and there by sparkling fountains and clusters of rose bushes laden with bloom. Further on the Têche, as a silver thread, swayed in and out among royal oaks and stately pines, while beyond all, blending into cloud, faintly showed the primeval forest that had as yet escaped the hand of man. Many trees near the river and in the park bore long festoons of grey Spanish moss. Those familiar with the appearance of this moss can scarcely realize its effect on strangers. A few evenings before, as the carriage drove up the smooth avenue, overarched with fine magnolias, Bella whispered to her mother in a tone of awe:

"That," indicating the moss, "makes me feel like tombs and graves."

While Mrs. Schiller quietly looked over her spectacles at the drooping moss gently swaying in the breeze, throwing back colors as the shafts of the setting sun struck each deep festoon, she remarked in her usual matter-of-fact tone:

"I do not know how tombs and graves feel. That mass of moving hanks reminds me of zephyr wool, chinchilla zephyr I think you call it. How many fine shawls one could crochet from that quantity right ahead of us!"

"Oh, mamma, you are so prosaic; you have no poetry of soul."

Mrs. Schiller's what-do-you-mean look rose to her countenance for a second, but ere formed was banished by love for her suffering child. She said half apologetically:

"May be not, Bella; I scarcely know what it really means, but I have a quality that suits this world better."

Bella took her mother's hand, yet smiled as she questioned:

"What, mamma mine?"

"Common sense."

"Oh!" and Bella laughed.

During the spirited conversation that followed the arrival of the guests at Oak-

ley, Mr. Schiller announced that he must soon return to business, but he promised to come occasionally, bringing the news. "News, mind," he added, "not gossip."

Bella kissed him and asked him if his little girl cared much for gossip. Papa twisted his collar, drew his sleeves up a little to see that his cuff-buttons were right. Bella wanted an answer.

"Bless me, Bell, if I know; think, though, you are not different from the balance, and they like news." He looked askance at Mrs. Schiller, who appeared absorbed in a fashion journal.

"Who are they, papa?"

"Why, child, women. I think all of them like news."

"You think, papa?"

"Yes, Bell, I think. But by-by, the train comes. I'll be down in a few days sure to see how you like it," and affectionately pressing his wife's and child's hands he was away.

Bella rejoiced in the soft Southern air, in effect so unlike the sharp, snapping breeze of the West. Flowers in the open air in December were to her novel; their very novelty enhanced their beauty a hundredfold.

"It is very beautiful," she said a few minutes later, when Bertie joined her. "I never thought to find it thus."

"No, Bella?" Bertie's smile was arch, "thought to find us all green grasshoppers or half-tamed alligators brought up in small ponds eh?"

"Not exactly so bad!" Bella smiled in turn.

"Wait until you fight one battle with gallinippers—very severe on strangers." Bella slightly raised her brows. "True, almost devour the uninitiated. You must not go out alone, you might encounter their forces!"

Bella caught the old quizzical look in Bertie's expressive eyes and smiled. "Positive cannibals!"

"Positive!"

"I shall not go out alone, so they shall not have a chance of devouring me."

"My anxiety is removed. I hope you keep your word, dear. Listen! They must have come. Mamma and Starry drove

over to I—— to meet Rosa and her mother. Let us go to bid them welcome."

"I wonder will Rosa be so charmed with the South as I am?" asked Bella, as they descended the great oak stairs. "I fancy, yes. Here she is to answer for herself."

Very warm the welcome accorded by the Landrys to their friends. Mr. Landry, ever social and chivalric, always appeared delighted to extend the hospitality of his princely home to any friends of his children. The girls experienced great joy at finding themselves once more reunited.

"It is school over," laughed Bertie.

"Yes," assented Rosa, smiling; "but we had no fathers and brothers there."

"No, Miss Beaumont," said Mr. Landry; "we should prove a sad incumbrance in such place."

"Not always, papa; you would fit it nicely sometimes."

"Example?"

"When we need books carried, or furniture moved, and such etceteras," and Mr. Landry bowed.

"Or when the South needed defence?"

"Hush, Rosa; do not tease me here."

"It is not wise, Bertie, seeing what brave knights you have to take up your cause."

"We forget this gentleman's cause," and Mr. Landry turned to Harry, who stood on the balcony admiring the beauty of the scene that had so lately impressed Bella. "Mr. Beaumont, Abel will show you to your room."

"Thanks," and Harry followed the grey-haired butler.

"A grand old place this," he thought. "A charming girl that Miss Bentley. Had no idea I was to meet her. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." Glad for once to have been talked into performing an act of charity. Terrible bore, this thing of a joust. Wish Wallenstein knew the Landrys; he just the fellow for this, heart and soul, genuine type of knighthood. Ho!" And he threw himself into an easy chair that stood before an open window, which overlooked another part of the grounds. Here he saw a small artificial pond wherein were reflected a portion of the house, a small Calvary and a statue of an Angel guardian.

"All in harmony," he said, casting his eyes on the arrangement of his apartment. "Nothing can be taken away as superfluous nor can anything be added as needful. I wish Carl were here. I am only a sham."

Turning, he caught his own reflection in a sober glass near, and said, with a merry laugh: "By Jove! I am not a bad looking fellow, after all. With some training, I may turn out a pretty good knight."

A low knock at the door.

"Luncheon in a quarter, sir, and Miss Beaumont says as how you're expected down, sir."

"All right! Pete, begin the work."

"Where'll I begin, sir? Just look here, sir; every mortal thing I stowed away so nice all thrown around by that sorry-handed darkey."

The strap of a valise had given way and the contents were on the floor.

"Exercise, Pete; all doctors recommend it to any one suffering from sloth."

"Much they know about it! Exercise, indeed! Why don't they recommend it to themselves? I'd be troubling you, sir, to turn about and look at this." Pete displayed a square of blue velvet bordered with fleur-de-lis. "Is this for you, sir, or for Lady Bird?"

"For Lady Bird."

"Oh, that I live to see the day that my young master puts his steed on his own level. Wonders will never cease." A bell rang out full and clear. "That's the luncheon bell, Mr. Harry. Mrs. Beaumont expects you down, sir."

"I'm off, Pete." And the young man bounded down the stairs two steps at a time, unconscious that many bright eyes watched him from a landing above. Rosa, who heard his footfall, and knew his old-time habit of striding, had hastened with a raised finger to warn him, but it was too late.

"Quite forgot," he whispered. "Promise improvement."

"You need it," she smiled. "You are not at home."

"Of that I am scarcely conscious, seeing you and mother around, and both ever ready to admonish me for even slight dis-

crepancies," he laughed; "but I am conscious of a ravenous appetite."

Mrs. Landry, as Mrs. Beaumont, had a happy knack of suiting characters, so her guests found themselves at table as they desired. Every one was happy, amusing and being amused. Harry noticed an empty place near him.

"Miss Bentley's," remarked Mrs. Landry; "she must have gone to visit some of our 'mammies,' with whom she is greatly taken, or she walked over to Silverbow, to see Madame d'Arbie, an old Acadian who is bedridden and for whom she sometimes reads."

"As good as she is beautiful," thought Harry; "though I wish her act of kindness were deferred for another time."

"Are you a good shot, Mr. Harry?" asked Mr. Landry, as they stood on the balcony, a few minutes later.

"Pretty fair; nothing of a professional, though; take down a wild goose in full flight; no more."

Mr. Landry laughed. "Nothing smaller, nor swifter, nor higher?"

Harry had a quizzical look. "Try me."

"We have splendid shooting. We can show you some sport."

"Glad to hear it; but I prefer hunting to fowling."

"I do also; but hunting, as we use the term, is not known South. How come you to be fond of hunting?"

"Simply, two years ago I crossed to Ireland for the hunting season, and enjoyed it immensely. A fox hunt is royal sport, exhilarating. I have a mind to go over this fall."

"The Irish horses are very fine?"

"Finest I have ever seen, and fleetest, except Barbs and Arabs."

"I have a couple of beauties; I purchased one in Spain, where I was three years ago. She has Arabian blood in her. The second is Irish—down, down, down! What, miss, do you not see I am in company?"

This to a beautiful pointer that came springing to Mr. Landry and strove to place her paws on his shoulders. Turning back, she circled round him, dropped her head on her fore paws for a second, then with a joyous bark and glad bound made

again for his shoulders. He warded off her caress. "You must learn obedience, my lady. Here, Sultan," he called to a dignified relation of hers that lay quietly in the shade of a white marble faun, "come and teach your good sister manners."

Sultan rose, wagged his tail, and walked slowly toward the gentlemen. He seemed to say: "I am very glad to see you, sirs; but I am not inclined to extravagance."

"Very right, Mr. Sultan," said Harry, patting him on the head. "Be glad, sir, but it is always wiser to keep a reserve force—eh, old boy?"

Sultan held up his shapely head in acknowledgment of his acquiescence.

"He is a noble animal," said Harry.

"He is that, and true as steel. No task beyond his intelligence. Ho, Williams," to a groom, "show us Sapphire."

"All right, sir; she is in fine condition—merry as a kid."

"I am about to try her mettle in the coming race, Mr. Harry. She is first class grit and gentle as a lamb."

"A native?"

"No, imported; got her while in England two years ago. She comes of a fine old Barbary stock; her mother was renowned among the renowned for fleetness. Sapphire takes after her, like as two pearls."

"Lucky to get her."

"Lucky! so-ho, Sapphire," he continued, as the barb rubbed her head against his shoulder, inviting his notice with a low neigh of delight and shaking her glossy mane, as if rejoicing in his caress.

"She is a beauty," said Harry, whose expressive look betokened deeper admiration than was expressed by his words. "Think she has a chance to win?"

"It will be hard to find her match."

To be continued.

A PLEADING.

MADAME TEN BROECK, R. S. C.

Hark! my soul, it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word—
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded healed thy wound;
Saw thee wandering, set thee right—
Turned thy darkness into light!

Can a mother's tender care
E'er forget the child she bare?
Yes; she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

Mine is an unchanging love—
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
True and faithful, strong as death.

Lord! it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint.
Still I love Thee and adore—
Oh, for grace to love Thee more!

SOMETIME.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

Sometime—before I think,
Before an eye can blink,
Death's arrow, dread, toward me will
swiftly speed:
I may not even heed
Its whiz through air;
And yet, just where
I had not thought to fix a watchful eye,
Its point will aim. Sweet Lord, I sigh,
Grant me a tranquil mind,
A conscience well confessed,
Its lodgement in my breast.

AT EVENTIDE.

SISTER IMELDA, O. P.

I sing my song when flowers dream
And stars come one by one,
And mirrored lie on the ocean's bream
When sleeps the weary sun;

And I would, their music floating far
Beyond the silver spray
That breaks upon the wave-worn floor
Of caverns old and gray.

Should sweetly, slowly sink to rest
Within some kindred heart,
And gentle, God-like peacefulness
And hope and love impart.

THE CHINESE RITES.

G. N. COLE.

first missionaries in China were China might have been a Catholic country to-day but for the famous controversy over Chinese rites which resulted in the breaking up of the mission. The introduction of Christianity into China forms an interesting subject."

quotation from *The Church Program*, St. Louis, July 21, 1900, and its substantial repetition in *Donahoe's Magazine* of September, betray the writers' gross ignorance of historical truth, when, in indiscreet zeal, they would ascribe Jesuits honors which no member of great Society would desire to arrogate to himself. And the parrot-like repetition of many nimble-scissored Catholics has so stupidly repeated the falsehood as we write we are conscious of currency it has acquired—a quality not infrequently is assumed to be equivalent of truth. The "interesting subject" of the introduction of Christianity into China anticipated the foundation of the Jesuit Order by several centuries.

We refer our readers to the September number of DOMINICANA—"Christianity in China."

claim that "China might have been a Catholic country to-day but for the famous controversy over Chinese rites" is a condition of affairs truly deplorable. The difficulty, however, lies in a thing much stronger than a mere claim, and the fact is that the assumption of a wholesale conversion of the people is one not only gratuitous, but in defiance of the teachings of history! The character and temper of the Chinese people. We shall dismiss imminent assumptions and adhere to the facts.

understanding of the question of Chinese rites pre-supposes a knowledge of said rites.

ceremonies in question consisted

of idolatrous worship of Shang-ti or Xamti, the material heaven or God, of Confucius, idolatrous worship of ancestors, and of Confucius himself. The direful nature of these practices had been fully comprehended by the Dominican missionaries in their labors among the heathen for more than two centuries.

That the insidious evil should have so affected the minds and hearts of the Jesuit missionaries that it threatened to sap the vitality of the Church in the Celestial Empire was indeed matter for grave alarm. Much may be said, however, in extenuation of the stand taken by the Jesuits, because of the motives actuating a zealous congregation still in its infancy.

When Father Ricci, S. J., entered China is 1583, the Society of Jesus had enjoyed the approval of the Holy See precisely forty years. Filled with the high resolve to conquer souls for Christ, he proceeded to become any and all things to the heathen.

Donning the costumes of the native Bonzes, he and his companions determinedly set to work to eradicate the Chinese prejudices against the Christian faith, and, failing in this, at least to conciliate them. Finding that their simple manners and dress brought upon them the contempt of the natives, Ricci and his brethren adopted the silken robes and manner of living of the *Literati*, as better calculated to win the confidence and respect of the upper classes of society.

In this conciliating spirit, therefore, the sons of S. Ignatius tolerated in their converts to Catholicity idolatrous practices that all preceding and contemporary missionaries had endeavored to abolish. As the pernicious effects of fostering these pagan rites became apparent, the Jesuits found that "they had taken too big a contract on their hands" in the matter of devotion to dead men's bones.

DOMINICANA

To maintain their position in regard to the rites they would be obliged to throw overboard some of the sacred traditions of the Church.

Morales, a Spanish Dominican, made the most determined opposition to the idolatrous practices, and, in 1643, laid a formal complaint before Urban VIII. His Holiness died, however, before matters were adjusted. The charges were consequently laid before the Propaganda in 1645. The Sacred Congregation forbade the continuance of the rites among Christians until the Holy See should examine the vexed question of the obnoxious practices.

The controversy thus commenced broke out intermittently during an entire century, covering the reigns of no less than eleven Popes.

In 1656, eleven years after the prohibition of the rites, the Jesuits obtained from Alexander VII. a decree tolerating ceremonies which they represented as "purely civil and political." This led to deeper complications. The question was brought up for debate at Rome in 1669, and again in 1674. In 1669 the Dominicans, as well as the other opponents of the Chinese rites, were re-enforced by the powerful suffrages of the members of the *Séminaire des Missions Étrangères*, Paris, who had recently gone to China.

Maigrot, the zealous Bishop of Conon and Vicar-Apostolic of Fo-Kien, found it necessary to sound a note of warning to the clergy. In a pastoral letter issued in 1693, the clergy were ordered to use the words *Tien-Chu*, "Lord of Heaven," whenever they wished to convey the idea of God to the Chinese. They were never to use in the same circumstances the words *Tien* and *Xamti*, which signified "Heaven" and "Emperor." Secondly, no tablet bearing the inscription *King-Tien*, "Adore Heaven," should be allowed in the churches. Thirdly, the Chinese Christians "could not be permitted to assist at the semi-annual oblations made to Confucius and to the dead."

Maigrot commended the missionaries who had already forbidden the use of these tablets and condemned several propositions of Jesuit writers bearing

upon the matter in question. Furthermore, the Bishop stigmatized as false the explanations of the Jesuits by which they had obtained the decree of toleration from Alexander VII.

The excitement caused by the publication of this pastoral of the Vicar-Apostolic of Fo-Kien was intense. The Jesuits blamed the Bishop for his decision on the question which, they held, the Holy See regarded as debatable. The Chinese hierarchy consisted of six Bishops, two of whom upheld the Jesuit position; against it were four Bishops, all the Franciscans, all the Dominicans and all the secular priests from the Seminary for Foreign Missions.

The controversy aroused interest everywhere, particularly in France, as that country was foremost in sending missionaries to foreign countries. Clement X. and Innocent XII. were specially concerned in the matter under dispute. The latter appointed a special Congregation to consider the nature of the Chinese rites. On October 18, 1700, the Faculty of the Sorbonne at Paris found it necessary to condemn several propositions advanced by a European Jesuit favoring the practices of the Jesuits in China.

Upon the death of Innocent XII., his successor, Pope Clement XI., took active steps to end the matter under debate. The Pope deputed Mgr. de Tournon with full legatine powers, as delegate to China in 1705. The Papal envoy had received much opposition from the Jesuits in India, two years previously, on account of their observance of the rites at Malabar, and consequently anticipated trouble and difficulty in fulfilling his mission. In an audience with the Emperor the Legate announced that the Holy See had condemned the practices tolerated by the Jesuits. Mgr. de Tournon was ordered to leave the empire. Proceeding to Nankin, the Legate announced a decree condemning the rites; he also reminded the hierarchy and clergy that on November 20, 1704, the Supreme Pontiff had commanded the missionaries to observe the laws enjoined by Mgr. Maigrot in 1693.

The efforts of de Tournon, however, to command obedience were in vain. Vlad-

lou, the Jesuit Bishop of Claudiopolis, alone obeyed. The Jesuits, having used the favor of the Emperor in order to banish the Legate, proceeded further. They not only ignored the Papal mandates, but they assured his Majesty that the honors to Confucius should be continued, guaranteeing that the members of their Society should remain in China. Consequently the entire body of secular priests, the Franciscans and the Dominicans were banished from the empire.

A few of these orthodox confessors of the faith, however, eluded the vigilance of the imperial officials and secretly continued their apostolic labors—a gigantic undertaking considering that the populace saw in each Jesuit missionary the re-incarnation of Confucius himself. Mgr. de Tournon was arrested at Nankin and thrown into prison, through the hostility of the Portuguese authorities. There he suffered many indignities.

A document was sent by the Jesuits, in 1707, to the Pope, in which they sought to justify their opposition to de Tournon's commands, alleging that danger would have been entailed upon their missions if they should incur the imperial displeasure. Pope Clement XI. replied to this appeal of the Jesuits by enrolling de Tournon in the Sacred College. When Father Carre, the bearer of the *biretta*, reached that prelate, he was dying. Father Carre administered to him the last Sacraments. We can have no better idea of the noble character of the holy Legate than that conveyed by the eulogy of Clement XI., delivered in full Consistory, when the Pope announced the death of the newly created Cardinal:

"We have lost a most zealous friend of true religion; an intrepid defender of pontifical authority; a valiant vindicator of ecclesiastical discipline; a great luminary and ornament of your College. We ourselves have lost a son, your brother, who was exhausted by the many labors which he performed for the cause of Christ; who was crushed by the daily sufferings that afflicted him; who, like gold, was purified in a crucible—a crucible of innumerable insults which he endured with

great strength of soul. We are bidden to hope by that unconquerable constancy, because of which this truly apostolic man, although fed by the bread of tribulation and the water of anguish, never failed in his duty; and because of which he withstood imprisonment and other grievous injuries bravely until the last moment of his life. *He fought a good fight; he kept the faith.*"

Pope Clement XI., in 1710; published to the world the decree signed by himself in 1704. The efforts of de Tournon to enforce this decree in China had brought about the persecution that led to his premature death. At the same time the Pope issued a peremptory command to all the Superiors representing the various missions in China to force the compliance of those Jesuits who had been evading the question. The General of the Jesuits, Father Tamburini, was obliged to take energetic action to compel entire obedience. On November 20, 1710, he declared in the presence of the delegates of the various provinces then assembled in Rome, that he "would not recognize as a Jesuit any one who would thereafter defend the permissibility of the criminated Chinese rites."

This decree of the Sovereign Pontiff, together with the declaration of Tamburini, should have effectually ended all dissensions concerning the rites; but the poison of the evil had insinuated itself so gradually that it had driven the spirit of submission out of the minds of many of the missionaries. The majority of the Jesuits ignored the Papal mandate. On March 19, 1715, Clement XI. issued his Bull *Ex illa die*. The Pope reviewed the circumstances connected with the controversy from its incipiency; the persistent refusal of the Jesuits to abandon the condemned practices; their misinterpretation of the decree of Alexander VII.; the condemnatory decision of the Commission instituted by Innocent XII., in which several years had been devoted to the examination of the practices of a doubtful nature; the condemnation of these doubtful observances by the Holy See; the confirmation of the decree on September 25, 1710, which had been promulgated on

January 25, 1707. Finally, the Pope ordered that each missionary should refrain from exercising all priestly functions until he signed a prescribed formula under oath. Many of the missionaries submitted and promised fidelity to the commands of Clement XI.

In 1720 Mezzabarba was dispatched to China; he found that Kang-Hi was resolved to banish all the Christians from his empire, under the apprehension that a conformity to the Papal edict meant rebellion against his imperial authority. Mezzabarba granted some concessions in regard to the rites, which were in no way, however, to derogate from the force of the Bull *Ex illa die*. These concessions were interpreted by the Jesuits as an approval of their former methods of dealing with the rites, which they not only resumed, but the Bishop of Pekin, who was a Jesuit, issued two pastorals in 1723, in which he ordered his clergy under pain of suspension, to interpret the Bull *Ex illa die* as fully explained by the "permissions." This action of the Bishop was formally condemned twelve years later.

Pope Innocent XIII., who succeeded Clement XI., took up the matter in 1723. Summoning Tamburini to his presence, the Pope indignantly denounced the persistent disobedience of the Jesuit missionaries in China. His Holiness referred the General to his Secretary for information of the conditions under which the Society of Jesus should continue to exist. The document, containing ten stringent conditions exacting submission to the Holy See on all points, was signed by Tamburini and other Jesuits on September 13, 1723. The promise of Tamburini proved no guarantee for the fulfillment of the conditions prescribed for the Order's ex-

istence. The Jesuits flourished in China—so did the rites.

The immediate successors of Innocent XIII. (Benedict XIII. and Clement XII.) were destined to experience the resistance of the Jesuits on the Chinese ceremonies, the practice of which their predecessors for more than eighty years had not only refused to sanction, but had formally condemned. Clement XII., to put an end to further evasions, determined to reserve to the Apostolic See the right to pronounce upon the "permissions" given by Mezzabarba and which the Bishop of Pekin had audaciously interpreted as a justification of the acts of the recalcitrant Jesuits. The death of Clement XII. occurred before he had accomplished his design.

Benedict XIV. revoked the concessions or "permissions" of Mezzabarba, as they had been openly abused. The Pope commanded each missionary in China to take an oath of obedience and absolute observance of the Constitution *Ex quo Singulari* before he should be allowed to exercise his functions. The greater number of the Jesuits yielded submission to the Pope's decree; but, two years later, it became the painful duty of Blessed Peter Sanz, of the Dominican Order, Vicar-Apostolic, to notify to the Bishop of Pekin that he would be compelled to withdraw the faculties of certain disobedient Jesuits should they not obey in full the decree of Benedict XIV.

Gradually a tardy though final submission was rendered to Rome; but the injury to the cause of Christianity had already borne bitter fruit. The vacillating policy of the recalcitrant missionaries in regard to the heathenish observances, and their long resistance to authority, was the seed of that fruit. To charge the opponents of the policy condemned by the Holy See with responsibility for unhappy results, is to insult historic truth.

The publication of this paper, as promised in our September number, is intendedly solely as an offering to the cause of Truth. Mindful of our devotion to the sons of the warrior-Saint, whose splendid army has battled so gloriously for the Church, we wish to make clear that the facts recorded in this article tell not against the Society of Jesus; they mark only the regrettable excesses of individuals for whose impulsive zeal history can well enter an extenuating plea while it yet discharges the duty of faithfully recording a page of Church history that must be

in the spirit of Leo the Thirteenth, who makes his own Cicero's famous not the mention of aught that is false; fear not the mention of aught that is

ere is no spirit of *odium theologicum* in this narrative; rather is it a protest t ignorance, a rebuke to indiscreet and incompetent Catholic editors, a de- f the great Society of Jesus from a charge which concerns only individuals, sober justification of the Dominican Order often shamefully traduced as the nt opponent of Christianity in the Orient.

writer in *The North American Review* for September speaks clearly, yet rabid- viously for this class of incompetents; and his seeming compliment to the Fathers no Catholic body will more quickly repudiate than they when its d words will be found to convey an insult to Truth, and a calumny against minican Order.

e Sun, New York, September 16, misled by the dogmatic assertions of Dr. the writer in *The North American Review* (whose bad manners are in striking stration of his ignorance, when he refers to "the ignorant Dominicans"), the weight of its powerful influence to the wider dissemination of the y against the Dominicans. We believe that the fair-minded and just editor *Sun* will speak as emphatically and to the contrary, on receiving the true tation of facts.

e feel confident that the publication of this brief narrative will be unto edi- n, because it is written in the light of Truth, and in refutation of insulting tions put upon the Society of Jesus and the Order of Preachers.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE GOLDEN REIGN.

DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

shines upon the hills,
on in the valleys dwelleth,
' rises from the rills,
' brook his gladness telleth.
nn holds her golden reign,
den carpets floor the forest,
n hoards of ripened grain,
.dden where the fields are hoarest.
in blessings goes the year,
.in she chants her tender story—
> thy life in joy and cheer,
us to close in peace and glory."

OUR REFUGE.

CHARLOTTE CALLAHAN.

Il within your Father's arms;
till, and suffer there,
y one, or you who have
arrow deep to bear.
 impatient sigh or plaint
rb the silent air;
ntold pain, each hidden grief
 be a sweet-voiced prayer.
e a helpless infant, still,
out a doubt or care,
to the warmth of His dear Heart,
feel love's healing there.

THE DREAM ANGEL'S MISSION.

ESTELLE MARIE GERARD.

'Neath the stars' silver radiance gleaming
 afar,
 We silently wander to-night;
 And the Angel of Dreams from the dim
 Far Away,
 In a vesture of azure and white,
 Doth hover above us, and from his loved
 harp
 Floats ever a beautiful strain,
 That husheth the soul's busy tumult and
 strife,
 And healeth the heart rent with pain.
 And thus, as the melody bears us away
 Full fleetly on wings of delight,
 The haunts where we reveled in youth's
 happy hour
 Come swifter than fair Fancy's flight;
 And ever glad faces and forms that we
 loved
 In the beautiful Long, Long Ago,
 Commingle with joy their fond heart-
 songs with ours,
 Tenderly, softly and low.

OUR LADY'S MONTH.

As if in holy rivalry the loveliest month of the Autumn disputes with Spring's most delightful season the honor of special dedication to Heaven's blessed Queen. Fixed for perpetuity of observance, the October devotions have so entered into the spiritual life of the faithful that not even May can claim so plentiful a recognition in the piety of our Lady's clients or so rich a harvest in the abundance of heavenly favors vouchsafed for this season through the bounty of the Church.

What Leo XIII. has done for now nigh unto twenty years, though it will single him out for all the ages as the Pontiff of our Lady's Beads, is not a singular event; it is rather the besetting climax harmoniously crowning a series of striking incidents woven into the history of the Church, and forming a part of the development and growth of true devotion to our Blessed Mother.

On the first Sunday of October, 1571, while the usual procession in honor of our Lady Queen of the Rosary was making its pious rounds through the streets of Rome in special pleading for Christendom's pressing needs, a Saint, the latest of the canonized Popes, sat in the chair of Peter. The humble Dominican friar whom Providence had raised to the sublime dignity of the Papacy, whom the Church venerates under the name of S. Pius V., had the true spirit of every true son of S. Dominic; he loved our Lady of the Rosary, and on her mighty aid he leaned in the hour of bitter trial.

The struggle then impending was one that carried with its issue the fate of Christian nations. Surrounded by his Cardinals, the holy Pope was sharing in the Rosary celebration of that memorable October 7th, three hundred and twenty-nine years ago, when suddenly inspired and wrapt as into ecstatic vision, he announced to the assembled Princes of the Church that God had granted a glorious victory to the Christian arms,

that at far-distant Lepanto the proud Crescent had gone down in ignominy before the triumphant banner of the Cross.

For that victory the gratitude of the Church, the thanksgiving of our Lady's loving clients of the Beads, find ever recurring commemoration and renewed inspiration in the celebration of great Rosary Sunday. Echoing the words of the Pope Saint we may well say: For business there is no occasion to-day; praise and prayer to God and to the most powerful Virgin Mary should be our sole and welcome duty.

The significance of the overthrow of the Turkish forces in the battle of Lepanto is understood even by profane historians. Its beneficent effect has been realized to the present time by the various Christian states of Europe. But we who see the finger of God in the marvelous works of Providence, whose Catholic instincts are quickened by faith and love, know the inner facts, the spiritual underlying operations of special divine intervention, and in this light we proclaim our Lady's glory because of our Lady's share as the splendid instrument of God. We children of the Rosary rejoice that the blasphemous determination of the Turk was utterly foiled. The successor of Mahomet did not feed his horse with a bushel of oats on the altar of S. Peter's, Rome.

To Don John of Austria we also assign a niche, while we gratefully remember the gallant soldier who answered the Pontiff's call when the liberty of Christian Europe was threatened. As his story will be fully told to our readers at another time, we are now free to dismiss further notice of his achievements.

We are concerned rather with the celebrations instituted by the Church to keep in immortal memory the glorious triumph of Lepanto that is recalled, year by year, on the first Sunday of October. Shortly after the battle S. Pius V. instituted the feast of our Lady of Victory to

the triumph of that day, and he to the Litany of the Blessed Virgin title "Help of Christians."* After, Gregory XIII. dedicated the of our Lady of Victory as that of Lady of the Rosary for all churches an altar or chapel of the Rosary. Clement X. extended the celebration to dominions of the King of Spain. The ral gradually grew till Clement XI. aimed it for the entire Catholic i, to commemorate the victory of the eror Charles VI. over the Turks, in year 1710, and the deliverance of 1.

rily is our Lady of the Rosary S. of Victory, and in our day we have' ced for the battles she has won'. t Catholic fails to see the hand of and her answer to our prayers in successes of Leo XIII., in the vic-s he has achieved for more than ty years, and on so many different ? Shall we yet rejoice in the full ry? God grant it! And if not in our if not under the benign Pontiff e reign has been so luminous, so tual, so mighty in learning, and al so humble in devotion, so marked childlike confidence in the power of 's Rosary, we may have strong hope the triumph of the Beads, the full er to the prayer of the Rosary will ong be deferred.

t while we rejoice because of the true tion that is so manifest, so wide-d, all who are of the faithful ants of Mary must grieve for the less towards our gracious Lady

feast in honor of our Blessed Mother under the "Help of Christians," was instituted by Pius ter his five years of captivity in Savona and on turn to Rome, from which he had been twice ed. It is assigned to May 24.

fifteen mysteries, on fifteen Decades of blessed beads, the Rosary makes; he says it best Who best each mystery heeds.

ive joyful mysteries, like five Spring roses, snowy white, ell of the Holy Infancy Of Jesus with delight.

shown by many; we must deplore the sorrowful fact that there are Cathholics who pass their lives in indifference or ignorance as to their dearest Mother who is in Heaven.

Yet we must not feel discouraged. Rather should our energies be quickened and our efforts redoubled. To all faithful Rosarians we say that in their hearts should be the comforting assurance of Mary's blessing and love; and in the confidence which it inspires they should kindle their zeal into a very blaze during this Rosary month.

Fathers and mothers, we address you: Night after night gather your children around the family altar, and mingle your voices in loving prayer, bead by bead, in Mary's dear name. You may not possess much of this world's wealth, but you can furnish, at least, a picture of our Lady of the Rosary and a few lights that will burn for your faith and glow for your love ,and Heaven's Queen will smile down as on the grandest cathedral gathering, for you will be assembled in her name.

But, we further advise: Do not forget the Church devotions—the Holy Mass and Benediction—where the lesson will be so tenderly impressed on you of the union of Jesus and Mary; whereby the divine truth will sink into your hearts that our best way unto Him is His own way unto us, the way of His precious and immaculate Mother.

By prayer and work we can all share in the grace and glory of our Lady's Rosary Mission—the apostolate of saving souls through the love and imitation of Jesus in the study and practice of Mary's Beads.

Five mysteries sorrowful, like five June roses, deep and red,
Tell of our Saviour's sufferings,
And how for us he bled.

Five mysteries glorious, like five Large roses, tint like gold,
The resurrection wonderful
And bliss of Heaven unfold.

—Eliza Allen Starr.

BROTHER AQUIN.

(THE LEGEND OF A DOMINICAN FRIAR.)

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

'Mid the Buddhists and the Brahmins of
the Orient—years ago,
Lived and labored Friar Aquin—Dominic's
anointed son.

Lived and labored, ever zealous for the
lost sheep of the Fold,
Praying, preaching, training, teaching,
high and lowly, young and old.

"All, my God, for Thy dear glory! Every
breath for Thee alone!"
Sighed the hero of our story, as he toiled
in fields unknown.

Toiled until one strange illusion filled his
brain: " 'Twere wisest, best,
If, in some remote seclusion, Friar Aquin
stole to rest.

Made him there a little haven in some
cave or secret wood,
Where, secure, his own salvation he might
win in solitude!"

Yielding to the tempter wary, in the
desert—love afame—
Aquin, erst the missionary, now an
eremite became.

Fasted there, and prayed unceasing;
scourged himself—each sense denied:
Spent whole days before the Image of his
Saviour Crucified.

Till, one night, from out the center of the
Wounded Heart divine,
Heard the hermit this soft whisper:
"Prayer and penance, son of mine!"

"Both are blessed in My creatures: yet I
prize far more thy toll
As an apostolic preacher, laboring on a
pagan soil!"

"In the field thou hast forsaken, thou-
sands, sunk in sin and shame,
Know not of My Father's Kingdom—call
not on His Holy Name;

"Wilt thou leave these souls to perish?
Shall My Passion prove in vain?
Vain the glory of My Father—object of
My Blood and pain!"

Moved to tears, the Friar answered: "Dear
Lord Jesus, nevermore
Shall Thy son refuse to labor in Thy vine-
yard, as of yore!"

"Once again Thy brave apostle—in his
mission peril-proved—
He shall traverse every quarter where
Thou art not known and loved;

"Where Thou art not served devoutly,
strive to win men to their Lord.
Farewell, little peaceful refuge! Ever be
Christ's will adored!"

Straight departing from the desert,
Dominic's heroic son
Vowed: "Repose to flesh or spirit, taste I
not till this be done!"

"Till I see my Master's kingdom flourish
on a pagan soil!
Guide me, O my Light, my Wisdom! Best
Belov'd, accept my toil!"

Sped the monk unto the Indies—once
again a heart of gold,
Preaching, straining, teaching, training,
high and lowly, young and old.

Life and strength at last exhausted in his
Master's cause divine,
Lo! a horde of brutal Hindoos tracked
him to God's sacred shrine;

There, the while his wounds unnumbered
scarlet dyed his snow-white gown—
'Mid the Buddhists and the Brahmins,
Aquin won the Martyr's crown.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

N. C.

The golden glory of October's sun brightens for a moment a corner in Westminster Abbey consecrated to the memory of the father of English poetry, England's first and sweetest songster. Five hundred years ago he ceased to sing on earth, but the echo of his strains still lingers, his soft breezes seem to fan our cheeks and to waft to us the perfume of his fairest flowers, as if living again in the vividness of his glowing narrative. We long to catch a closer glimpse of this unique, this incomparable charmer who sang of "layde-love and war-romance and knightly worthe."

Of the place of his birth Chaucer says: "The city of London, that is to me so dear and sweet, in which I was forth-grown."

The London of Chaucer's boyhood, with the bright green fields, the sparkling waters of the Thames, the joyous song of birds, the fairest of skies—has been swallowed up in the Babylon of to-day. Reveling in Nature's entrancing loveliness, he poured forth his heartfelt gratitude to the great Creator, and upon his knees he prayed that all men should love all flowers for the "daysie's" sake.

Chaucer probably acquired his knowledge of classic and elegant literature at Oxford and Cambridge. He received the two-fold advantage of court-training and foreign travel, which gave him a wide experience of his fellow-men during his public career.

At the age of sixteen he held the position of page to Lionel, Duke of Clarence, in the royal household of Edward III. The young prince, who was the second son of Edward, took part in the wars against France. Chaucer was but eighteen years old when he accompanied him to battle. He was captured by the enemy and retained as a prisoner of war. Edward paid £16 towards his ransom in 1360, and secured his release. He evidently enjoyed the royal favor during the

next seven years, for we hear of him in 1368, chronicled as "unus valetorum Cameræ Regis" (one of the valets of the King's chamber). He was then about twenty-eight years of age, and mingled with the wit, beauty and chivalry of the most splendid court in Europe.

He married Philippa, who by some is supposed to have been sister to the Duke of Lancaster—heir apparent to the throne. Other writers refer to her as one of the maids of honor.

This alliance had the effect of strengthening the political bond that existed between himself and the Duke, who remained his steadfast patron. The Duke of Lancaster was about Chaucer's own age and an interested friend in the literary career upon which he had just entered. The young Duchess of Lancaster had always encouraged the poet's verses. Upon her death, which occurred in 1369, Chaucer lamented the loss of his patron, as well as his own, in a feeling tribute to her memory. This poem was prized by her son, Henry IV., and Chaucer's devotion was substantially rewarded some years later, on his accession to the throne.

In testimony of the King's confidence in his ability Chaucer was selected as ambassador in open and secret missions to various courts. He was then about thirty years of age. On the occasion of these embassies he had opportunities to move in the highest court circles of Genoa, Florence, Milan and France. The results of his negotiations evidently met with the royal approval, for during the space of twelve years he had been sent on seven diplomatic missions.

Chaucer remained in northern Italy more than a year. It is assumed that he then made himself familiar with the inspiring poetry of that favored land.

On one of his earlier visits to Italy he probably met Petrarch and Boccacio. The outcome of the Italian mission so pleased his Majesty that he appointed Chaucer

Comptroller of the Customs of Wools, etc., at the Port of London, and granted him a pension for life. The duties of this office required Chaucer's personal attention. He was obliged to make out the bills of lading with his own hand.

It was about this time that he undertook his "Canterbury Tales," upon which he worked late in the evenings.

When Chaucer was in his forty-sixth year he was elected member of Parliament from Kent. He was then at the height of worldly prosperity, which was, however, of short duration. He made himself obnoxious to the ministers in the stand that he took when they opposed the interests of his patron, the Duke of Lancaster. It is a significant fact that during the ascendancy of the faction that supported the Duke of Gloucester, Chaucer's good fortune visibly declined. Upon the return of his patron from Spain he received, successively, appointments to the Clerkships of Westminster and Windsor.

Pecuniary reverses followed. Doubtless he wrote the "Complaint to his Empty Purse" while under this stress. Upon the accession of Henry IV., the son of the Duke of Lancaster, Chaucer received a pension of forty pounds. This timely help enabled him to lease a house in the garden of S. Mary's chapel, Westminster. The lease was granted "for as many of fifty years as he might live."

In this lovely retreat, relieved from anxiety concerning his temporal affairs, in the enjoyment of his matured intellectual powers, he unexpectedly departed this life on October 25, 1400.

He was the first poet buried in Westminster Abbey, where now are erected honorary monuments to the genius of Shakespeare, Addison, Spencer and many other great authors of England.

Chaucer was of middle stature, of full face; his fair complexion verged towards paleness; his hair was a dusky yellow; he wore a short, well-trimmed beard; his nose was aquiline; he had an expansive forehead of marble-like whiteness; his drooping eyes betokened his habitual concentrativeness; he had an erect carriage and a swift manner of walking. Ordinarily, he dressed in a loose camlet frock,

reaching to the knee; wide sleeves were fastened at the wrist; a dark hood with a tippet was twisted round his head while he was out doors; when indoors it hung down his back; he wore bright red stockings and black-horned shoes.

We are indebted to Occleve's surreptitious drawings of his revered master for the genuine likeness of Chaucer. One can detect the gleam of humor in his eye as he stands, rosary in hand, conversing gravely with the blind poet Gower, or engaged in philosophical discourse with the Dominican, Strode; or, again, in lighter vein, with his youthful pupil, Lydgate.

Chaucer's soul reveled in the beauties of creation that the Divine Artist had drawn forth from the bosom of infinite power, wisdom and love, and he chanted their praises for all time.

A keen, broad observer of men, indulgent to their follies, his sympathies are with virtue. He had no evil intention in picturing the vulgar license of his day; he is a humorous moralist, a happy delineator of life as it exists in all nations and in all climes. He drew his highest inspiration from Christianity. His faith in Christ was simple and unwavering, his hope in the Blessed Virgin unbounded, and his charity for all men most rare. Wordsworth thus modernizes his invocation to Mary:

O Lord, our Lord, how wondrously (quoth she)
Thy name in this large world is spread abroad;
For not alone by men of dignity
Thy worship is performed and precious laud;
But by the mouths of children, gracious God,
Thy goodness is set forth; they, when they lie
Upon the breast, Thy name do glorify.

Wherefore, in praise, the worthiest that I may,
Jesu of Thee and the white Lilly-flower
Which did Thee bear, and is a maid for aye,
To tell a story I will use my power;
Not that I may increase her honor's dower.
For she herself is Honor, and the Root
Of goodness next her Son, our soul's best boot.

Iaid, O Maid and Mother free,
unburnt, burning in Moses'

did'st ravish from the Deity,
humbleness the Spirit that did
t heart, whence through that
's night
was the Father's Sapience—
tell it in thy reverence.

goodness, thy magnificence,
ue and thy great humility,
science and all utterance;

For, sometimes, Lady, ere men pray to
thee,

Thou goest before in thy benignity,
The light to us vouchsafing of thy prayer.

My knowledge is so weak, O blissful
Queen,

To tell abroad thy mighty worthiness,
That I the weight of it may not sustain;
But, as a child of twelve months' old,
or less.

That laboreth his language to express,
Even so fare I, and therefore I thee pray.
Guide thou my song which I of thee shall
say.

: none among you who will not
how great was the trouble and
i, in the twelfth century, God's
ch suffered from the Albigen-
cs. These sprang from the sect
er Manicheans, and filled the
rancé, and other portions of the
d, with their pernicious errors.
ed everywhere the terror of
, and, far and wide, strove to
assacre and ruin.

ciful God, as you know, raised
t these fierce enemies a most
, the illustrious parent and
the Dominican Order. Great
indness of doctrine, in the ex-
his virtue, and in his apostolic
undauntedly proceeded to at-
nemisies of the Catholic Church;
orce of arms, but by that devo-
i he was the first to institute,
name of the Holy Rosary. In
olly trusted; and by his preach-
hat of his brethren, he spread
out the length and breadth of

by divine inspiration and
foresaw that, like a most power-
e weapon, this devotion would
eans of putting the enemy to
l of confounding his mad im-
audacity. In fact, such was its
anks to this new form of prayer
opted and carried out as insti-
the holy Father Dominic—piety,
unity began to return. The
nd devices of the heretics fell

Many wanderers returned to
of salvation, and the wrath of
us was checked by the arms of

those who, in defence, had determined to
resist them.

Since, then, it is evident that this form
of prayer is so acceptable to the Blessed
Virgin, so suited to the defence of the
Church and of Christendom, and that,
whether publicly or privately used, it
brings down divine blessings, it is not
surprising that others of our Prede-
cessors, by the most earnest commenda-
tions, have endeavored to promote and to
spread its adoption. Thus Urban IV.
testified that "the Rosary daily obtained
fresh favors for Christendom"; Sixtus
IV. declared that this method of prayer
"redounded to the honor of God and of
the Blessed Virgin, and was well fitted
to avert impending dangers"; Leo X. said
"it was instituted to counteract here-
siarchs and growing heresies"; and Julius
III. called it "the glory of the Church";
Pius V. also declared that "with the
spread of this devotion the faithful have
become more fervent by these meditations
and more inflamed by these prayers, that
on a sudden they have become different
men, that the darkness of heresy has been
dissipated, and the light of Catholic faith
has again beamed forth." Lastly, Gregory
XIII. says that "the Rosary was insti-
tuted by S. Dominic, to appease the anger
of God and to implore the intercession of
the Blessed Virgin Mary."

Moved by these thoughts and by the
example of our Predecessors, we have
deemed it most opportune for like reasons
to institute solemn prayers, and to en-
deavor, by adopting those addressed to
the Blessed Virgin, in the recital of the
Rosary, to obtain from her Son, our Lord
Jesus Christ, similar aid in present
dangers."

Leo XIII.

THE LIVING ROSARY.

The Living Rosary, now so extensively propagated, owes its origin to a pious woman named Marie Pauline Jaricot, by whom it was founded in the city of Lyons in the year 1826. Four years previously this chosen soul was the instrument of God in the establishment of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith. Owing to the troubles of the time immediately following the French Revolution, which well-nigh wrought the destruction of Religion in that unhappy country,* the devotion of the Rosary was greatly neglected.

Hoping to renew the practice of the Beads, and fearing, at the same time, lest any one should be deterred by the imposition of too heavy a burden, she happily conceived a new and easy way of saying the Rosary. She formed small bands, or circles, consisting of fifteen members, each of whom was obliged to say, not the whole Rosary during the week, but simply one decade each day, at the same time meditating on the mystery which would be assigned by lot. By this means the entire Rosary or Psalter of Mary would be said collectively by the members of each circle every day.

The pious efforts of its founder were soon crowned with success, for on January 27, 1832, the Society of the Living Rosary was recognized by the Holy See, and received the approbation of the Church in a brief given by Gregory XVI. For this favor the young Society was much indebted to Cardinal Lambruschini, the Nuncio of the Holy See in France.

From that Brief we make some extracts that will be instructive and edifying:

"Blessing the Lord of all consolation, we have heard what has been related to us by our beloved son Aloysius Lambruschini, cardinal priest of the Holy

* With the expulsion of the Dominicans from France, the dissolution of the Confraternity of the Rosary was also decreed by the French infidels who sought the suppression of all religious orders and societies. It is worthy of note that France, the birthplace of the Rosary, is also the cradle of its restoration by way of the Living Rosary.

Roman Church, respecting a pious practice which the active and industrious piety of certain persons has lately devised, under the title of The Living Rosary, in honor of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary. For thereby we trust that, God well aiding, it will be happily effected that a form of prayer most fit to honor her in a holy manner in every place and time, must not only become everywhere daily more frequent, from its being so easy, but also that, having acquired in some sort increased efficacy from such a union of suppliants, it should be offered more agreeably to God, Who, implored by common entreaty, is moved to commiseration and grace. Which salutary institute we have indeed resolved, with willing mind, to recommend by the sanction of our Pontifical authority, and to favor with the dispensation of Indulgences, recalling to memory what advantage the entire Catholic world experienced, when the faithful first implored her immediate protection, by the chaplets composed in honor of the Blessed Virgin."

He then enumerates the indulgences, and ends with the following admonitions: "But, while thus endeavoring to enkindle in the minds of all a more intense desire of respect, love and devotion towards the Virgin Mary, and whilst we, therefore, seek to furnish incentives to those even who are already running on, by proposing a most abundant reward of Indulgences, we at the same time most earnestly urge this, that all diligently discharging also the other duties of religion, charity and the virtues, and their moral being made conformable to the rule of Christian profession, would make themselves more dear to the most Holy Mother, who promises that they shall possess eternal life who will have endeavored to advance her honor. By this means, these our intentions and wishes shall obtain the prosperous results that we desire; and we shall congratulate ourselves upon this work of

blessing and salvation granted to the Christian people."

The Living Rosary is not only subordinate to the Confraternity of the Rosary, but it is clear from the Brief of Gregory XVI. that the principal end of the Society of the Living Rosary is that the ancient and venerable devotion to the most Holy Rosary may be more fruitfully cultivated, and in this manner that the Confraternity itself may be increased. Yet it must be remembered that the Living Rosary is, in the true and proper sense of the word, a Sodality canonically instituted, having its own special privileges and indulgences.

Though the Order of Preachers had, by the authority of the Holy See, the special custody of the Rosary since its institution, Gregory XVI. committed the supreme direction of the Sodality of the Living Rosary to secular priests, who were called Directors General, because, at that stormy time, the Dominicans had not been re-established in France. A few years later Lacordaire restored the Order. Subsequently, seeing irregularities in the appointment and succession of general and diocesan directors, the Fathers petitioned the Holy See to place the Living Rosary under the care of the Order.

Pius IX. readily consented, and in a Brief dated August 17, 1877, he conferred upon the Master General of the Dominican Order the supreme direction of all the Sodalities of the Living Rosary. This grant was to hold in perpetuity. In virtue of these powers, the Most Reverend Father Sanvito, then Vicar-General of the Order, reorganized the Sodality, and on February 2, 1878, he obtained from the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, the confirmation of a new Summary of Indulgences.

As a consequence of these measures we are enabled to present certain specific points with precision. The Sodality of the Living Rosary is unlike the Perpetual Rosary, nor is it a Confraternity. There is, therefore, no obligation to keep a general register, nor are any public exercises of devotion prescribed. Members of different societies may join the Living Rosary, but with this express condition, that

they separately perform the duties of each. Moreover, the identity of the Sodality must be preserved intact. No union of names or amalgamation with other pious societies is allowed. The object of the Living Rosary being the devout recitation of the Beads, the spirit and the practice of the Confraternity that is so rich in blessings and indulgences, should be the final aim of all Sodalists.

Strictly speaking, Sodalists are bound by only one obligation, namely, to say faithfully each day one decade of the Rosary, using beads properly blessed, and meditating on the mystery that has fallen to them by lot. This obligation does not bind under any sin; but its neglect entails the loss of the indulgence granted for such recitation.

The Supreme Moderator and Director General of the Living Rosary, the Master General of the Order of Preachers, either in person or through the Provincials of the Order, governs the societies. Subordinate to him are Directors, Presidents and Promotors.

The head of the Dominican Order has supreme authority in all that pertains to the general government of the Sodality. The Provincials of the Order, by the authority delegated to them, appoint local Directors, who are named for a certain place while they remain there, or who receive personal faculties which continue for life. Directors of the Confraternity of the Rosary, wherever it is canonically erected, are also, by this fact, the lawful Directors of the Sodality of the Living Rosary.

It is the duty of the Directors to appoint Presidents and Promotors, and to know well the condition and work of the Sodality. Hence, at convenient times, Directors should summon the Presidents and Promotors, and, singly or collectively, instruct them in the duties of their offices. By thus exciting their zeal in the good work, and by discussing and determining whatever may be necessary for the advancement of the Sodality, its efficiency will be sustained. Should the Sodality be without a President, the duties of his office devolve on the Director until the appointment of a President.

According to rule a President is placed over every eleven circles. It is his duty to see that each circle has its Promotors and that Promotors faithfully do their part. Presidents may form new circles, and propose to the Director, for confirmation, new Promotors. They must provide each circle with its proper number, even by transferring Sodalists from one circle to another. From time to time they should transmit to the Director an account of new circles, and on the festival of the Most Holy Rosary a list of all the circles should be presented to him.

Promotors are authorized to receive new members into the Sodality. Persons who are absent may be received by letter. Promotors must keep a record of the names of the Sodalists and transmit them yearly, on the feast of the Most Holy Rosary, to the President or the Director. They should also provide each circle with its required number of Sodalists. It is advisable that the Sodalists who constitute a given circle should, if convenient, live in the same locality. For this reason Promotors may transfer Sodalists; and if the Director judge it expedient, he may institute for this purpose a general reorganization of the bands.

Once a month, on the first Sunday or as near the beginning of the month as possible, Promotors must distribute, by lot, the names of the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary among the Sodalists of each circle. Should it happen that any circle has not the required number, the Promotors will recite the undistributed decades, or have them said, till the number of the circle is completed. This should be done within a month. Should a circle have more than fifteen Sodalists, the Promotors must transmit the surplus names to the President, so that a new circle may be formed. If this cannot be done, the Promotor may retain those Sodalists, and assign mysteries to them by lot, after the regular distribution has taken place.

Distribution in any other way than by lot is not allowed. The distribution in each circle should be made by the Promotor, with two Sodalists assisting. If necessary the selection by lot may be made for all the circles by the President,

two Promotors assisting. For this the consent of the Director must be obtained.

Sodalists who have been absent, and those to whom the new distribution cannot be made known, may choose at the end of the month the mystery immediately following the one previously assigned to them. In each distribution Sodalists receive a new card or schedule describing the mystery. Some pious exercises in honor of the Holy Spirit and the Queen of the Rosary may precede the distribution.

The benefits of membership in the Living Rosary are numerous. From the concession of the Master General of the Order of Preachers, the Sodalists of the Living Rosary partake, in the same manner as the members of the Confraternity, of all the spiritual benefits of the Dominican Order. This concession, made in 1836, was renewed by the Vicar-General of the Order, November 15, 1877.

A Plenary Indulgence may be gained on the first feast day after admission if preceded by confession and communion. For the recitation of the daily decade, one hundred days' indulgence may be gained; and on Sundays and Festivals, and also daily during the Octaves which will be noted in the Calendar, seven years and seven Lents may be gained. Provided the beads used were blessed by a Dominican, or by any other priest who has received due faculties from the Master General of the Order, one hundred days may be gained for each Our Father and Hail Mary.

A Plenary Indulgence may be gained once a year (on any day chosen), by those who have recited during the year the daily decade on beads duly blessed. The usual conditions are prescribed. An Indulgence of one hundred days is granted to Promotors, and one of three hundred days to Presidents who preside over at least eleven circles, as often as they perform any part of their duties.

On the days indicated in the Calendar, a Plenary Indulgence may be gained on the following conditions: (1) the daily recitation of a decade at least for one month, unless lawfully excused; (2) Con-

fession and Communion; (3) a visit to a church, where some time should be spent in prayer. For those unable to go to a church a confessor may substitute another good work.

The following points may be advantageously noted:

If from death or other cause the number of the circle is not complete, Sodalists do not lose the Indulgences, provided the Promotor within a month from the day when the defect becomes known completes the required number.

If any Sodalist omit to say the assigned decade, the other members are not deprived of their Indulgences.

Those who are members of the Living Rosary and of the Confraternity have double obligations to satisfy. They must say the daily decade as required for the Living Rosary, and the whole Rosary (fifteen decades) during each week to fulfil the Confraternity duty.

All Directors of the Living Rosary, even though general or diocesan, who held office on November 15, 1877, were confirmed for life, with the faculty of selecting new Promotors, to be placed in charge of new circles of fifteen.

The feast of the Most Holy Rosary (first Sunday of October) is a special feast of the Sodality.

The feast of S. Dominic (August 4th), the founder of the Order of Preachers, is

also for the Sodality a day of great devotion and thanksgiving.

Other Saints are named as monthly patrons, a list of whom we publish for the month of October.

S. Philomena has been chosen as the special Patroness of the Sodality. Her feast should, therefore, be a day sacred to the members.

All the feasts of our Lord and of His Blessed Mother, particularly those which have reference to the Rosary, should be cherished by Sodalists with special devotion. On such festivals Sodalists should endeavor to confess and communicate.

Those who go weekly to Holy Communion can gain all the Plenary Indulgences available within the week, without extra confession, provided they are in the state of grace and fulfil the other conditions.

On the day set for distributing the mysteries Sodalists may make offerings to help in defraying necessary expenses for the purchase of books, decoration of the altar, or other pious works.

On the first available day after the feast of the Most Holy Rosary, a Mass should be said for the deceased Sodalists of that year. Likewise on the death of a member a Mass should be said, to which all the members, or at least the associates of the same circle, should be invited.

It is the right of the Director to prescribe what religious exercises and customs shall be observed.

The form for blessing beads is the same for the Confraternity and for the Living Rosary.

Thee sing we, filled with pure delight,
Thee, wounded deep with sorrow's
sword,
Thee, clad in endless glory bright,
O Virgin Mother of the Lord!

Hail, filled with joy in heart and mind,
Conceiving, visiting, or when
Thou didst bring forth, offer and find
Thy Child amidst the learned men!

Hail, Martyrs' Queen! His agony,
The taunts, the scourge, the thorns
have found
Thy deepest heart—yea and the tree
Of shame hath all thy sorrows crowned!

Hail, glorious in His triumphing,
And in the Spirit tongues of flame;
Lit with the splendors of the King,
All nations praise thy glorious name!

The Mysteries are gardens rare,
Where fragrant blooms forever blow,
Ye nations, gather roses fair
And weave a crown for Mary's brow!

Glory to Thee, and honor meet,
Jesu, of lowly Virgin born,
And Father and the Paraclete,
Through endless ages of the morn.—

Amen.

Hymn from the Office of Rosary Sunday

DEVELOPMENT OF PRINTING.

SISTER GABRIEL, O. P.

During the five centuries following the invention of metal types men of genius have endeavored to devise appliances to facilitate the multiplication of books by the least laborious and most expeditious methods. The close of the nineteenth century witnessed prodigious departures from long-established methods of hand composition. With what astonishment would not our venerable Caxton, our first English printer, view the marvels wrought at the present day, for he thought the accomplishment of his first printed book little short of a miracle. "I have practised and learned, at my great charge, to put in order this said book in print after the manner and form as ye may here see; and is not written in pen and ink as other books be, to the end that *every man may have them AT ONCE*: for all the books of this story, thus imprinted as ye see, were *begun in one day, and also finished in one day.*" We may readily imagine his pleasure at beholding the printing of a large edition of his translation of *LEGENDA AUREA*, written by Blessed James of the Dominican Order, *begun* and *finished* not in *one day*, but possibly in one hour.

Millions of dollars have been expended on the invention of type-setting machines, and rival claimants appear for the honor of first inventor. Prominent among these men of mechanical genius is Father Calendoli, of the Dominican Order, a Sicilian by birth. Father Calendoli superintended the construction of his type-setting machine, which was constructed by the French mechanician Bibant. The machine was operated like a type-writer, and eclipsed all previous inventions of that kind.

We can scarcely appreciate the utility and phenomenal rapidity of probably the most wonderful invention of the nineteenth century, unless we have some knowledge of the former method of hand composition. The *Statistician* gives the following record of the highest achieve-

ments in rapid type-setting: George Arensberg, New York, February 19, 1870, set 2,064 ems solid minion, 23 ems to line, one break-line to each stickful, in one hour. Joseph McCann, New York City, June 4, 1885, using three-quarter double cases, solid minion, 25 ems measure, reprint copy, helpers to empty sticks, set 1,000 ems in 29 minutes, 2,123 ems in one hour, 3,000 ems in 1 hour and 25 minutes, 4,000 ems in 1 hour, 53 minutes and 20 seconds, 4,233 ems in 2 hours, 5,000 ems in 2 hours, 22 minutes and 20 seconds, 6,000 ems in 2 hours, 50 minutes and 20 seconds, and 6,350 ems in three hours. Wm. C. Barnes, New York City, September 10, 1885 (public match), set 2,001 ems nonpareil, solid, 16 ems to alphabet, 29 ems wide, in 55 minutes and 30 seconds, and (in a private match, same date) set 2,160 ems, same, one break-line, in one hour. Joseph McCann, New York City, December 15, 1885, using full-sized cases, solid minion, 25 ems wide, reprint copy, emptying his own stick, set 2,000 ems in 1 hour, 4,012 ems in two hours, 6,029 ems in 3 hours, and 8,062½ ems in 4 hours. By same, October 8, 1888, set and corrected 2,127 ems nonpareil in 1 hour.

By the present system more than seven thousand ems may be set by an operator of a machine in an hour. Since printed matter is measured by "ems," the letter "m" being the unit, we may form some idea of the advantage gained in speed for book printing by the type-setting machine from the following compilation of Professor A. P. Lyon of New York: The Bible contains 3,500,000 "ems," Webster's Dictionary 20,000,000, Chambers' Encyclopedia 58,000,000, Johnson's Cyclopedias 56,000,000, Appleton's Cyclopedias 60,000,000, and Encyclopedia Britannica 140,000,000 ems.

Thus the gain in speed on an average of more than six thousand ems per hour will enable the printer to multiply the most voluminous works in an incredibly

short space of time. It is estimated that there are more than 44,300 newspapers and periodicals printed in the world; of these, 23,339 are published in the English language. The annual consumption of paper in the United States is 107,000 tons.

The Chinese claim the *oldest printed paper* in the world. The fifteenth hundred anniversary of the publication of the "Imperial Gazette" was celebrated in Pekin in August, 1882. The Chinese have certainly retained the *oldest methods*. At their present rate of advancement they will probably have adopted an American method of printing about fifteen hundred years hence. Nothing can be more ludicrous to an expert operator than to see poor John tramping fully two miles in his efforts to collect types for about fourteen hundred words which, by the latest method, could be run off in forty-five minutes.

The Mergenthaler linotype machine, which was introduced in 1886, has proved its remarkable capacity for speed. More than three thousand of these machines are in use throughout the world. The company have manufactories in the United States, England and Canada.

A description of the machine as published by the agents will be of interest:

The Linotype machine is not a type-setting machine in the ordinary sense of the word. On the contrary, it is a machine which being operated by finger-keys like a typewriter, creates or produces type matter ready for use on the press or stereotyping table.

The machine marks a wide departure from the ordinary methods of using single line letter type. It produces and assembles side by side metal bars or slugs, each the length and width of a line of type, and having on the upper edge the type characters to print an entire line. These bars, having the appearance of solid lines of type, are called "linotypes." When assembled side by side, they constitute jointly a "form" composed of ordinary type, and adapted to be used in the same manner. After being used the linotypes

are returned to the melting pot to be recast into other lines, thus doing away with distribution.

The production of the linotypes is effected as follows:

The machine contains as its leading members a large number of small brass matrices. The cut of one of these matrices looks like a big letter Y.

These matrices consist each of a flat plate, having in its vertical edge a female letter or matrix, and in the upper end a series of teeth. There are a number of matrices for each letter or character represented in the keyboard.

The machine is organized to select matrices bearing the required characters, and set them up in line side by side, with intervening spaces, and thereafter to present the line to a mold so that the linotypes or slugs may be cast against and into the entire line of matrices at one operation.

The operations are effected by a mechanism which consists of an inclined stationary magazine or holder, containing channels in which the assorted matrices are stored. The matrices tend to slide downward out of the magazine by reason of their gravity, but they are held in check by escapements, one at the mouth of each channel. From these escapements rods are extended downwards to a series of finger-keys. There is a special key for each character or letter. The keys are depressed by the operator in the order in which the corresponding characters are to appear in the print.

Each time a key is actuated it permits a single matrix, bearing the corresponding character, to fall out of the mouth of the magazine and downward through the channels to an incline traveling belt, by which the matrices are carried downward one after another, and delivered into the slotted assembling block, in which they are set up or composed side by side in a line or row. A stationary box contains a series of spaces, and a delivery device connected with finger bar by which the spaces are discharged and permitted to fall into the

line at their proper places. Thus it is that, by operating the keys, the required matrices and spaces are delivered one after another and assembled in line in the block until it contains all the characters necessary to complete one line of print. After the line of matrices is thus composed it is transferred to the face of the vertical mold wheel, through which a slot or mold proper extends from the front to the rear face. The entire row of characters in the matrix line is presented directly opposite the face of the mold or slot, so that when the mold is filled with metal to produce a slug or Linotype, the metal will flow into the matrices, which produce their respective type characters in relief on the edge of the casting.

Behind the mold wheel there is arranged

a pot, in which type metal is maintained in a molten condition by a flame from the gas burner thereunder. The pot has a delivery mouth or channel adapted to fit against and close the rear face of the mold. Within the pot there is mounted mechanically operated pump plunger. After the line of matrices is presented a lock is applied across the face of the mold, the mouth of the pot is closed against the rear side of the mold, and plunger then operated to force the molten metal from the mouth of the pot into the mold, in which it solidifies, completing the slug or Linotype.

A visit to the office of any of our leading dailies while the Linotype is in operation will better enable the reader to appreciate the utility of this wonderful invention.

TWO QUEENS.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

Full many a year had Joy ruled on the throne
Of my heart's kingdom, till there came a day
When I grew weary of her power alone,
Tho' sweet had been her sway.

"Go, Joy!" I cried, "into some other heart
That knows thee not, and send Grief unto me,
That I may learn in solitude apart
Her blessed ministry."

Down from her high estate my great queen swept,
Nor paused to heed if I should call her back;
And soon—ah, God! how soon—to her place crept
Grief, like the midnight black!

To-day she rules me with an iron hand,
Incessant bids my blinding tears flow,
Nor ever leaves me for another land
As Joy did long ago.

Here, after dismal years I cry to-day—
"Grief, go from me; too fearful is thy reign;
Take for a time thy solmen court away.
Let me forget thy pain."

She only smiles her weary smile a saith,
"O not like Joy do I take sudden flight,
Ah, long I bide, but he who suffereth
Shall one day see the light."

EDITORIAL.

Leo XIII. commanded the public on of the Rosary during October, ered that it should take place during Mass or during the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, thus emphasizing the union of Jesus and Mary, as the end of our devotion to her, means by which we can best come

or Faber's forcible words: "Jesus is honoured because Mary is kept in the sound. Thousands of souls perish because Mary is withheld from them. It is a miserable, unworthy shadow which our devotion to the Blessed Virgin is the cause of all those wants and those evils and omissions and sins," may well be set side by side the command and entreaty of our mother, especially during the month of October.

Dominican Order lost a noble son on the feast of the Assumption of Father Vanutelli, the distinguished Orientalist, who was fatally injured in a railway accident which occurred in Italy on August 12. In 1858 Father Vanutelli joined the Order. In 1861 he was ordained. For two years he taught in Corsica. Later he distinguished himself as chaplain in the pontifical army of Pius IX. After the seizure of Emmanuel, Father Vanutelli went to Constantinople. From that time (1870) until his death his interests clustered around the unhappy East, the land of schism. As a preacher, missionary and writer he labored, in season and out of season, for the cause of Catholicity. His identification with that apostolate was singularly happily eminent. A list of his published works will bear testimony to the great talent of the man, to his profound industry, and to his unwearied

Holy Land"; "Notes on a First Visit to Atghion Oros, Mount Athos";

"Visit to the Monasteries of Greece"; "Constantinople"; "Patmos"; "The Future of the Orient Considered in Jerusalem"; "Mount Libanus"; "The Banks of the Danube"; "The Archipelago"; "Albania"; "Zernacora Montenegro"; "Reminiscences of the Orient"; "Reminiscences of Thessaly"; "The Carpathian Mountains"; "Sojourn of a Month on the Holy Mount of Macedonia"; "The Italo-Greek Colonies"; "Religious Study in Russia—Notes of a Voyage"; "The Eucharistic Congress in Jerusalem in 1893"; "The Religious Question in the East, a Practical Study"; "The Transformation of the East"; "General View of the Religious Question in the East"; "Israel, a View of the Hebrew People"; "Russia and the Catholic Church"; "Missions of the Latins in the East"; "Brief Notes of Conferences Held in Arcadia"; "Conferences on the East"; "Christ, the King"; "Council of Florence"; "Sacred Lateran Memoirs."

Some of our Catholic journals have referred to Father Vanutelli as a Cardinal. The two brother Cardinals named Vanutelli are cousins of the deceased friar.

We do not vouch for the following, but we give it "for what it is worth":

Writing from Manila to the *Pittsburgh Post*, John T. McCutcheon says:

"The old Dominican Father, after forty years of honest service in the Philippines, had arrived at such an advanced age that he knew his time for this world was short. It was then that his brother padres asked him to write a book detailing his experiences, in order that posterity might be benefited by the great knowledge and information which he had gathered during his long and useful life. So he smiled and said that he would.

"'No one shall see it while I live,' he told them, 'but when I am gone you will open my private chest and there you will find the manuscript.'

"This pleased the Dominicans immensely, for they felt certain that such a

work as the old man could write would be more valuable than any that had ever been prepared before. No one had had such opportunities for studying the people, and no one had lived for so many years in such close communion with them. This book, they thought, would be a monument to the memory of the venerable priest more enduring than stone or bronze.

"Finally the old man died.

"After he was buried the Dominican Fathers opened the private chest and found therein a vast bundle of manuscript sewed together in the form of a book.

"On the cover were these words:

**THE CHARACTERISTICS, HABITS,
AND CUSTOMS OF THE
FILIPINO PEOPLE.**

By Father —, D. O. M.

Prepared as a Result of Forty Years'
Careful Study and Observation
of the Race.

"They opened the book to the second page and found it blank. They opened it to the third page and it was blank. There were 300 blank pages. On the very last sheet was written these words:

"This is all I know, after forty years' study, of the Filipino people."

"The moral of this story, which is true, is that the longer you study the Filipinos the less certain you are that you understand them."

The announcement that Bishop Anzer is about to establish a Chinese Catholic paper in his diocese recalls the fact that the Japanese have long supported a first-rate Catholic publication, "Tenchijin." It is said to be one of the most influential journals in Japan and is often quoted by its pagan exchanges.

We take this notice from *The Catholic Times-Standard* of Philadelphia. The recognition of the power of the press, the use of this power in the apostolate as a co-operative agency second only to the mission of the spoken word, are facts the significance of which are lost on many of our American Catholics into whose bookless homes the cheer and blessing of God come of Catholic paper or magazine.

The death of the Reverend E. P. De Cantillion, which occurred at Louisville, Ky., on September 5, removes from the missionary work of the Order a priest whose labors in the Province of S. Joseph endeared him to the faithful throughout the chief cities of the East.

Father De Cantillion had a Christ-like love for little children. He was a man of fine mind, of generous heart, of broad culture. As a writer he could have won fame; as a preacher, his reputation has been long established. Only his intimate friends, however, fully knew the tenderness, the strong devotion, the loyalty of his big heart, his charity, his gentleness to sinners, his love for justice, his hatred of fraud and iniquity, his contempt for the unspeakable littlenesses, vanities and meannesses which masquerade and strut the stage of this poor life. A noble heart ceased to beat when Father De Cantillion fell asleep in the Lord, with Whom may his abiding be in everlasting light and love and peace.

On the second of October the Angels Guardian are commemorated; and by an exquisite sentiment expressing faith and devotion the entire month is dedicated to the beautiful and mighty spirits who guard our wandering ways. Though pre-eminently the month of the Rosary, by the special designation of our Holy Father, October loses thereby none of its characteristics as the month of the Angels. Rather is the beautiful significance of the Church's happy blending of these commemorations evident to the devout minded.

Loyal subjects of their gracious Queen our Lady, the blessed spirits who have charge of us by God's command, and who are ever watchful over us in loving care rejoice to do her bidding, find honor in fulfilling her commissions. Standing before their Heavenly Queen, their solicitude for us, their earthly proteges is ever prompt to accept for us and to carry us the favors conferred by our Blessed Lady.

It would seem befitting, therefore, during the glad October days that we should be particularly mindful of the Angels Guardian, not only as our own

fenders but as the divinely appointed messengers of our Mother in Heaven. Hailing her, therefore, in oft-repeated greetings of her sweet *Ave Maria*, during this richly endowed month, we should rely on special help through our dear Angels. Their word in our behalf will indeed be of advantage to us, for beyond our own poor merit spiritually we shall realize the dream of Jacob. We shall behold a mystic ladder reaching down from Heaven's beautiful court to our poor earth, a sacred pledge, a bond of union, in divine love, with Jesus through Mary. And that mystic ladder will be as a reality to us, in our Rosary chain which comes down from our Mother's throne, that on it hearts and souls may mount on high, through the knowing and loving and following of our dearest Lord and Master and Redeemer.

And not only shall we ascend by the steps of this heavenly ladder, but as our multiplied "Hail Marys" are gathered up by loving angel hands, we shall behold those resplendent spirits going up to lay at Mary's feet our hearts' cry, and coming down, bearing in return the favors accorded by her mercy and love.

"Services in only about fifty of the three hundred and fifty Protestant churches of Manhattan and the Bronx (old New York City) were advertised yesterday."

We take this suggestive note from *The Sun*, New York, Monday, September 10. As indicative of the value set upon souls' needs and upon their own ministrations by the three hundred parsons who did not occupy their pulpits which had been vacant for several weeks (or months) previously, this piece of news is not edifying reading. New York is not without imitators in this "playing at religion" business. The conditions indicated are generally prevalent in the United States. To sober-minded people reflections on them are not without pain. That "Churchianity," adjustable to weather requirements, amenable to society's demands, subordinate to the personal convenience of "called" pulpiteers, and complacently indifferent to the devil's un-

ceasing vigilance and tireless hunt, has with millions of our easy-going, liberal-spirited and good-hearted American people taken the place of Christianity, is a deplorable fact, the accountability for which will be laid up as a terrible indictment, not against the misguided or unguided flocks, but against the self-seeking intruders, whose posing as spiritual shepherds is the dreariest and most painful of mockeries—because the eternal interests of souls purchased by the priceless Blood of our Blessed Lord are wantonly jeopardized.

Our frontispiece is a singularly expressive presentation of a great truth and fact. Leo XIII, the Pontiff of the Rosary, kneels in loving veneration before the shrine of our Lady, and, as the Vicar of Jesus Christ, he points to Mary, holding in her arms her beloved Son, and with a graciousness that his written and spoken word has so frequently and so eloquently emphasized, he bids the Christian world come to our Lord and Saviour by the way of His ever-blessed Mother. And this is the Rosary!

As Marshall's inimitable history of "Missions" renders comment on Protestant failure in this field well-nigh needless (for the conditions have not changed since he wrote), we desire to touch only one phase of "missionary" energy as manifested in the recent Chinese "Boxer" outbreaks. We refer to the energy with which gentlemen interested in "missionary" labors, for the revenue it affords, abandoned the scene of their operations when danger threatened. In default of soldier protection by way of shot and shell (a newly devised method for propagating "gospel" religion, as well as for safeguarding hirelings to whom the martyr spirit of the true servants of Christ is absolutely unknown), troops of "missionaries," men and women, have landed on American soil. San Francisco has been "favored" by the arrival of many of these "shepherds," who have proved a "fine scoop" for the ever-active, ingenious and humorous reporter. The resources of the kodak have been taxed, while the fertile imagination of the American scribe has

accentuated the vivid memories of the Pharisees from China.

As we write we have before us the pictured story of the Rev. J. Goforth, whose "thrilling" escapade (having "fought his way through a horde of Chinese outlaws," at whose hands he received numerous "scars of battle"), is told with the vividness for which the American newspaper is not more celebrated than the sensational "preachers" and "missionaries" are eagerly hungry.

In one illustration the Rev. Mr. Goforth (whose name might be changed to "Come-back") is represented with bandaged head, holding in his paternal arms, and after the manner of a past graduate nurse, the youngest scion of the Goforth progeny. In another he is pictured, full front view, holding the same youthful missionary, who had apparently been photographed at a still earlier period of his infantile career. Facing Mr. Goforth is Mrs. Goforth, wearing a woe-begone smile of sanctimoniousness that would clearly account for the heathenish perseverance, in the worship of Confucius et al., of any John Chinaman who had ever basked in the sunshine of the aforesaid smile. To the left of the picture and higher up are represented the other three Goforths, whose coming into the world beat exact time with the march of Christianity in Mr. Goforth's spiritual bailiwick. Finally, on the upper right, Mr. Goforth is posed, illustrating how he "received eight sword wounds, inflicted by Chinese, the diagram showing the location of the cuts."

After a careful study of this work of art, the joint result of Mr. Goforth's shrinking modesty, vivid imagination and nimble tongue, and the skill and emotion and deep religious feeling of the spiritually minded reporter, we discovered nine swords, and waiving other incidents, we "located" all the cuts in the neck of Mr. Goforth. Turning from this gory view of the "martyr missionary" to the purely domestic representation of the patient father of the family fondly nursing his latest born, and finding that all the bandages were around his "noble brow" (the brow of such a man, though unseen, must be noble), we decided that a revised edition of the whole, a sort of "before tak-

ing" and "after taking," would be necessary to adjust the actualities of China *in re* Mr. Goforth with records of the same as embodied in San Francisco journalism.

The beautiful symbolism of his name the Rev. Mr. Goforth tarnished, dimmed (may we not say obliterated?) when in such manner he incontinently withdrew from the scene of his triumphs, and in such manner heralded his coming back.

How long, we ask, will fair-minded people be deluded by such a travesty of religion? In the interests of truth we desire to close this tribute to Mr. Goforth and to all after his heart with the statement (on his own authority) that he is a full-blooded Anglo-Saxon.

The calamity which overwhelmed the city of Galveston, and of which the daily press has given vivid accounts, brought a terrible lesson to the whole country. Life's uncertainty, and the ever terrible nearness of death came home to thousands in pitiless fashion. The story of the disaster glows with the telling of deeds of heroism and sublime charity, and again it is black with the record of infamous ghouliness. The brute in man and the angel in man were in sharply contrasted evidence, manifested in the Galveston horror.

The destruction of Catholic church property has entailed a loss of almost half a million dollars. This, to a diocese that is poor, is exceedingly serious. But Catholic charity throughout the country has been quick and generous in its hearty response to the appeal of Bishop Gallagher.

Those readers of DOMINICANA who have not yet had an opportunity of contributing to this most deserving cause, are urged to act promptly. If it will be a convenience to any of our friends we shall cheerfully receive their offerings, and as cheerfully forward them to the Bishop of Galveston.

The complete ruin of the asylum, and the loss of ten devoted Sisters of the Incarnate Word with almost one hundred of their little children, is one of the saddest features of the great tragedy. From an account printed in *The Sun*, New York, September 14, we take the following most touching incident:

"When the heroic Sisters found the waters rising all around the asylum, their only thought was of their little charges. They tied the children in bunches, and then each Sister fastened to herself one of those bunches of orphans, determined to save them or die with them. Two of these bunches have been found under wreckage; in each case eight children had been fastened together and then tied to a Sister."

For such noble souls, for heroines of a charity so sublime, one can scarcely pray. Rather to them as crowned martyrs we life up our voices, while we praise God for so inspiring a testimony to the beauty and strength and glory of the religious life. But this spiritual exultation does not forbid the acknowledgment of our heart's sentiments in a purely human way, and no more manly tribute could be paid to those brave Sisters than the silent tears which well up in reverent memory of valiant women having such love, than which no man could have greater, that they laid down their lives for the little ones in Christ.

The Dominican Sisters of the Congregation of our Lady of the Sacred Heart, whose headquarters are at Albany, New York, and who have for several years carried on the special work of spiritual retreats in that city and in Saratoga, will open a new establishment during this month in Havana. This foundation has been requested by the Right Reverend Bishop Sbarretti.

The great strike in the Pennsylvania coal mines is a deplorable event. We speak not so much for the actual happenings and for the unhappy results that are certain to follow as from all strikes. We speak rather of the conditions that make such upheavals possible, yea, that precipitate them. In the face of calamitous danger at home, of opportunities for humanity surpassing philanthropy's rosiest dream, we are benevolently assimilating to the "United States of Asia and Elsewhere," brown and yellow and black, and at a cost of blood and treasure and honor simply incalculable. At the same time we are breeding a race of serfs and

helots at home, for whom a fair treatment and a truly benevolent government could mean "heaven on earth" in many ways wherein is now war's hell, with other miseries even greater. Retribution is bound to come. Its delay only adds to its weight.

When the late Senator Ingalls declared that "the purification of politics is an iridescent dream"; that "government is force"; that "politics is a battle for supremacy"; that "parties are the army;" that "the Decalogue and the Golden Rule have no place in a political campaign"; and that "the commander who lost the battle through the activity of his moral nature would be the derision and jest of history," the brilliant orator made no mere play of words. He spoke a distressing truth, the realization of which is in daily and painful evidence as the present presidential campaign "forges ahead." Dishonesty is the great American sin; and like all other sins, it will have a proportionate punishment.

We call the special attention of our readers to the article in the present number of DOMINICANA on the Living Rosary. We also remind Rosarians that the patron Saints assigned for this month are S. Francis of Assissi, S. Callixtus, martyr Pope, S. Teresa, S. Louis Bertrand, S. Edward, King, respectively, for the five joyful mysteries; the Apostle Saint Simon, S. Edwin, King, S. Bridget of Sweden, S. Ursula, Martyr, and S. Colman, Martyr, respectively for the five sorrowful mysteries; S. Denis, Bishop and Martyr, S. Hedwige, Widow, S. Bruno, S. Raphael the Archangel, and S. Luke, the Evangelist, respectively for the five glorious mysteries.

To be loyal to the Church is to be loyal to the Pope. To follow in the way marked out by the Sovereign Pontiff is to walk in the light of the Holy Ghost. Hear the words of our beloved Leo XIII., and ponder them well:

"We believe it to be a part of the designs of Providence that, in these times of trial for the Church, the ancient devotion to the august Virgin should live and flourish amid the greatest part of the

Christian world. May now the Christian nations * * * seek the protection of Mary with an ardor growing greater day by day; let them cling more and more to the practice of the Rosary, to that devotion which our ancestors were in the habit of practising, not only as an ever-ready remedy for their misfortunes, but as a badge of Christian piety. The heavenly Patroness of the human race will receive with joy these prayers and supplications, and will easily obtain that the good will grow in virtue, and that the erring will return to salvation and repent; and that God, who is the avenger of crime, moved to mercy and pity, may deliver Christendom and civil society from all dangers, and restore to them peace, so much desired."

BOOKS.

Alice of Old Vincennes, by Maurice Thompson, and from the press of the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, is a charming romance based upon the historical facts connected with the taking of old Vincennes from the British, by Col. George Rogers Clark, in the Revolutionary period of our history. Alice is a maiden of the heroic type that braved danger and death in the struggle for freedom. The beautiful qualities of soul portrayed in the gentle personality of Father Beret are nobly drawn by the author. The sweet devotion of the pioneer priest to his flock, his intrepid self-sacrifice in moments of peril, and the benediction of his smile irresistably appeal to the heart and lovingly linger in the memory. The story abounds in rare humor, thrilling adventure and admirable delineation of British, French and American characteristics.

Mr. Thompson has enveloped his characters in a light falling from the region of the highest and truest morality.

The publishers are to be congratulated upon the illustration of the text and upon the artistic style of the book.

A General Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures, by Rev. Francis E. Gigol, S. S., has been received from Benziger Bros., New York. This is an ex-

ceedingly able work, and the first complete study of its kind that has appeared in the English language. The author has performed his arduous task with a thoroughness which leaves little else to be desired. He is evidently a master of the true, the Catholic higher criticism. With calm, judicial tone, admirable method and a clear, easy-flowing style remarkable in conjunction with such recondite studies, he has succeeded in vindicating the unshakable position of the Bible as the authentic written message of God to man. The appendix to the present volume forms a masterly essay on Biblical Inspiration. The publishers' part of the work finds happy results in a well-printed substantially bound octavo volume.

We have received from Lee & Shepard, Boston, **Heaven's Distant Lamps**, the title of a collection of choice extracts, arranged by Miss Anna E. Mack, from the best writings of our great poets. The work is divided into thirteen sections containing, containing appropriate thoughts on bereavement, comfort, submission, prayer, resignation, until the climax is reached in the inspiring words of S. Bernard on "Jerusalem the Golden":

O sweet and blessed country
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blest.

Miss Mack's extensive knowledge of literary masterpieces has enabled her to place before us an anthology of comfort trust and hope which could scarcely be equalled. Messrs. Lee & Shepard have succeeded in giving the poems a very attractive appearance. The binding is beautiful and dainty in design. The dress is white and gold, while "Heaven's Distant Lamps" shine out on a background of cerulean blue. This volume would make an appropriate gift—a truly sympathetic token of refined friendship—and therefore do we cordially commend it.

We have also received from Lee & Shepard **In the Days of Alfred the Great**, from the scholarly pen of E. V.

Marsh Tappan. The life of this typical king—"England's darling"—whose wise legislation left imperishable traces upon his country, will be read with renewed interest at this time. On October 26, 1901, we shall commemorate the one thousandth anniversary of the death of Alfred the Great. The gifted authoress has collected in classic style valuable information and stories familiar to our elders. The book holds peculiar fascination for young people. Mr. Kennedy's spirited illustrations are appropriate and effective. Lee & Shepard have given us a bright picture of the King enthroned in his royal robe of purple.

Lee & Shepard have also sent us Sarah Williams' rare collection of poems relating to bird life in our country. The music of the birds has been interpreted by the strains of the poet from time immemorial. We long for the merry warblers from the "sweet-sweet cheer" that heralds the dawn of spring to the last glad note of the bright "chickadee" that breaks the silence of winter. Miss Williams has placed within the reach of all a source of exquisite enjoyment in her collection of incomparably sweet perennial songs. Bradford Torrey, the distinguished writer on natural history, furnishes an appreciative introduction to Miss Williams' compilation. In recommending to our readers *WITH THE BIRDS THROUGH THE YEAR* we introduce to them a delightful book—a book for gentle souls, for hearts that love the blessed Creator in the beauties of His creation. Messrs. Lee & Shepard have produced this volume on heavy paper, clearly printed and handsomely illustrated; it is indeed a "thing of beauty—a joy forever."

From the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, we have received Louis How's novel *THE PENITENTES*. The story is based upon the religious practices of a people supposed to have lived in San Luis Valley, Colorado. Mr. How has succeeded in introducing a variety of characters into the book, who seem to be most inopportune in their methods and designs.

There is Cristobal, who greets us with a pistol shot; Father Maria de Jesus, the fanatical priest; Deloss Devlin, who ap-

peals to the Jesuit College against the practices of the Penitentes; Captain Houghteling and Alfred Stange of the United States Army; Dumain, the Jesuit; Wivvers, the Mormon elder; Pasco, one of Dolores' many lovers, and Paez, the one for whom she really cares.

The fanatical priest is too mild; the Jesuit is not diplomatic enough to suit the popular fancy. We cannot imagine so shiftless and vulgar an officer as Alfred Stange, even in the ranks of the United States Volunteers. Mr. How's presentation of low life is vivid in the extreme. The publishers have brought out the book in clear type. The binding is in brown and gold. A Cross planted in arid sand resting against a dull blue sky, a scourge and a crown of thorns are appropriate symbols of the tale.

We have received from the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, a copy of *ROBERT ORANGE*, by John Oliver Hobbes. *The Bookman* for September gives the biography of the authoress, Mrs. Craigie, with a sketch of her literary work. *ROBERT ORANGE* is a fitting sequel to the *SCHOOL FOR SAINTS*. The political circumstances controlling the motives of some of the leading characters of fifty years ago are of peculiar interest in the light of the dawning century. The book is forcible in style and entertaining throughout. Nothing could be more disappointing to the romantically inclined, however, than the choice of life made by Robert and Sara. The publishers have brought out the book in an attractive style of printing and binding.

We have received from B. Herder & Co., St. Louis: (1) *MEDITATIONS ON THE PSALMS OF THE LITTLE OFFICE*, by Peregrinus. In his introduction to the Psalms, Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J., clearly shows the high, true and devotional language of the Scriptures. The use of the Psalter in particular is commended, as it teaches all "how to think and speak of God and how to converse with Him reverently, intelligently and devoutly." The Latin text of the Vulgate with the English translation of the Psalms of the Little Office are arranged with points for meditation at the close of each Psalm. The book is

printed in clear, large type on good, heavy paper, and should be in the hands of every devout person, who is accustomed to recite our Lady's Office, a practice that in other days was daily followed by the educated laity.

(2) A SON OF S. FRANCIS, S. Felix of Cantalice, by Lady Amabel Kerr. It is the story of a farm laborer who was called to the higher life, his correspondence with grace and the heavenly favors he received. The authoress places before us in a most agreeable style the history of his virtues, penances and remarkable apostolate. Herder & Co. give as a frontispiece a copy of Murillo's painting of "The Vision of S. Felix." Their part of the work is done in excellent form.

THE REIGN OF LAW, by James Lane Allen, has been received from The Macmillan Company. The fact that "all lies with him who reads" may account for the variety of opinion expressed concerning Mr. Allen's latest work. With Mr. William J. Lampton in *The Bookman* we might say, had we not read the book:

The "Reign of Law"—
Well, Allen, you're lucky;
It's the first time it ever
Rained law in Kentucky.

The title of the book is certainly misleading. The story is based upon the evolution of the age of "science"—the nineteenth century—which would covertly divest religion of its supernatural character and reduce it to a mere physiological law.

In Mr. Allen's analogous treatment of the seed of hemp and the country lad, "in his way, a self-unconscious weed—the seed of his kind, borne in from some far generations back," he practically ignores the essential principle in man, the intellectual, spiritual soul, which is free and accountable to its Maker in all that conscience dictates of conformity to the law of God; known by the light of reason or by direct revelation through Christ. Hence the necessity of an authoritative, infallible teacher. The history of perverts from Catholicity is the history of the morbid impatience of individuals and their resistance to the Divine Law of God inter-

preted by His representative on earth. Mr. Allen has shown the absurdity of "private interpretation" of the Bible and its baneful effects in the case of the country lad who becomes a victim of his mental and moral weakness—a gloomy groper in the darkness of scientific theories, without the guiding light of faith.

The religious controversies over the "Letter of the Law" have multiplied religious sects in the new as well as in the old world. American progress boasts of one hundred and forty distinct Protestant denominations. One hundred of these are claimed as of American origin—either by process of division, as the Methodists (there are thirty-nine kinds of Methodists), or by the adoption of new principles, as in the Adventists, etc. The demoralizing effects of such religious progress are forcing themselves even upon lovers of "free thought." They are beginning to realize that "a church broken up into separate and often hostile camps, pressing upon the world the gospel of unity and brotherly love," must necessarily fail to accomplish its religious purpose, if it should happen to have one in view.

Recognizing the strength existing in unity, the modern sects have recently agreed to ignore denominational lines, as it were, and to make a grand combination of Christian Endeavor. Unity of faith cuts no figure in the plan. Recent statistics show an organization of more than twenty thousand societies of Christian Endeavor, including the following denominations:

Presbyterian, 5,363; Cumberland Presbyterian, 549; United Presbyterian, 276; Reformed Presbyterian, 43; Scotch Presbyterian, 24; Westminster Leagues, 2; Congregationalists, 4,368; Baptists, 2,945; Free Baptists, 155; Seventh-day Baptists, 49; Advocates of Fidelity, 6; Baptist Unions, 8; Methodist Episcopal Church, 1,859; Methodist Protestant, 485. Methodists of Canada, 150; Methodist Episcopal Church South, 120; African Methodist Episcopal, 74; Primitive Methodist, 41; Epworth Leagues, 285; Christians and Disciples of Christ, 1,858; Lutherans, 366; Evangelical Lutheran, 314; Keystone

20; Reformed Christians in and Reformed Christians in states, 561; Friends, 366; United -01; Church of God, 49; Morav-Reformed Episcopal, 38; Pro-piscopal, 38; Mennonites, 9. In there are 1,098 union societies in ces; 339 not given denomina-iliations; 59 in public institu-d schools; 3 in United States id 3 floating societies. Total, ieties.

corruption and travesty of the religion, "the same yesterday, id forever," preserved and per-only in the one, holy Catholic tolic Church of Christ!

Booth of the Salvation Army, tive philanthropy has accom- much in alleviating misery in the ilks of life, found that he could l the darkness that threatened helm the souls of unfortunate

The faith of Christ alone and to His Law can brighten the an unbelieving people.

sual reader of Mr. Allen's book in it nothing but "rain" and The lover of romance will be ted in its humdrum hero. Critics ounce Mr. Allen's religious and contest a "sham battle"—out of

acmillan Company have suc- relieving the dreariness of the elve illustrations. The cover, utiful silver clusters of hemp-most attractive piece of work.

RICH YANKEE DID NOT SETTLE BNIA is the title of a small book ssued from the press of Cubery a Francisco, in which the author to give a history of California ple. The volume is not a credit thor, and we should judge that egrets having yielded so readily lady neighbors" who induced sh into print. He tells us that please these venerable Daughters volution that the book was pub-

hor did not go among the peo- idy them; he gathered his in-

formation from various second-hand sources. On one occasion, while sojourning at a summer resort, he met a person who told him that he was a policeman, and from this fount of knowledge he gathered "much valuable information in regard to the lights and shadows of the San Francisco police." Again, he judges California life by the conversations of three women, which he overheard on a train. Another time he wandered along one of our streets and met a veteran sexton, who furnished him with all the points he desired regarding the ministers of California.

The book contains so much gossip and misinformation that its reading is not unto profit.

In the final chapter this "Rich Yankee" thanks God that he is once again in New England. We think we should also say a Deo gratias that we are rid of such a grumbler.

M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin, have published a volume entitled PURGATORY—ITS PAINS AND CONSOLATIONS—THE MOTIVES AND MEANS TO RELIEVE THE SUFFERING SOULS—How to ESCAPE PURGATORY.

We give the full title of this little book—it contains only two hundred and fifty pages—because the scope and purpose of the work are outlined in so clear a manner. The author is the present honored Dean of Cashel and Vicar-General of Archbishop Croke. With pleasure we recall, now more than twenty years ago, the first published writings of this zealous and learned priest, who was then a plain C. C. His gradual rise to dignities and administrative cares has not interferred with the activity of his pen. A generous list of devotional books is to the credit of his name, and to the welfare of souls. The latest—PURGATORY—is a work of piety, unction and learning—full of the spirit of a true priest loving souls and longing for the glory of God.

That the profits which may arise from the sale of this volume will be devoted to the relief of the suffering souls is to us a touching and a strong reason making for the success of the enterprise. The

commendation which its intrinsic merits deserve we cheerfully give, adding a special word because of this generous purpose.

With the approach of the month of the Holy Souls we advise our friends to become readers and users of Dean Kinane's admirable little book, which can be obtained at any Catholic bookseller's shop.

STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY, by the Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D., from the press of F. Pustet & Co., New York and Cincinnati, we mentioned in our September number. This work supplies a long-felt want. Our Church historians have hitherto encumbered their pages with unnecessary and rambling accounts of persons and events having no essential relation to the study of Church history; they have presented us with unwieldy volumes of mere hagiography, while failing to treat in a sufficiently extensive and critical way the vital questions involving the Church's constitution, position and claims.

The author of the present work has fully grasped the situation, as well as the need of our time and country. In these "Studies" he conducts the reader clearly and with unflagging interest through all the pivotal events whereon the divine character of the Church as Christ's envoy stands vindicated against the challenges and the charges of her adversaries.

The work comprises six octavo volumes, averaging seven hundred pages each, and embraces the Church's entire doctrinal career from S. Peter to Leo XIII. Less space would hardly have sufficed for the thorough accomplishment of the timely purpose of these "Studies," and, to our mind, the author meets every important issue in Church history fairly and triumphantly. His spirit is calm, judicial; he has the temperament of the historian in a well-sustained and nicely poised balance. Of this quality of equity and impartiality Dr. Parsons is seldom unmindful. Only one instance do we note.

We appreciate too highly this almost perfect work to wish to mention any of its few and immaterial defects; but, while earnestly recommending these "Studies,"

we feel obliged to point out the irrelevancy and party spirit of chapters XIII. and XIV. in Vol. III., in which the author departs from the plan and purpose of his work, and, for what reason we know not, dishes up again the mere personal question or quarrel between Alexander VI. and Savonarola.

Of Alexander's career he has nothing to record of special benefit to the Church, either in Faith, Morals or Discipline; and, while shedding no new light on the merits of the case, he deftly begs the question at issue in favor of Alexander by way of a supposedly triumphant but wholly irrelevant interrogatory. We think that the author, while going out of his way and accomplishing nothing, has herein failed to sustain his character for painstaking fairness and his usual critical acumen.

Nevertheless, the general excellence of these volumes, the really meritorious and admirable characteristics of which deserve the highest praise, bespeaks such genuine scholarship, such true culture, such sustained fitness and ability that we should not wish one faint note of adverse comment to detract from the value of a verdict of general praise and hearty commendation for a noble enterprise admirably achieved.

MAGAZINES.

We are indebted to Rev. James S. Dennis, D.D., a Protestant missionary, for a temperate and charitable article on Chinese missions, which appears in the September *Review of Reviews*. We refer to this good man's contribution because of its very suggestive lessons, not, of course, intended by him, on the comparative failure of Protestant missions. When Dr. Dennis writes of "Jesuits and Roman Catholic missionaries" he draws a distinction unfounded in fact. However, on own ground he is more familiar, and may accept his figures on Protestant effort, though we shall question them to Protestant result.

According to his compilation there in China twelve colleges and universities, sixty-six theological and training schools, one hundred and sixty-six board schools, high schools and seminar-

industrial institutions, thirty and nurse training colleges, six village common schools and gardens, twenty-three publishing one hundred and forty-four missions, two hundred and seventy-spensaries, nine orphan asylums, leper refuges, ten schools for the sixty-one opium-fiend refuges, even Y. M. C. A. branches, and for women. More than twenty-five d missionaries, men and women, d and single, assisted by as many native catechists, abundantly supplied with money and Bibles, keep this machinery in motion, and as a result Dennis claims four hundred thousand converts. We regret the necessity of his claim. Our authority is *The Oriental and Occidental Press*, edited and issued in San Francisco by competent men, which assures its readers (st 25) that the entire body of converted Protestantism of all shades does number more than fifty thousand. The journal bears witness to more than one million Catholics.

the subject of interference in civil, as charged against Catholic priests. Dr. Dennis speaks clearly in ex-
on of them.

here is considerable misunderstanding among Americans concerning the supposed interference of Bishops and priests in Chinese administration and affairs we present to our readers the full text of the imperial decree authorizing Catholic missionaries to exercise certain functions among their converts:

Imperial Government having for a time authorized the propagation of the Catholic religion, and Catholic church-going, in consequence, been established in all the provinces of China, we are anxious to see our people and Christians in harmony; to insure a readier propagation, it has been agreed that the localities shall exchange visits with missions according to the conditions specified in the following articles:

In the ecclesiastical hierarchy, bishops shall be entitled to the same rank and dignity as Viceroy and Governors. In case a Bishop is called away or dies,

the priest in charge shall be privileged to interview the Viceroy and Governor.

Vicars-General and Archpriests shall be privileged to interview Provincial Treasurers and Judges as well as intendants.

Other priests shall be privileged to interview prefects of the first and second class; prefects independent, sub-prefects and other functionaries. Viceroys, Governors, Provincial Treasurers and Judges, intendants, prefects of the first and second class, prefects independent, sub-prefects and others shall, of course, return courtesies, each according to his rank.

2d. Bishops shall make a list of the priests appointed to take charge of affairs and interview the authorities, giving their names and locations of their missions. This list shall be sent to the Viceroy or Governor, who will direct under officials to receive them conformably to this regulation.

(Priests requesting an interview with the local authorities, or those specially appointed to take charge of affairs, should be European. If, however, a European priest be not conversant with the Chinese language, he may be accompanied by a Chinese priest acting as interpreter.)

3d. It would be useless for Bishops living away from cities to visit the provincial capital for the purpose of being received by the Viceroy or the Governor, if they have no business on hand.

At the installation of a new Viceroy or Governor, upon the arrival of a new Bishop, or upon any occasion of ceremony, as New Year's day and the principal feasts, Bishops shall be privileged to write private letters to the Viceroys and Governors, at the same time enclosing their cards. Viceroys and Governors shall return the courtesy.

Before leaving or upon arrival, other priests shall, provided they have a letter from their Bishop, be privileged to interview Provincial Treasurers and Judges, intendants, prefects of the first and second class, prefects independent, sub-prefects and other functionaries, according to their ecclesiastical rank.

4th. If any grave or important matter concerning a mission in any province should arise, the Bishop and missionaries in office shall appeal to the Minister or

the members of the Council which the Pope has appointed as a religious protectorate. The latter shall have the right of deciding, together with Tsung-li-Yamen or the local authorities. To avoid complications, both Bishops and missionaries may appeal directly to the local authorities, with whom final negotiations may be effected.

If a Mandarin is consulted on an official question by either a Bishop or a missionary, he must give the matter immediate and polite attention, and institute an investigation.

5th. As occasions arise, the local authorities shall counsel the people, exhorting them to unite with the Christians; they shall never encourage hatred or countenance dissension.

Bishops and priests shall likewise exhort all Christians to strive earnestly toward maintaining the good repute of the Catholic religion, so that the people may be content and appreciative.

In any suit between the people and the Christians, the local authorities shall judge and rule with equity; that the people and the Christians may live in peace, missionaries shall neither interfere nor give their protection with partiality."

A careful reading of this important concession, obtained through the efforts of the Government of France, will convince any intelligent person that the intention of the Chinese Government was merely to confer on Catholic prelates and their representatives certain rights of immediate and direct, but private conference with Mandarins and Viceroys, with whom hitherto they could have relations only through the accredited consuls of their nations. The peculiar warp of Chinese official etiquette is seen in these detailed arrangements.

The Freeman's Journal, New York, devotes a quatrain to "Our country, right or wrong," which we here present, without comment:

"Our country, right or wrong!" the jingoes shriek.
The phrase seems strong to those whose brains are weak.
The same thought put in other words sounds odd:

When God's against us, why, then, down with God!

In *The Cosmopolitan* of September the editor, John Brisben Walker, who has been in China, and thinks and writes independently, discusses the present crisis very entertainingly. Other papers in the same number of special value are "The Human Eye and How to Care for It," and "The African Boer," by Oliver Schreiner. *The Cosmopolitan* is richly illustrated.

"A favorite axiom of Governor Roosevelt is: 'All who are not men are women.' Not necessarily, Governor; some are *Anglo-maniacs*."

This is *The Pilot*'s latest, and it is A1. As we have before observed, the editorial page of *The Pilot* always sparkles. They do not use stub pens in *The Pilot* sanctum.

Apropos of our note on "missionaries" who have "come back," we quote from *The Star*, San Francisco, September 8: "Missionary K. S. Steele, who arrived here from China last week, says that 'the Chinese need bullets more than they do religion.' Yes; and some missionaries need religion more than anything else—except bullets."

As *The Star* is a secular journal, no religious bias actuates the editor's utterance; he merely speaks in the light in which honest men see things.

The September issue of *Scribner's Magazine* has two excellent contributions: "In the Gameland Our Fathers Lost," by Frederic Ireland, and "To the Breaks of Sandy," by John Fox Jr., opportune sketches at the general close of the hunting season and outdoor life. The sense of freedom that is so agreeable a portion of "roughing it" among the mountains in all their wild and awe-inspiring grandeur, comes back to one in the reading of these articles, while the bright bits of humor in them will certainly start the risible muscles a-twitting.

The papers on the "Slave Trade" continue with increased interest, disclosing the barbarous cruelty of the slave dealers.

The best compliment we can pay to the September issue of *Scribner's* is to say

that it is *Scribner's*, up to its usual high standard.

Mr. Thomas Cobb's complete novel, entitled "The Dissemblers," which appears in *The New Lippincott's* for September, is excellent in all its details. The author's spirited style and agreeable adjustment of the difficulties in which his characters become entangled are truly amusing and gratifying to the reader. In "Young America at the Gates of Literature," Mr. Henry S. Pancoast points to the lofty eminences of Religion and Literature as the stable foundation upon which to build our young republic. Mr. Pancoast's varied experience and clear-eyed observation render his opinion of value. Religion develops what is best in the life of man and guarantees to the state a citizen whose morality is based upon a living faith, nurtured by virtue. Literature, or the criticism of life, for the past twenty centuries reveals the disastrous results of an education in the social order from which religion has been eliminated. "The Bishop and the Fool," by Rev. Cyrus T. Brady, is the description of the conversion of a hardened frontiersman or cowboy, who was advised to seek religion by the Governor of a certain Territorial district. The daughter of the cowboy is irreligious. A missionary Bishop visits and catechises the dying man. Finding that he believed in neither God nor future reward, the Bishop in righteous indignation calls him a *fool!* but later determines to baptize him "*willy nilly,*" as the scoffer was in *articulo mortis*. Performing the ceremony upon the unresponsive cowboy, the Bishop is rewarded with a sneer. The man dies, but the leaven had worked! The sinner died praying for the Governor. The daughter acknowledged that she, too, was a fool. The Governor was straightway *confirmed* by the Bishop in his folly. The Bishop mused: "And how dieth the wise man? As the fool!"

We scarcely know which to admire more, the Bishop's electric method of gaining souls or his ingenuity in propagating *fools!* Besides the other attractive articles in *Lippincott's*, Mr. William J.

Lampton entertains with his inimitable humor.

The Ladies' Home Journal for September gives a reproduction of Albert Lynch's beautiful painting, "At Sunset," in a typical autumn setting. Among other good things are "One Hundred Years in the White House," by René Bache, with illustrations showing the development of the building since 1800; "Romances of Southern Homes," by Mrs. Thaddeus Horton, with illustrations of plantation scenes connected with our country's heroes. "The Wonders of California's Gardens," from the collection of W. H. Hill, show prodigies of luxuriant growth in California. Everything that fancy can suggest for the comfort, convenience and beautifying of woman at home and abroad may be seen in the illustrated fashion plates for Autumn. The views of "Yellowstone National Park" fill the observer with the desire to behold the reality of this wonderland of America.

In *Harper's Magazine* for September, Mr. Edward Insley gives us a glimpse of the world assembled in Paris in 1900. America and the American girl largely predominate. Mr. Lucius Hitchcock's illustrations are charming and picturesque. "Four Days in a Medicine Lodge," by Walter McClintonck, is forcibly illustrated by L. Hitchcock, W. H. Drake, E. Murray McKay and Jules Guerin. William W. Kimball writes an interesting account of the achievements of science in the successful manipulation of torpedo-boats. The illustrations of the "Holland" in various stages of submersion are of a thrilling character. "The Adulteration Act," by W. W. Jacobs, and "Wanted, a Matchmaker," by Paul Leicester Ford, are respectively ludicrous and pathetic sketches. The notable serials, "Eleanor," "The Mantle of Elijah" and "A Bicycle of Cathay," are still gaining appreciative readers. Two short stories, "The Teuton Tug of War," and several poems of worth fill out the pages of this agreeable number.

The Critic for September publishes a frontispiece portrait of Richard Henry

Stoddard, the veteran journalist, as well as a tribute to his worth and manliness by Joseph B. Gilder. "The Klumpe Sisters," the details of whose professional success are given, by Bessie Van Vorst, are living illustrations of persevering energy in fields where prejudice would bar even an opportunity to the cultivation of woman's genius. The artistic hand engravings of Mr. F. Seymour invite a revival of the beautiful calligraphic work of the early centuries. *The Critic* affords its readers the rare treat of laughing at the laughers in its "Caricaturists Caricatured." "Richard Holt Hutton," "Omar Khayyam as a Bore," "Tolstoy Under the Ban" and "Notes of a Novel Reader," are subjects of interesting papers. The Lounger gives some illustrations "Concerning Cats" and their owners.

We congratulate the Benedictine Fathers of Mount Angel, Oregon, on the appearance in this month of our Lady of their new periodical *The Mount Angel Magazine*. We greet it in fraternal spirit, and wish it a full measure of success. The initial number gives promise of a prosperous career, in the excellent table of contents prepared for young and old.

The September number of *The Bookman* opens the twelfth volume of that favorite publication. From the opening page, introducing to us the bright, intellectual countenance of Mr. William J. Lampton, to the last morsel served from the "Bookman's Table," vivacity, good will and pleasant sentiment prevail. The sketches illustrating the Chinese version of "Pilgrim's Progress" are characteristic of stupid Oriental ways. Edward W. Townsend gives us his impressions of Chinese acting, which is ludicrous in the extreme. "Plagiarism—Real and Apparent," by Bunford Samuel, is an indulgent view of the simultaneous evolution of ideas in many minds, and their coincident expression by various writers. He draws a fine distinction, however, between alleged plagiarists and that class of writers who not only steal their ideas but their expression of them.

J. E. Hodder Williams writes the interesting biographies of John Oliver

Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) and Miss Mary Cholmondeley. The article is illustrated with the portraits and views of the picturesque homes of these two gifted women.

There are also papers on "Russian Literature and Its Latest Historian," by Judah A. Joffe; "Pompeian Life and Art," by James C. Egbert, Jr.; "The Early Years of the Republican Party," by H. A. Cushing. Mr. Eugene Limendorfer gives the circumstances upon which Robert Louis Stevenson based his "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Fac-simile copies of Stevenson's manuscript with original corrections are reproduced as evidences of the author's care and labor in his work.

In our first number we cordially greeted *S. Joseph's Union*, and we commended to the readers of DOMINICANA the noble work to which Father Crowley, the editor of the *Union*, and the Director of the Youths' Directory, so generously devotes himself. Since then another number of this periodical has come to us, and the gratification with which we received its predecessor is enhanced, because the growth of the little magazine betokens the milestones of its onward march in sturdy progress, in successful development of the Youths' Directory. Once more we remind our friends that this is a praiseworthy charity which deserves generous help.

The judicious editor of *The Bookman* is so sane, so well-poised a critic that an expression of his opinions on the assassination of King Humbert of Italy deserves respectful attention. Indeed, we take pleasure in reproducing the text of his fine article:

To the majority of those who have made it the subject of published comment, the assassination of King Humbert of Italy has served merely as a text for more or less conventional discourse upon the menace of anarchical doctrine and upon the measures necessary for its suppression. The death of Humbert, however, has a political importance which very few appear as yet to have adequately recognized.

As a rule, the assassination of the head of a state, whether he be Czar or King or President, so far from tending in any way to bring about the condition of affairs which Anarchists desire, has quite distinctly the very opposite effect. Spectacular murder, conceived and executed for political ends, produces almost inevitably a reaction which is, in reality, a feeling of profound resentment; and it serves, therefore, to unite and strengthen all the conservative elements of society and to discredit the doctrines of the radical. Thus, the tragic death of Alexander II. put back the cause of liberal government in Russia fully fifty years. The assassination of Sadi Carnot strengthened the foundations of the moderate French Republic which exists, as against the communistic and socialistic French Republic which men like Rochefort and Jaurès desire to establish. One might say *a priori* that the death of Humbert would have precisely the same effect in Italy.

This, however, is unlikely to prove true. For the moment, of course, the shock of horror and surprise that ran through Italy on the death of a king who was personally popular has doubtless stilled the strife of faction and led to a temporary warmth of feeling toward the Prince of Naples on his accession to the throne of Italy; but the conditions of that country are such as to make it seem quite probable that for once the Anarchist assassin may have struck a fatal blow, not merely at an individual Italian monarch, but at Italian monarchy as well. The ignorant, fanatical ruffian Bresci, no doubt, conceived and executed his bloody scheme with no more intelligence of purpose than that which actuated his fellow-countryman in striking down, two years ago, the Austrian Empress; yet there is scarcely any doubt that the results of his desperate deed will be tremendous and far-reaching.

There is to-day no country in Europe whose people, as a whole, are so thoroughly imbued with discontent as the Italians. The entire peninsula is smitten with a profound political restlessness. It writhes under a very real oppression. It

is teeming with a discontent whose mutterings are ominous of revolt. And this has been the case for many years—years in which the tide of revolution has been slowly rising. Italy, in fact, is suffering at once from the sickness of frustrated hope and from the burdens laid upon her by a false ambition. When she became an embryonic kingdom in 1859, and when the close of the Austro-Prussian War in 1866 left United Italy a glorious fact, instead of an impossible dream, the ardent imagination of the Italian people sought to revive at once the splendor and the power of ancient Italy when it stood forth as the mistress of the world. It was the inspiration of their glorious past that had kept Italians faithful to their great political ideal through all the centuries of division and subjection and tyranny and impotence; and it was the memory of this same past that stung them with an irresistible desire to make of their new kingdom not only a political entity, but a mighty political power. In the enthusiasm of their national regeneration they conceived great plans and they dreamed most brilliant dreams. The Franco-Prussian War, which restored to them the Eternal City for their capital, gave the final impulse to their ardor. Instead of waiting patiently for time to do its work, for losses to be repaired, for wealth to be created and for prosperity to be revived, they dashed at once impetuously toward the goal of their national ambition. They built and they adorned; they set up the symbols of power and magnificence; they intersected their country with railways; they brought into being a great army; they equipped a powerful navy; they grasped at colonies; they gave their king a glittering court; and, more than all, their statesmen united the kingdom of Italy in a firm alliance with two of the proudest and most powerful monarchies of Continental Europe. For the moment it seemed as though the supreme ambition of the Italian people had been fulfilled—as though Italy within a few short years had revived the splendors of her past and had taken her old place in the forefront of the nations of the earth.

Unfortunately, it was all a sham. The

glittering court, the rebuilt capital, the splendid palaces, the intersecting railways, represented not prosperity, but crushing debt and a mortgaged future. The army was an army that could not fight—an army whose battalions went down like stubble before the half-savage Abyssinians at Adowa. The navy was a navy whose history recalled only the disastrous and humiliating defeat at Lissa, where Austria's antiquated wooden vessels sank and destroyed the fine new ironclads of Italy. The colonies were colonies which could not be held, and in them their unfortunate defenders sickened and died like flies. To-day what has Italy to show for all the sacrifices that ambition has exacted of her people? An almost bankrupt treasury; a debt so great as to make the payment of it seem impossible; a burden of taxation that is absolutely crushing; an army and a navy without prestige, and a nominal alliance in which Italy's Teutonic partners regard her with an air of condescending patronage. Nor are her difficulties purely economic and political. There is the irreconcilable division between the adherents of the monarchy and the adherents of the papacy, which makes of every priest a missionary of discontent; and there are the jealousies that exist between the northern cities, such as Florence and Milan, in which at times may be detected almost a longing for the old régime when the provinces were not provinces, but principalities and kingdoms.

With all these reasons for dissatisfaction and disillusionment, it is not surprising that the Italian people should have been powerfully influenced of late by the republican and socialistic propaganda. A scapegoat being needed, what was more easy than to find it in the monarchy? It is, indeed, quite natural, and, in fact, inseparable from human nature, that those who govern must bear the blame for all that happens ill. In making as she did bricks without straw, Italy was but carrying out her own ambitious dream on which her heart was firmly set. No Italian government whatsoever would have dared to stand against the popular desire. Yet none the less, although that

which was done was done with the approval of the nation as a whole and through its chosen heads, the blame of failure has been cast upon the monarchy. While Victor Emmanuel still lived, recalling in his own bluff, chivalrous and impetuous person the days of Italy's first triumphs, hostility was silent or it spoke in whispers only. Under Humbert, also, who had fought beside his father against the Austrian tyrants, the kingdom held together. A simple, loyal, honest man, devoid of guile and full of generosity and bravery, Humbert maintained his seat and could at least control the army without whose aid no revolution was a possibility. Yet for him the task was hard. There were outbreaks and riots; there was sedition in Sicily; there were outrageous tumults in the Parliament, so great at last that constitutional government had to be practically suspended. Still, while Humbert lived the kingdom could not fall. Though his brain was far from subtle, his grasp was strong.

His death has changed the situation absolutely, and has given us another illustration of how great a part the personal equation plays, not only in the life of men, but in the life of nations. Humbert is dead, and in his place there sits enthroned to-day a youth to whom such loyalty as is given is but the loyalty of the moment, inspired by the sympathy created for him by his father's tragic death. The new Italian king himself is less than nothing. His past recalls no memories to Italian patriotism; his personality repels. A stunted, dwarfish, wizened, shambling, almost apish figure, with a feeble body feebly supported upon rickety legs, physically incapable and mentally overtrained, he is a pitiful example of how rapidly a line of warrior kings may sink to its decay. Who will suppose that his feeble hand can long hold in check the forces of disorder that are already dashing themselves against the barriers in distracted Italy? A nerveless monarch, a crew of corrupt and inefficient statesmen, a Parliament discredited by an unsavory past, a people with hearts gnawed by a furious resentment—what can result from a concatenation such as

this save a revolt predestined to become successful revolution? This is why the blow which Bresci struck may have for Italy a significance that did not attach itself to other crimes directly traceable to anarchistic doctrine. Anarchism itself will profit nothing by the crash that is impending, for the Italian republic of the future will be no more a friend to anarchy than was the Italian kingdom of the past; yet there is little doubt that, for once in modern times, the bullet of the assassin will have been responsible for a momentous political upheaval.

In view of these facts so forcibly presented one must pityingly smile at the "climax" of an article in the September *Nineteenth Century*, in which an Italian writer tells us that "King Victor Emmanuel's well-known strong-mindedness and determination will undoubtedly lead Italy to a happier future."

We remind our readers that Professor Peck's reference to "the glorious fact" of united Italy as a kingdom is well-meant; but in a Pickwickian sense we shall take it. The fact we wish to emphasize is that such an arraignment of Italy's condition is not new; it has been frequently presented. But the seconding of the indictment by so distinguished an American editor may serve the cause of Truth by shedding light in dark places.

Our present Holy Father may not receive the restitution that is due to the Holy See, but history will vindicate his position, and when the impending changes become actual facts to "united Italy" the Pope will receive at least a measure of his own. Meantime it is well that honest Americans hear a portion of the truth.

From the cabled report of the Taft Commission, now sitting in Manila, we take, on the authority of *The Sun*, New York, the following morsels: "Mass of the people has aptitude for education, but is ignorant, superstitious and credulous in a remarkable degree." And further on: "Calls from all parts of the Islands for public schools, school supplies and English teachers are greater than Commission can provide until comprehensive school system is organized."

Aye, there's the rub! The American public school, and all that it stands for! But, note the contradiction in the specta-

cle of ignorance and superstition in "all the islands," suddenly illumined as to the beauties of American education and clamoring for public schools. The incompetent men sitting in Manila have cabled plain, unvarnished lies. Note the bigotry that derides a faith these Commissioners seem incapable of understanding, as mere credulity and superstition. The veracious Commissioners assure us that contact with the American troops has "steadily improved the temper of the people." What about their morals? Either the Commission is addicted to humor, or is under the delusion that the American people are given to "credulity." And many of them are when it is a question of securing the "almighty dollar," no matter what the cost in principle or virtue.

The publication in *The North American Review*, September number, of Bishop McFaul's article on the question of Catholic unity in political action when Catholic interests are threatened or ignored, is a wholesome sign. The Bishop takes high ground; he stands on the Constitution; he supports his argument by weighty references to authorities eminent in the field of law and statesmanship. The formation of a Catholic political party the Bishop does not desire. Rather does he deprecate such. This fact has been made clear, again and again, and yet, despite the un-wisdom and danger of any attempt towards such a formation, despite the accepted principle held by none more firmly than by Catholics, that the amity and harmony uniting all Americans in one body of loyal citizenship should not be broken or marred by the introduction of religion into politics, there are those who pretend to understand the Bishop of Trenton otherwise than he understands himself, expresses himself and makes his meaning, to honest and intelligent readers, clear as crystal.

As an offset to the conduct of the Rev. Mr. Goforth, elsewhere noted in these pages, we read in *The Independent*, September 20, that a very considerable number of American missionaries, men, women, and children, were killed during the recent Chinese turmoil. We are not informed if they sought to rival Mr. Goforth, on the principle that he who fights and runs away will live to fight another day. Nor are we advised what function in the apostolate fell to the children. We simply record the facts, with sincere regret for the murdered men and women, and with sorrow for the slaughter of the children. The daily press takes scant notice of the bishops, priests and nuns, not to speak of the many from the ranks of the laity who have sealed their Catholic faith in their blood.

ROSARY HYMN

WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. J. R. NEWELL, O.P.

Tempo di Marcia

The Rosary Standard unfurl wide to-day,
And bear it in Mary's dear
mem-o-ry; Its folds to the sunlight fling out, and display Our Holy Redemption and
his-to-ry! while to Mary we trustingly look and pray - In
pond'ring each hea-ven-ly mys-ter-y - De-fend, as of yore on Tie-
pan-to's famed Bay, And pray for us, Queen of the Ro-sa-ry!

2. The Rosary points us the truth and the way -
The gospel of Christ and true liberty;
His Cross and His triumph, which promise for aye
The glory and bliss of Eternity.
While to Mary we trustingly look and pray -
Our mightiest Lady of Victory!
Defend, as an army in battle array,
And pray for us, Queen of the Rosary!
3. The Rosary prayer is the dike that must stay
The flood of the world's infidelity;
It teaches great Leo, our Pope, in the day
Of error's vast growth and effrontery.
While, with Leo, to Mary we look and pray -
The one sole destroyer of heresy -
Defend, as before, from false lights that betray,
And pray for us, Queen of the Rosary!
4. The Rosary lessons to hear we will lay -
Its Faith and its Hope and its Charity;
By Grace its sweet precepts we'll humbly obey,
And walk in the splendor of sanctity.
While to Mary we trustingly look and pray
Our Refuge in every necessity -
Defend evermore on our life's darksome way,
And pray for us, Queen of the Rosary!

CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER.

T—Benediction of the Blessed *every evening* during the month of S. Dominic's. Following the recitation of the Rosary, which will begin at 7:30 p.m., there will be an instruction by Father each evening during the

Mass will be celebrated every evening at 9 o'clock.

Indulgences have been granted in perpetuity by our Holy Father, available during the month of

Rosary Indulgence for all who, on the feast of our Lady of the Rosary, or within the octave, receive the Rosary, recite a third part of the Rosary during the day, visit any church or chapel there pray for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Rosary Indulgence for all who, after the feast of the Most Holy Rosary publicly in some church or chapel there recite a third part of the Rosary for ten days, and who on these days receive the Sacrament in some church and there pray for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Indulgence of seven years and seven days for all who, each day of the month during October, recite a third part of the Rosary either publicly in some church or privately recite a third part of the Rosary.

Istace and Companions, Martyrs. **F**or Rosarians and Rosary Reading

Angels Guardian.

John Massias, O. P., Confessor. **C**lass of the Rosary.)

Holy Father S. Francis of Assisi, Founder of the Franciscan Order. Raymond of Capua, O. P., Con-

fruno, Confessor. Founder of the Franciscans. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

at the hour of first Vespers, 7 p.m., begins the rich indulgence

of the Rosary—a plenary for each and every visit made to the Rosary Chapel or Altar in any Rosary Confraternity Church until sundown on the 7th. The usual condition: C. C.; prayers for the Pope.

7—EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST—Our Lady of the Rosary. Three plenary indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at Procession; prayers; (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament; prayers.

The great Rosary indulgence for each and every visit till sunset!

Communion Mass for Rosarians, 7 o'clock. Plenary indulgence for members of the Living Rosary. For this, GREAT ROSARY SUNDAY, the special ceremonies will begin in S. Dominic's with the blessing and distribution of roses immediately before the solemn high mass at 11 a. m. The following musical programme has been arranged by the Organist of S. Dominic's:

"Kyrie" and "Agnus Dei" (Kalliwoda); "Gloria" and "Sanctus" from "Messe Solenelle" (Gounod); "Credo" (E. Dethier); trio, "Sub Tuum Præsidium," Miss Roeder, Mr. Veaco and Sig. Wanrell; organ solos, "Prelude G Major" (Bach); "Lied" (G. M. Dethier).

Preacher at the Solemn High Mass, Father Jones.

After Mass the grand procession will take place, from the Church, around the block bounded by Steiner, Pine, Pierce and Bush streets. The order will be as follows:

Grand Marshal, J. B. McIntyre; Aids to Grand Marshal—Jno. Murphy, John Doherty, E. J. Dollard, Arthur Dollard, D. A. White, Chester Keogh, Jas. P. Sweeney, T. B. McGinnis. First Division—Marshal, James Lewis; Cross Bearer, Wm. Byington; Acolytes, Shirley Ward, Lewis Young; S. Vincent's School Military Band, Vallejo; Rosary Banner, John Gilmore; Young Men's Holy Name Society,

DOMINICANA

A. J. Street, President; Chanter, Rev. Fr. Jones, O. P.: Sunday School Girls, Miss Rosella McKeon; Banner, 1st Joyful Mystery, Thos. Dugan; Sunday School Boys, P. J. McKeon; Banner, 2d Joyful Mystery, M. Farrell; Banner, 3d Joyful Mystery, Patrick Ashe; Banner, 4th Joyful Mystery, James V. Coffey; Banner, 5th Joyful Mystery, Frank Rhodes. Second Division—Marshal, James McManus. Note—The Banners of this Division will be borne by the following gentlemen: Messrs. John Hurley, Maurice Higgins, E. Myrick, Luke Carroll and Thos. Martin, and will be distributed at regular intervals in the Division by the Grand Marshal. Chanter, A. Panzini; Banner, 1st Sorrowful Mystery: Banner, 2d Sorrowful Mystery.; Banner, Sodality of the Holy Name, Jas. McKenna; Tassel Bearers to Banner Holy Name, John McKeon, Edw. Cassidy; Banner, 3d Sorrowful Mystery; Sodality of the Holy Name of Jesus, J. B. McIntyre, President; Banner, 4th Sorrowful Mystery; Banner, 5th Sorrowful Mystery. Third Division—Marshal, R. J. Roche; Chanter, Rev. Fr. Clancy, O. P. Rosarians, Junior and Senior Branches, in five companies of ten or more, each bearing a Banner of the Glorious Mysteries of the Rosary; 1st Glorious Mystery, Ed. Kenny; 2d Glorious Mystery, A. White; 3d Glorious Mystery, James White; 4th Glorious Mystery, Jas. Bain; 5th Glorious Mystery, Matt. Ashe; Leader of Junior Branch, Miss Schwarz; Leader of Senior Branch, Miss Julia Coffey; S. Dominic's Choir; S. Thomas' Sanctuary Society; Statue of the Blessed Virgin, George M. Kelly, D. Kenny, Patrick Bird, Matt. Carroll; Very Reverend Prior and Fathers; Members of the Third Order of S. Dominic and Ladies and Gentlemen of the Congregation: Chanter, D. B. McKerron. Only center door to be left open during Procession.

At the evening service, 7:30 o'clock, Father Rourke will be the preacher.

Blessing of Beads and Enrolling in the Rosary Confraternity after the last Mass, from 3 p. m. to 5 p. m., and after Benediction in the evening.

8—S. Francis, Confessor, Founder of the Order of the Minims (from June 5). Entertainment by the S. Dominic's Junior

- Choir and Choral Union in Franklin Hall.
- 9—S. Denis and Companions, Martyrs.
- 10—S. Louis Bertrand, O. P., Confessor, Apostle of New Grenada. Plenary indulgence for all the faithful; C. C.; visit a Dominican church; prayers.
- 11—Octave of S. Francis of Assissi. Regular Mass of Requiem for deceased members of the Building Association at 8 o'clock.
- 12—B. James of Ulm, O. P., Confessor.
- 13—S. Edward, King and Confessor. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
- 14—NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST—Octave of the Most Holy Rosary. Plenary indulgence for the members of the Holy Name Sodality. Mass for them, 7 a. m. Meeting, 3 p. m. Meeting of men tertiaries at 2 p. m.
- 15—S. Teresa, Virgin and Restorer of the Order of Mount Carmel. Meeting and debate of the Young Men's Holy Name Society.
- 16—S. Norbert, Bishop and Founder of the Premonstratensian Order (from June 6). Garden Party, Dominican College, San Rafael.
- 17—S. Angela, Virgin and Founder of the Ursulines (from June 8). (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
- 18—S. Luke, Evangelist.
- 19—B. Diana, O. P., and her Companions, Virgins.
- 20—B. John Dominic, O. P., Bishop and Cardinal (from June 10). (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
- 21—TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. S. Ursula and Companions, Virgins and Martyrs. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary. Meeting of women Tertiaries at 2 p. m.
- The regular monthly musical service for 7:30 p. m. is announced by Franklin Palmer, Organist and Director: By general request the "Stabat Mater" (Rossini) will be repeated with the assistance of the same soloists, viz: Miss Lily Roeder, soprano; Miss E. V. McCloskey, contralto; Mr. J. F. Veaco, tenor; Sig. G. S. Wanrell, bass.
- 22—B. Peter Tiferno, O. P., Confessor.
- 23—B. Bartholomew, O. P., Bishop. Beginning of Novena for All Saints.
- 24—S. Raphael, Archangel. (Votive

Mass of the Rosary.) Profession of Novices and Reception to the Habit, Dominican College, San Rafael. His Grace, Archbishop Riordan, will conduct the services.

25—S. Basil, Bishop and Doctor of the Church (from June 14).

26—B. Damian, O. P., Confessor.

27—S. John Francis Regis, S. J., Confessor (from June 16). (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

28—TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary. Also, a plenary for those

members of the Confraternity accustomed to recite a third part of the Rosary in common, at least three times a week. Usual conditions.

29—S. Benvenuta, O. P., Virgin.

Meeting and debate of the Young Men's Holy Name Society.

30—Commemoration of the Saints whose relics are preserved in our churches.

31—B. Osuna, O. P., Virgin. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

Beginning of Novena for All Saints of the Dominican Order.

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE CONFRATERNITY OF THE ROSARY.

1. Have your name enrolled by a priest authorized to receive you.—If the Confraternity be not established where you reside, you may send your name to some church where it is established. It is not necessary to reside in the parish where the Confraternity is established. Be sure to give the baptismal name and the family name. No abbreviations of baptismal names may be used.

2. Have your Beads blessed with the Dominican Blessing.—To accommodate those who may not have an opportunity of receiving this blessing otherwise, the Editor of DOMINICANA or the Director of the Rosary Confraternity in any of our churches will bless all rosaries sent to him, and will return them. Postage for this must be enclosed.

3. The fifteen decades must be said during the course of the week, from Sunday to Sunday.—These decades may be divided in any way found convenient, provided that at least one decade at a time be said. It is a pious practice of Rosarians to say five decades each day.

In the usual "make-up" of rosaries we find one large bead and three smaller beads immediately following the crucifix or cross. It is a practice of some to recite

on the cross or crucifix the *Apostles' Creed*, on the large bead an *Our Father*, and on the small beads three *Hail Marys*. In reality these do not belong to the Rosary. Their recitation is merely a custom. The method of saying the Rosary practised by the Dominicans is as follows:

In the name of the Father, etc.

V. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

R. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

V. Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips.

R. And my tongue shall announce Thy praise.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God.

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, etc.: Alleluia.

(From Septuagesima to Easter, instead of Alleluia, say Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of Eternal Glory.)

Next announce either "the first part of the holy Rosary, the five joyful mysteries," or "the second part of the holy Rosary, the five sorrowful mysteries," or "the third part of the holy Rosary, the five glorious mysteries." Then the first mystery, "the Annunciation," etc., and recite the *Our Father* once, the *Hail Mary*

ten times, *Glory be to the Father* once, in the meantime meditating on the mystery. After reciting five decades, the *Hail, holy Queen*, is said, followed by:

V. Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let Us Pray.

O God, whose only begotten Son, by His life, death and resurrection, has purchased for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that meditating on these mysteries of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

POINTS WORTH REMEMBERING.

1. The joyful mysteries are honored on Mondays and Thursdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from the first of Advent to the first of Lent.

2. The sorrowful mysteries are honored on Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year and on the Sundays in Lent.

3. The glorious mysteries are honored on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from Easter to Advent.

4. In the monthly Calendar C. C. mean Confession and Communion.

5. Prayer: For intentions of the Holy Father viz., the welfare of the Holy See; the spread of the Catholic Faith; the extirpation of heresy; peace among nations. It is not necessary to mention these intentions in detail. Five *Our Fathers* and *Hail Marys* will suffice for the prayers.

6. On second Sunday of each month, a Plenary Indulgence may be gained by members of the Holy Name Sodality.

7. On any day chosen by members of the Angelic Warfare, a Plenary Indulgence may be gained each month for the daily recital of the prayer "Chosen Lily." Conditions: C. C.; prayer; visit to their chapel.

8. On day chosen at will, a Plenary Indulgence may be gained once each month by Rosarians:

(a) By those who daily spend at least a quarter of an hour in meditation: C. C., prayer.

(b) By those who are accustomed to celebrate or to hear the privileged Rosary Mass, "Salve Radix." Conditions: C. C., prayer. Each time this Mass is said or heard, all the indulgences granted for the recitation of the entire Rosary may be gained.

9. The same conditions and the same indulgence as in (a) hold for members of the Holy Name Sodality.

10. On the last Sunday of each month a Plenary Indulgence may be gained by all the faithful who have been accustomed to say five decades of the Beads three times a week in common. Conditions: C. C., visit to church, prayers.

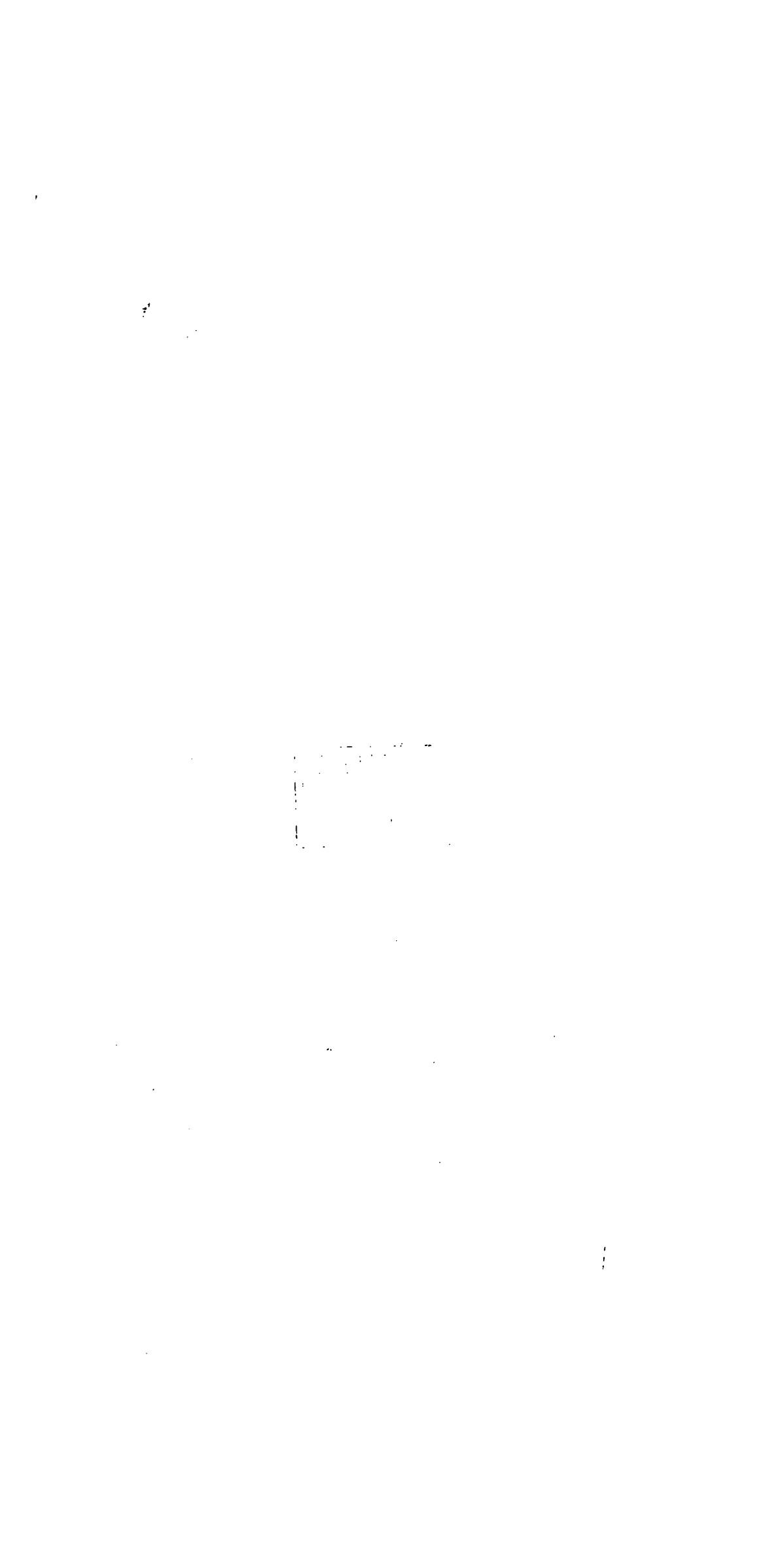
11. Many partial indulgences may be gained every day for the recitation of the Rosary. It is not necessary to think of them in detail; a general intention suffices.

12. The usual conditions for gaining indulgences are Confession, Communion, and prayers for the Pope's intentions, with special work enjoined, such as a visit. One Confession and Communion suffice for all indulgences appointed for one day, even though Confession and Communion are named for each; and for those who are accustomed to weekly Confession this pious custom satisfies for all indulgences during the week for which Confession is required as a condition.

Amongst the various forms of prayer used in the Church, plausibly and profitably, the Rosary has many titles of praise—especially this, that it was instituted to implore the help of the Mother of God against the enemies of the Faith: and, as all know, it has frequently helped the Church in trial. Not only, therefore, is it

proper for private prayer, but also for public occasions, that this kind of prayer should be restored to the honor it long held, when every Christian family marked each day with its recital. Hence we exhort and beseech all to say the Rosary every day with constancy.

—Leo XIII.





SAINT CECILIA, HEAVENLY PATRONESS OF MUSIC.
(After the Painting by Raphael.)

DOMINICANA

NOVEMBER, 1900.

No. 9

ODE TO MUSIC.

SISTER ANTHONY, S. N. D.

ng silence of Eternal Years,
"Flat" broke,
being light-robed angels woke,
h glory flashed the shadowed

island morns broke o'er the steeps,
hill and all the days to be,
ir splendors in an instant span ;
ories of His Majesty,
nse of His Infinity,
hosts paled,
e failed ;
they voice the homage of their

fell adoring at His Feet,
Vision's radiance but complete

In spirit beauty,
d inspiration, sudden, sweet,
e hushes of their worship awed,
iations of attuned accord,
lade their adoration meet,
silence of Eternity.

's beauty like a lotus bloom,
A golden mystery,
oid's darkened tomb,
's tenderness in royal dower,
and flower,
te angels' paean as they sang,
ig,
ladness of her natal hour,
A virgin melody,
omage to Infinity,
From sun to sun.

st to break that sacred spell,
urous, calm, ere time begun,
was yet alone, and in Himself
Infinite Harmony.
ets sang, when Orpheus played,
ta was still, the tempest stayed,

The maddened torrent paused upon the brink,
And rocks obeyed
The magic power!
Even thus from Wisdom strayed,
And lost in Night,
They felt thy might,
To rule the human heart.

We read in Sacred Lore when Cain apart,
From God's grace-light in gloom his burden
bore,
Amid his Father's tents where passion reigned,
Jubal the Singer wrought,
And thus regained,
Some far, faint echoes of the days of yore,
When life was melody and being song.

Nor they alone to own thy sacred spell,
Who fettered, lie by Sense, or Reason thralled;
Mark David's sweet-souled harp obedient
swell,
To every throbbing of his raptured heart,
Or thrill the pauses of repentant prayer
With silvery sympathy ;
Or sweet Cecilia robed in bridal white,
And crowned with seraph light,
Bend to her will thy might,
And win yon cold and senseless ivory,
To quivering floods of rapturous harmony,
Exultant symphony
And purest passion, pulsed in melody
Celestial prayer.

Yet as the Nations on from childhood grew
To higher states of being and the joys,
That thrilled their fathers' hearts, like broken
toys,
Were cast aside,
While Science flung her treasures, far and
wide,
While Pleasure spread her nets and multiplied

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Her golden snares to win man's soul from Truth,
 Thou still hadst" charms to soothe the weary breast,"
 Or win the dreamer from the mystery
 Of tangled suns.
 Yet in their mad unrest,
 Vague hunger, still for change, the sweet-lipped lute;
 The throbbing harp that made their fathers' mute.
 This ravished wonderment, Or myriad strains in the deep organ pent,
 Still sated not,
 And so they formed as Jubal did of yore,
 New instruments, nor yet the old forgot;
 The lark-like zither, joy of dark eyed maids;
 The mellow mandolin; the gay guitar;
 The thousand-voiced piano; sweeter far
 The song-souled violin,
 That mocks the silvery lapse of laughing brooks,
 Or trembling leaf-lutes in sun-glорied nooks,
 Or long light-latticed shades;
 Child of the dreamy lyre,
 That caught the pulsing of each wandering breeze,
 And prisoned its free gladness in its mesh
 Of golden gyves;
 To yield sweet symphony,
 And even at times could stir prophetic fire.
 Thus, Music, would they hold thee captive still,
 A royal vassal unto human will,
 Yet noble in thy bondage, aye and free;
 Pledge of Eternity,
 A hostage of the Eden days to be,
 And yet how faint the music Art may win,
 From lute, from lyre, or sweet violin,
 To nature's melody,
 Though stealing murmurs of swift leaping brooks,
 Or quivering leaf-harps in sun-glорied nooks,
 An orchestra sublime,
 The ocean beating on its desert caves,
 Majestic raves,
 A free wild harmony,
 Throbbing in unison, a ceaseless chime
 Alike on frozen cliff, or torrid clime,
 Of myriad-voiced waves;
 Anon the silver runes of rivers bright,
 The cataract flashing white,
 Or rolling psalms in splendor from the steep,
 The liquid lullabies of sleeping lakes,
 Where the yellow iris shakes,

Her sun-fringed petals dashed with fragrant dew,
 And as the winged winds sigh softly through,
 The vocal rushes swell the song anew,
 And like a requiem low
 The silvering poplars link the dulcet flow,
 Of concord sweet,
 From bell-like ripples breaking at their feet.
 Nor these alone thy choir,
 The sullen murmur of storm-fretted pines,
 The sultry sweep of long-leaved tropic palms,
 The crimson tangle of yon sun-glint vines,
 The choral grasses, pulse thy matin hymn,
 Or vesper calms,
 Throb with low melodies of twilight dim.
 The shell harps scattered free,
 Rich, radiant spoils
 Of noisy waves,
 Holding their murmurs in their rainbow coils,
 Or wind-blown blossoms from the almond sprays,
 Alike their jubilant lays
 Of life and gladness thrill, a ceaseless song,
 That rolls with time along,
 A grand "TE DEUM" to the Maker's praise.
 Sweet-throated thrush or clamorous insect strong,
 Each the full tribute of its being pays
 In floods of harmony
 Nay more the voiceless things,
 The drifting cloud or circling starry rings,
 The flower growing slowly to the light,
 The ripened harvest or the chilling blight,
 Are loud with melody,
 And in the myriad heart-chords of love's lute,
 Sounding the chorus of obedience,
 Shall man alone be mute,
 Creation's lord and king,
 Nor tribute bring,
 In soul-rapt melody?
 Man who wins melody from senseless strings,
 Whose passions rise and fall,
 Like storm-rid billows on a sea-swept wall,
 At Music's mystic power.
 Or shall he worse corrupt this royal dower,
 The slave of sense,
 Tool of his impotence,
 For music has no part with wrong or ill,
 And life is discord till
 It tunes its being to that Mighty Will
 That makes the music of Eternity.

Hail thou fair child of light,
Hail guardian spirit bright,
Pulse of the patriot, Angel of the home,
How dark were earth without thy magic spell,
Not mine to tell,
But mine to sing thy might,
Thy secret power to soothe the aching
breast,
Thy sacred spell to lull the wild unrest,
And stir the spirit to deeds noblest, best,
And speed Care's lead-winged flight,
Echo of Eden blest.
Our heaven-breathing guest,
Not dearest thou to me,
In fluttering flute, viola, or guitar,
Nor sweet-toned harp, nor swelling organ, far
More sweet and strong and soul-swept in its
power,
Or even the rapt heart thrilling melody
Of human voice.
The clarion call of winds that wake the seas,
The thunder clashing from yon hollow cloud,
The mirthful march of myriad mountain
streams.
The pulse of star or flower,
The free wild gladness of fair Nature's notes,
In rustling leaf, or low song-breathing brook
Can make my heart rejoice,

As did the mighty ones of days gone by,
When martial music led the noblest host
At Marathon, fair Hellas' primal boast,
Or lone Thermopylae.
For boundless Nature is my native clime,
And all her anthems stir,
The poet-pulse that God in love has set
In every human heart; since tuneful Time
Echoed the singing of the "Morning Stars,"
Nature has throbbed to that long matin
chime
A ceaseless harmony,
Ah! ye that will not see
The living God in bursting bud or flower,
Because your stained souls cower
In the pure brightness of Infinity,
For you sweet music has no charm nor power,
For purer purposes, for nobler life,
But all within is strife,
And discord makes of clearest
harmony,
But ye whose souls can feel His quickening
touch,
In every pulsing of that star-stringed lyre
To lead you loftier, higher,
Praise Music then with me,
That these far echoes tune your waiting souls
To the swift raptures of eternity.

Spiritual reading is the vestibule of prayer. When the temptation comes to the overwrought laborer in our Lord's vineyard to seek recreation in the world or worldly news, and to fall back upon creatures for support and for repose, how often do the lives of the Saints step in and help him quietly to God and holy thoughts.

—*Father Faber.*

Let not the choosing of books be left to chance. Put into this work brains and conscience and wholesome fear of the plague that may at any time invade our homes. Let quality rather than quantity decide. Even the poorest may make a beginning in the formation of a household library, and judicious economy will enable a man of good will to set aside, even from a scanty income, sufficient to make regular additions to this important part of his home equipment.

Good books have been called by Saints "letters from the Heavenly Father." And yet, how unappreciative are many of His children here on earth! How indifferent are they to the greeting of their loving Father, the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, the pleading of their Blessed Redeemer.

Study is the aliment of youth, the comfort of old age; an adornment of prosperity, a refuge and a solace in adversity; a delight in our home, and no incumbrance abroad; companions in our long nights, in our travels, in our country retirement.

—*Cicero.*

Leisure without study is death, and the grave of a living man. If you devote your time to study, you will avoid the irksomeness of this life; nor will you long for the approach of night, being tired of the day; nor will you be a burden to yourself, nor your society insupportable to others.—*Seneca.*

MEDDLING REVIEWS AND IMPERTINENT MAGAZINES.

REV. J. R. NEWELL, O. P.

Prominent among the mental phenomena of the closing century, and for which our own "enlightened" country is principally and unhappily distinguished, is the mighty invasion of reviews and magazines. So vast is their number and so limitless their range of subject that, at first blush, a sense of despair takes possession of culture-loving men who, while eager for further enlightenment, feel unable to keep up with the pace without neglecting their own serious professions.

Fortunately this humiliating depression fades away as the light from genuine study reveals the rank and file of these meddling "literary" invaders as a demoralized horde of impertinent charlatans, farther removed from the truth and beauty of literary culture than is a motley, shambling circus parade from the serried order, solidity and majesty of a battle-tried and invincible regiment.

Not content with their inferior trade and evident vocation as venders of stories and gossip, these soulless, mechanical quilldrivers, with a conceit that could be born only of ignorance, presume to handle subjects which in holy and sublime significance immeasurably transcend their gifts and which demand the highest cultivated intellectual and aesthetic faculties.

The latest and most blatant example of such pyramidal conceit is the *Independent*. Descanting in its illiterate editorial (October 4) as a mere pretext on Tolstoi's expulsion from the Russian Church, this crudest of the lawless rabble of reviews takes occasion to air its childish notion of the Religion and Church of Christ, and, with supreme contempt for the intelligence of its readers and a dogmatic assurance refreshingly innocent, announces that "Christ gave us no organized Church" at all! "He simply left disciples, unorganized, who should organize, if it

seemed best!" "Within a few years they found it best!"—evidently having learned by experience something that the Son of God had not foreseen! "In the course of several centuries they strengthened their organization, and then grew up great churches, Latin, Greek, Armenian, Egyptian, etc., and later they all split up into Lutheran, Anglican, Baptist, Wesleyan, etc., and then"—and then and then—but pshaw! Nothing could be clearer or more simple than such explanation so kindly offered, and in his best literary style, by the long-eared theologian of the *Independent*.

Still, we cannot credit to the omniscient editor of that concern such a brilliant discovery of the Church's genesis, for the reason that the theory was excogitated, and, in a literary style above criticism, ably presented by the amiable but too compromising genius of Guizot in his kindly attempt to reconcile the Bible societies and the rationalists of Europe some fifty years ago.

As an apology for their antagonism—not unmixed with envy—toward the great and wonderfully organized Catholic Church, and in pleasant harmony with their principle of private judgment, or rather wilfulness, in matters of Christian belief, Guizot threw this sop to the Protestants of his day, and represented the primitive Church as having been constituted of a multitude of independent believers scattered up and down the Pagan world, free from religious authority, and with no subordination or center of government, happening, somehow, for a while to agree; while each individual, or casual congregation of individuals, under a quite independent presbyter, enjoyed their private, emotional reminiscences of the "Lord!"

A magnificent force, surely, for the conversion and uplifting of the Pagan world!

rare tribute to the Divine genius Incarnate Son of God!

in society, instituted by the for temporal ends—yea, even the association of men for the wordly if the hour—displays more genius ormentation than this bald and lying which includes a clear denial of I-head of Christ and a blasphemous God's Eternal Wisdom!

an society, whose author is God, is manent association of the vast de of men as free, moral and reble beings, for the conservation of e preservation of property and the e of mankind in intellectual and perfection, for the one common end pose of attaining happiness, such, as may be attained in this miserit passing world. To safeguard sacred interests and to attain this bordination, authority and governnre absolutely required among men. it these there can be no social no security and no advance—t them we are a herd of human s—all the more mutually harmful ng human—in which the stronger ample on the weaker. We are not sty—unless by further lying and literature you will give that name illious hordes of half savages and cowards, momentarily awed into n decency by military, police and itiaries.

the editor of such a bumptious cons the *Independent* should—or perhould not—be supposed to know e guarantee of the social order and e lies not in our common-law nor our state statutes, nor our nar-ganism; but, deeper and broader, basis where the Author of man f society placed it—even in the conscience, where free and ened submission can be claimed and ed only by a divinely commis-authority to teach eternal truth w in the name of God. This is the ative of the Church of Christ; and popular submission and loyal ad-e to this divinely appointed re authority recognized by the Pagan

world in the primitive Church lies the moral and historical cause of all the human society that was ever worthy of the name. But an anarchical religion, that is, a religion unorganized and therefore without subordination, authority and government, could serve only as the greatest menace to social order by attacking its very foundation in the spiritual and moral tone of the human conscience; and thus maintaining a chronic popular tendency toward revolt and social anarchy. Was this the kind of religion Christ instituted? No, but so sure as the source of the great social upheaval now threatening apostate society shall be inquired into among the ruins it shall have left, so sure will be found the exploded diabolic mine and destructive, immoral cause in this same Protestant notion and contemptuous travesty of the great Religion of Christ!

In point of fact, the truth is the direct contradictory of the ignorant dictum of the *Independent*—Christ gave us a perfectly organized Church; and of this truth the acts and words of Christ Himself are the clear and divine evidence.

An organized religious society ,or church, is an association in which the various spiritual offices are distributed for subordinate and concerted action to secure and maintain the common and immediate end or object of the whole society, namely, the integrity of its doctrinal and moral life; and that this was Christ's design in establishing His Religion is clear. From among His followers "the Lord appointed other seventy-two" disciples, "and sent them two and two before His face into every city whither He Himself was to come"; and, investing them with the priestly office of preaching and with His own Divine authority, He declared to them, "he that heareth you heareth me, and he that despiseth you despiseth me" (Luke x.). Above these He chose the Twelve Apostles for the episcopal office of ruling His Church, declaring to them, "Whatsoever you shall bind on earth shall be bound also in Heaven, and whatsoever you shall loose on earth shall be loosed also in

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Heaven; go ye, therefore, into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature" (Math. xviii.) "He that will believe and be baptised shall be saved, and he that will not believe shall be damned." From these Twelve He chose one, Simon, whom He named Peter, that is, a rock; and conferred on him, besides the ordinary powers of the other Apostles, the primacy of order and jurisdiction over the entire Church, saying to him, "Thou art Peter" (a rock) "and on this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it; and to thee I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven" (the Church), "and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth it shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth it shall be loosed in Heaven" (Math. xvi.) And again, "I have prayed for thee, Peter, that thy faith fail not . . . do thou confirm thy brethren" (Luke xxii); "feed my lambs, feed my sheep"—the entire flock (John xxi.) And to all he laid down this order of procedure: "If thy brother shall offend against thee, go and rebuke him between thee and him alone. If he will hear thee thou shalt gain thy brother. If he will not hear thee, take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may stand. And if he will not hear them, tell the Church. And if he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican" (Math. xviii.)

St. Paul, who most probably understood the nature and constitution of Christ's Church better than the *Independent*, saw in the Church, as early as his day, a perfectly organized body. He likens it to our bodily organism; and after describing in the human body the admirable disposition and subordination of its organs on whose concerted action depend its life, growth and perfection, he applies this organic concept to the Church, saying (1 Cor. xii): "Now you are the body of Christ"

and members of member . . . And God indeed hath set some in the Church, first Apostles, secondly prophets, thirdly doctors . . . Are all Apostles? Are all prophets? Are all doctors?" No, "but he gave some Apostles and some prophets, and other some evangelists, and other some pastors and doctors for the perfecting of the Saints, for the work of the Ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, till we all meet in the unity of faith; that henceforth we will be no more children tossed to and fro and carried about by every wind of doctrine" (Ephes. iv.)

And to all and such only as abide, as an organic part in this unity of the Church's faith, he says: "Now, therefore, you are no more strangers and foreigners, but you are fellow-citizens with the Saints, and the Domestics of God, built upon the foundation of the Apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone" Ephes. II.)

Enough has been said to make it evident to any but the wilfully blind that the Church came from the all-wise mind of Christ a perfectly organized Divine society, from whose communion, consequently, was very properly expelled every incorrigible rebel or religious anarchist in the history of Christianity from Arius to Martin Luther.

We do not entertain a hope of improving the bad manners of the *Independent*, nor of several other periodicals of its kind on which we have our eye; but, for the enlightenment of its innocent subscribers and for the edification of our own people, we promise, as occasion may offer, to turn on the searchlight and reveal the ignorance and impudence, unholy aims and lying methods of this and even of the biggest among the herd of scamp reviews and "fake" magazines that shall venture to void in public their noisy-mental drivel on the subject of the Church of Christ.

Rejoice thou mourning Dove;
Earth's peerless Rose without a thorn,
Unfolds its bloom this natal morn—
 Maria, Rose of Love.
 From a Spanish Hymn.

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE.

SISTER GABRIEL, O. P.

ition to the mother of God under
le of our Lady of Guadalupe dates
he close of the sixth century. In
l, as well as in the new world, the
llous favors of our Lady under the
' Guadalupe have at all times called
the public homage of a grateful

Mount Estramadura in Spain (or
Guadalupe, as it was called by the
, was favored as the scene of the
llous apparition of the Blessed
to a poor shepherd, in the four-
century. A brief relation of the
stances of the apparition and of
story of the miraculous image will
nterest and edification to the read-
DOMINICANA.

n Pope Gregory the Great ascended
ntifical throne on September 3, 590,
nd the Eternal City in profound

A dreadful pestilence, which had
for months, threatened to destroy
the population. Filled with trust
, Gregory ordered public prayer to
red, and had a miraculous image
Blessed Virgin, which he had al-
ept in his private oratory, carried
cession through the streets of the
d city.

he prayers of the distressed people
ed to the Most High and as the
sion bearing the miraculous image
ed, the plague-stricken victims
nstantly cured and the pestilence
lly subsided.

9 years later the Pope made a gift
miraculous image to S. Leander,
of Seville, as a token of his
and friendship. S. Isidore, the
r of S. Leander, was requested to
the precious image to Spain.
his voyage from Italy to Cadiz
p encountered violent storms which
ned to engulf it at any moment.
ore carried the image of our Lady
k and all besought her powerful
their great peril. The storm sud-

denly ceased, the sky cleared and the ship
reached port in safety.

Passengers and crew immediately re-
paired to the Church, where they offered
prayers of thanksgiving for their mir-
aculous preservation from death.

The image was subsequently conveyed
to Seville, where the Bishop with his
clergy and people welcomed it with great
joy. Among the inhabitants of that city
the public veneration of this image at
once began, and for more than a century
they were signally favored by the Queen
of Heaven in the wonders she wrought
in answer to their devoted prayers. Their
faith in her intercession, however, was to
be put to a severe test. During the in-
roads of the Moors in the year 712, Don
Rodrigo, the last of the Gothic kings, was
conquered and slain in the battle of
Xeres. The fierce conquerors immedi-
ately stripped the Christian temples of
their sacred treasures and proceeded to
erect the crescent in place of the sacred
sign of redemption.

The devout inhabitants of Seville
hastened to collect the holy vessels, relics
and images, particularly the statue
which had been given by S. Gregory the
Great to S. Leander more than a century
before.

With this precious burden they traveled
some distance and found at the base of the
Mountain of Estramadura or Guadalupe
a cave which offered a suitable place in
which to conceal their treasure. Burying
the revered image and closing the
entrance to the cave with large stones, these
zealous people retraced their steps, and
afterwards placed themselves under the
protection of the Christian army at
Asturias.

For six centuries the image remained
undisturbed, when it pleased God to re-
veal its existence by miraculous events.
There is a legend to the effect that a poor
herdsman named Gil, in the year 1326,

had vainly searched for a cow that had been lost for several days, when at length, worn out by his efforts, he sat down at the foot of the Mountain of Guadalupe to rest. After a short time, to his great astonishment, he suddenly beheld the missing animal lying dead at his side. Rising hastily he carefully examined the body, but could find no traces of bruises or wounds. He thereupon concluded to remove the hide, and, taking out his knife, commenced to cut the breast, when lo! the cow arose sound and well. Turning, Gil saw before him a beautiful lady, who thus addressed him:

"I am the Mother of the Redeemer, and it was I who restored life to the dead animal. Go to the priest and the people, and tell them that it is my wish that they should come and remove the stones that obstruct this cave, where they will find my image. Tell them to have a chapel erected on this spot, and in time to come I shall make the shrine a center of my heavenly power and protection."

The astonished herdsman lost no time in communicating this wonderful occurrence to all whom he met. His well-known veracity secured for him eager listeners, who gazed in amazement at the traces of the knife on the breast of the cow as she rejoined the herd.

Gil, desirous of carrying out the commands of our Lady, joyfully hastened homeward. His gladness was soon turned into mourning. His only son had died suddenly during his absence, and his wife was inconsolable. After his first burst of grief, Gil recollect ed that the Blessed Virgin had restored life to the dead cow, and he confidently exclaimed: "She is powerful enough to raise also my son to life."

His persevering prayer seemed to avail nothing. The clergy chanted the Office for the Dead, and finally the body of his son was borne to the cemetery. Suddenly the child sat erect in the coffin, and begged his father to lead him to the Mountain of Guadalupe so that he might give thanks to the Queen of Heaven for having restored him to life.

This miracle, worked in the presence of

so many people, had the effect of confirming all that the herdsman had related in regard to the apparition of our Lady. Forming a large procession, the priests, with Gil as leader, proceeded to the Mountain of Guadalupe.

Having removed the stones from the cave they found a well-preserved image of our Lady, together with some documents giving the date of its concealment, more than six hundred years before. They also found the relics of SS. Fulgentius and Florentine, and a bell of antique design.

Rejoicing in their new-found treasure, the Clergy and people proposed to return at once with it to the city; but Gil opposed this plan, alleging that it would be contrary to the expressed wish of our Blessed Lady. Accordingly they followed the instructions of the herdsman and built a hut for the temporary reception of the image. The stone upon which the statue had rested for so long a period was placed at the entrance of the sanctuary. It may still be seen by pilgrims who visit the shrine.

A chapel was built on the spot by Alfonso the King of Castile. Six chaplains were appointed to conduct the services. The King also erected a hospital and gave land to fifty families, so that they might make their homes near the shrine.

Gil, the herdsman, was made a noble of Spain, receiving the title of Don Gil de Santa Maria de Guadalupe. This title was retained by his descendants.

Many royal documents and papal bulls authenticate the miracles performed at the shrine through the intercession of our Lady of Guadalupe. It is related of Alfonso that about this time he made a vow to our Lady that he would perform a pilgrimage to her sanctuary if she would obtain the victory for him over the Moors whose power he had determined to break. The King, with his entire army, attended Mass on the morning of October 30, 1340, and with the allied forces of the King of Portugal set out to conquer the enemy. After a day of fierce fighting the Christian army succeeded in routing

ny, whose dead were strewn all battlefield.

Anksgiving for this remarkable Alfonso made a pilgrimage to the our Lady of Guadalupe. He en- he sanctuary with offerings of ver and precious stones.

Eromites were placed in charge sauncuary in 1389. The modern s, which replaced the primitive is of great magnificence. It is stone. It is one hundred and eet long and ninety feet wide. rch contains three naves and is by a beautiful dome. Our Lady's ts upon a throne three feet high, rare oriental wood, veneered with Many of Spain's kings and have received sepulture within eful walls of this venerable sanc-

to build a church on the Isthmus of Panama, which was dedicated to our Lady of Guadalupe. Upon his return to Spain, after having enriched his King by surrendering title to his possessions in the New World, Cortez made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Guadalupe, and gratefully acknowledged the powerful protection of the Queen of Heaven throughout his dangerous adventures on land and sea. A beautiful lamp and a precious jewel were his gifts to the shrine. This renowned conqueror, basely neglected by the ungrateful King Charles V., died in obscure poverty in a little village of Guadalquivir in 1547. A faithful child of the Church and a devoted client of Mary, with his last breath he tenderly kissed a picture of our Lady of Guadalupe—his beloved Patroness.

ttitude for the miraculous cure of Charles, Phillip II, of Spain adorned stuary with rich gifts. A gilded hich Don John of Austria had om the Turks at the battle of Le- as presented by him to the shrine

ndo Cortez, the famous con- of Mexico, was a fervent client of y of Guadalupe. Before he under- expedition to the New World he he shrine and placed himself and panions under the special protec- our Blessed Lady. His zeal for or of the Mother of God led him

It appears a fitting reward of his de- votion and confidence that the Mother of God should signally honor with her pre- ence the spot that Cortez had conquered in her name and for the Church. Ten years after the subjugation of Mexico, the august Queen of Heaven miraculously ap- peared to a Christian Indian and made him the messenger of her clemency to the Mexican nation, leaving with him as a pledge of maternal solicitude the im- pression of her heavenly countenance upon the coarse blanket which served him as a cloak.

Conclusion in December.

A MIDNIGHT IN NOVEMBER.

ALONZO RICE.

Silent Midnight on her clouded ne ely sits, and all is wrapped in p asurably profound; while, hoarse deep, wling night wind rises thickly n lics of the golden autumn flown, utumn murmurs at my casement; n the steep, wilder fall, the river takes its ,

And fills the forest with its muffled tone. From cradle rocked by such a stormy hand
What day can dawn except with tear- stained cheek?
I see the light across the rainy land, And willows tossing by the winding creek;
While wailing winds, that seem to un- derstand,
Are drifting leaves above the face I seek.

THE SECRET OF GROSSMEISTER CLIFFS.

MARGARET D. O'BRIEN,

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE PROSPECTIVE JOUST
AND CHRISTMASTIDE.

The ladies were deeply interested in the coming joust. As Mr. Landry had foreseen, many scions of surrounding planters begged to try their lances in the lists, but when conditions were written in full obstacles invariably arose. One could not give sufficient time to practise, another received a sudden call on business to a distant State, while papas declined for thirds.

"I am almost in despair," cried Bertie, each time she read the list of refusals.

Later on she pouted her rosy mouth and said, with disdain: "I am used to it now."

Still, when some knight on whom she counted backed out, her heart gave a great throb and her proud lip curled. "I expected more from him," she muttered, "but we never know our friends until we are in need."

That morning the messenger brought mail.

"We have occupation," said Bertie, "for an hour. Rosa, here is a letter from your brother."

"He must have advised his friends of his coming. Let me see the superscription. Ah! this is from Carl." Her face brightened. "He is Harry's best friend," she explained; "he spent some time with us on the Continent."

"I think Mrs. Bentley was acquainted with his family," said Mrs. Beaumont.

"Whose family?" asked that lady, raising her eyes from some closely written pages.

"Carl Wallenstein's," replied Mrs. Beaumont.

"Yes; his mother was a sweet, gentle creature. She died many years ago. I believe her husband never recovered from the shock of her death."

"Never," said Mrs. Beaumont. "After that he led a most retired life. Carl was

in Switzerland when he got word of his father's illness."

"Poor young man!" exclaimed Mrs. Schiller.

"He felt it keenly," continued Mrs. Beaumont; "but his is a deep, silent nature—you never hear a word of the passion that rages within. You may decipher as you please external signs, but the internal are beyond your power of ken."

"Did he reach home before his father died?" asked Mrs. Schiller.

"No; the father died on the very day Mr. Wallenstein sailed from Europe. On reaching Baltimore he chartered a special train to take Harry and himself down to S—, the nearest station to Rheinfall. On reaching S—, a guard who knew him called Harry aside and whispered: 'Don't tell Carl, sir; but the old gentleman has gone to his last home.'"

"What do you mean?" asked Harry.

"That he is dead and buried, sir."

"Carl came up with a carriage. 'Drive,' he said; 'any price you ask I shall give. If I could receive his last blessing,' he whispered.

"Harry, who knew his desire would never be gratified, was deeply moved. He thought then to tell him, but on reflection he forebore."

"How great was his disappointment!"

"So great, so deep," said Mrs. Beaumont, "that Harry has not had courage to mention its circumstances. Yet—"

They were startled by Bertie's low, musical laugh; she had retired to the embrasure of a deep bay window to read her letters, so had not heard the above fragments. Now she advanced.

"Allow me to read for you a few of my letters touching the joust," she said, her sunny face one bright smile.

"With pleasure," said Mrs. Beaumont, placing a stool near the centre of the circle. "Here you can be heard by all."

Bertie drew three letters from the sheath.

hand. "I shall read this first; it
is courage for the next.

"Arklow House,

"Near Baltimore, Dec. 20, 18—.
S. B. Landry, Oakley Hall, S—
Post-office, La.—Dear Miss Landry:
Ipt of yours, 18th inst. Will split
in favor of your dear Cure. No
send me particulars. I have two
beds—anxious to show their mettle.
r and a few friends will also join
all I write you the orders of knight-
which we dub, or shall we enter the
own only as the Knights of?—
t as, yours with esteem,

"TOM BARRY AND CO."

it is characteristic," said Mrs. Lan-
Mr. Landry will be delighted. The
ship between him and Tom Barry is
. Mr. Landry is so many years Mr.
s senior, and yet they enjoy each
company even more than if their
ran closer. Excuse me, Bertie," she
she saw the young lady poising a
and looking around with an arch
"you have something there to

"La Belleville Plantation,
Iberville Parish, La., Dec. 19, 18—.
S. B. Landry, Oakley Hall, S—
Postoffice, La.—Dear Miss Landry:
much regret not being able to ac-
he honor of taking part in the com-
ust. My health is not good, and
n thinks it imprudent to overtax my
I have no appetite at all. So, all
considered, I fear I might injure
than assist your cause. Maman
best love. I sign myself, with
very respectfully,

"Emile Cecil Marie Flagherty."

"nor, indeed!" exclaimed Bertie.
ought to vote him a tonic to give
in appetite."

"Id iron to strengthen his nerves."

he ever had any," continued Bertie.
maman—think of a man of his age
izc calling his mother 'maman.'"

"Perhaps he speaks only French," sug-
l Starry.

"Not likely. Flagherty sounds French."
s's lip curled.

"Belleville is a pretty name," re-
ed Mrs. Schiller.

"Agreees better with maman than with
ierty."

"Probably they never named the prop-
erty."

"They did," said Mrs. Landry. "When I
was a mere child old Mr. Larry Flagherty
purchased it for a small sum; his wife
chose its name, and changed the spelling
of their own."

"That must be a long time ago," said
Bertie, opening her eyes wide; "but let me
read one more.

"Hansenberg,

"Postoffice M— Co—, Pa.

"Dear Miss Landry: I shall your offer
accept de lance for to try, but you mus not
make de price too high, for I reckon tol-
lars more nor lances. Your friendt,

"KARL KLEIN.

"P. S.—Send to me what you call de
items."

Bertie dropped her hands on her knees.
"When he gets them he shall de-cline."

"I think so," remarked Mrs. Schiller.
"When a German weighs his thaler his
charity cools, and he almost sure to put
you off. Write him at once, ask for a do-
nation in case he refuse to be a knight."

"Here is a knight leal and true," said
Bertie. "Mr. Courtney writes, 'Place me
on your list—never mind any conditions.'
He will be at home in a few days, and
bring some friends of his, who may take
part in the joust."

The next two months the gentlemen in-
tended to devote to preparations. Mr.
Landry issued invitations, drew up laws
for the lists and rules for the course. Pro-
grammes of the sports were published. It
should be a success. The knights were in
the spirit of their work—it was no longer
a bore; the age of chivalry seemed to re-
vive, and Oakley Hall resounded to the
clank of silver spurs and jeweled swords.*

Meantime Christmas trees and New
Year's amusements occupied the ladies.
Every year Mr. Landry had two Christ-
mas trees—one for the white hands on the
plantation, and for as many of the neigh-
boring village as chose to attend; another
for the colored folk. For these entertain-
ments Mr. Landry had a large, rough
building raised at some distance from the
Hall. It was well lighted, the interior

*Some years ago a joust was given in
the Teche country for the benefit of a
church.

nicely furnished. Two graceful arches sprung from four slender shafts that served to support the roof and ornament the apartment. On the first of these was inscribed the legend, "Merry Christmas," entwined with wreaths of myrtle and ivy; on the second, glowed in the varied lights of many lamps, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." Between the arches rose a small dome with a lantern; immediately under this was a circular platform, steps extending all round. On this was placed the Christmas tree, surrounded by colored lights; these, with the tapers, ornaments and toys on the tree, formed a pleasant picture. Bertie's piano and harmonium were moved down for these celebrations. As Mr. Landry played the violoncello, Mrs. Landry the violin, Bertie piano or organ, many of the hands mandolin, guitar or banjo, they never were at any loss for music.

In baskets beneath the tree were the clothing, cakes and other useful presents that were to accompany fancy and less necessary gifts. The Courtneys, Devreuxs and many friends of Mrs. Landry assisted at these festivals. This year it was to be more brilliant than usual because of the many strangers. The plantation hands and villagers had seen the beautiful young ladies walking and riding with Bertie; so they were anxious to appear at their best. They rehearsed their songs, tuned their musical instruments, and agreed among themselves what dances they would choose. Mr. Courtney had not yet returned; so Mr. Harry was chosen "Santa Claus" for the white hands and Mr. J. Devreux for the colored.

December 24th dawned clear and bright, just a touch of frost in the air, enough to make young eyes sparkle and warm cheeks glow, scarcely enough to demand a fire, not enough to require the "Yule log" in the great hall, yet was it kindled there. It would not be Christmas eve without its warmth, spirit and crackle.

About 6 p. m. the hall began to fill; at 7 sharp Mr. Landry with his guests entered. They were received with warm, heartfelt welcomes, and many were the blessings invoked on them as they passed from group to group speaking words of

greeting and kindness. The house steward distributed teas, cakes and other dainties. Afterwards Bertie formed a band round the piano to discuss music. "Dixie," "The Girl I Left Behind Me" "Molly Bawn," "Patrick's Day" and "Yankee Doodle" were among the favorites sung, either in chorus or solo. When rising from the piano an old man stepped up to Bertie and asked in a whisper, "Ah, then, Miss, would you play the "Rakes o' Mallow?" I'm from themself, Miss, an' it would make me young again to hear it."

"I do not know the air, but if you hum it for me I think I can get it. Come here, Mrs. Beaumont," called she to that lad as she passed, "take your violin and listen to Hillard for a minute. Now, Mick, begin."

The old man hummed the air, then caught it in a few minutes, had it harmonized and played. Hillard listened, his eyes moist with delight, a strange, far-away look on his face, his hands trembling. When they finished he said, his voice tremulous from emotion, "God bless you, Miss, and you also, Madame, for the joy you gave me this night. It is five-and-thirty years since I heard that tune, and then," his voice grew husky, "it was me mother herself who danced it, while a piper from Cork City played. I was a light-hearted boy then, Miss, but I'm proud to hear you play it, Miss."

"Thank you, Mick; it is a real gratification to me to be able to afford you pleasure."

"Ah, sure, we all know it, Miss. May the Virgin Mother of God keep you."

"See, Mick, your friend Pat Delaney is about to dance a hornpipe, and they have a door chalked out for him. Well, papa!" Bertie laughed.

"Sure enough, Miss, it makes me feel at home in the dance. Pat and meself came out about the same time, but I must be off. God bless you again, Miss." Then, holding out his hand timidly, he asked, "And would you be after shakin' hands wid me, Miss?"

"Certainly, Mick," and Bertie, with her warm, bright smile, held out her hand to the old man.

the horncipe was over and Mr. had bowed his acknowledgments if the applause elicited by his light and exact time, the musicians a march. The company took position; eager eyes were fixed on large doors at the end of the hall, Santa Claus and his attendants. A few seconds, the march into waltz, when two young girls in costumes drew the doors, disgorging the Great Spirit in an ice cave, g on the steps of a glittering

He sparkled as frost in the sun's a clear, deep voice he announced sion and the number of hours he send with these favored mortals. he and his attendants marched to form whereon stood the tree with sures, and the work of distribu-gan. This took more than two Santa Claus was secretly over-when a signal from the musicians ced that all were supplied with d that his time for departure had

easy that," said Mr. Landry, when g the ice costume.

"! The hardest job I ever had in Why, those Irish fellows outwit every point."

I thought you were at a loss once e."

: or twice! From beginning to When I thought to say something heard a casual innuendo at my hat sent me up spinning. I was sed myself then I forgot to amuse so I began to think I made a mis-accepting the dignity."

Harry, you met them splendidly. Id many things to the point, yet hurting any one, and that was at point."

the ladies satisfied?" Harry

ha!" laughed Mr. Landry. "Why not say Miss Bentley? She could otherwise."

Miss Bentley! I can never satisfy rs. Landry, Miss Schiller and Miss —rat-tat-tat at the door.

"Do you mean to remain in the cave all night?" called Bertie.

"No, no; we come."

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Beaumont; you succeeded admirably. Miss Bentley did not believe that Mr. Harry and Santa Claus were one."

A great joy sprang into Harry's eyes, which both father and daughter saw and regretted. "Thank you, Miss Landry; I am pleased to know that I gave you all satisfaction. In the beginning I was afraid I should fall."

"From your voice and manner no one would suppose you had such a thought."

"Now, Harry, you have had compliments enough for to-night; let us hurry on," said Mr. Landry; "though," he whispered, as Bertie went on before, "you long to hear one more, which you may hear, Harry, but do not let your heart run too much that way; take my word, boy, it will gain nothing."

Harry started. He knew not his thoughts could be so easily read. Mr. Landry's voice was deep and earnest, his look kind. The young man seized his hand and said gratefully, "Thank you."

Mrs. Beaumont and Mrs. Bentley came forward. "We have waited for you," they said; "the others have gone up to the house."

"All right. Abel, our hats. We are yours, ladies," and they stepped out into the starlit night.

"How clear the air and bright the stars," exclaimed Mrs. Bentley, drawing in a long draught of the cool air.

"A little treacherous, too," said Mr. Landry. "I would advise you ladies to draw your nubias around your heads and throats; the South night air is deceptive, its sweetest draughts are poison laden."

"Like almost every earthly sweet, pleasant in enjoyment, fatal in effects. Curious. Look at that star yonder, Mr. Landry. Are you fond of stars? They are true, unchangeable."

"Not all; the very one that attracts your eye is variable."

"I know—Mira, the wonderful star of 1596."

"Here is another, Algol, which Fabri-

cius calls variable, but Herschel says it owes its changes to spots on its surface, which comes to about the same."

"No, no; the spots go to prove rotary motion, not variability. Herschel regards this motion as a capital feature that renders stars like to suns."

"Then Algol must turn very rapidly on its axis, since it changes every two days or forty-nine hours."

"Not so rapid as our earth."

"But consider its distance."

"Even so; it may be a sun to a universe of its own. Mira does not change so rapidly."

"No."

"No; only once in 331 days, I think."

"Curious what histories the ancients gave these constellations, myths and yet connected with facts, wild, shadowy, sibylline in their nature."

"Yes. What symbolizes poetic thought better than the fragments of classic lore, blended with these starry orbs. Rough, terrifying or charming, yet ever robust, direct and tender, how they run on. The huge Cetus lies in wait to devour the lovely Andromeda; the grand Perseus comes to her rescue, slays Cetus, carries off the maid, marries her, and for his magnanimity is awarded a place among the stars."

"These form the essence of their poetic fictions, while at the same time it proves that they believed virtue is rewarded beyond the skies."

"Yes, we find Virgil represents Magnus Apollo as bending from the sky to address the youth Iulus:

"Go on, spotless boy, in the paths of virtue;
It is the way to the stars; offspring of the gods,
So shalt thou become father of gods."

"This respect for virtue mitigates our disgust for their rites and superstitions, and shows the spark of divinity which existed in their souls."

"Well, Master Harry," Mr. Landry turned to his friend, "reflecting on your chances of abiding among the stars, or rather," he continued in a lower tone, "of winning a certain star?"

"No, my thoughts are neither of stars nor stars."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mr. Landry, and was silent.

Harry Beaumont knew from the beginning that he was not likely to win Miss Bentley. Yet he was a manly man and wished to try; but Mr. Landry's unlock for warning showed him the absurdity of the course he had laid out for himself and in truth he was now wrestling with his inclination and resolved to conquer it at any cost. He recalled how all the favor Mr. Courtney gained, but he believed what he willed to gain he should gain. It was so in cases gone by, and not in this? His father, sisters, friends all yielded to him in turn; his perseverance outlived their resistance; and should he be overcome by a mere girl? Harry smiled.

Christmas morning was cool and bright. All except Mrs. Schiller and Bella attended midnight Mass. Southerners know how exhilarating are the early December mornings, when the great sun lifts all mists and creates myriad diamonds of grass and shrub. The crimson heather roses are in full bloom, and their charms to parks and gardens that have been seen and admired in order to be appreciated. The birds' songs, too, add a quota of beauty to these mornings.

The party entered the small, beautiful chapel as the choir sang the "Ade Premium! The choir thought to welcome thus the new-born King ere the sacrifice began, a thought that awed the strangely beautiful sentiments in hearts of devout worshippers.

It is given to the Catholic Church also to impart to music that power which moves and sways whole peoples as its solemnity, majesty and pathos represent something of the divinity that first it being. No wonder inhabitants of Heaven are represented as playing musical instruments, awaking sympathy creating harmony. Music must needs light God, since it exists in Heaven!

After last Mass the Curé rode home with Mr. Landry; on Christmas day always dined at Oakley.

That day Mr. Schiller arrived in

er. Very great was his joy to a looking, as he thought, much. He held her at arm's length, every feature seemed satisfied. South has given back the roses to ag's cheeks—my Bell, my singing 'on't we have jolly times when ns to Chicago? Eh, Bell? Look , Elizabeth," he called to Mrs. pointing to Bella's cheeks, "see h-bloom here. 'Twas not for I sent you South, Bell, my girl." apa."

knew I calculated square—how od it would do. Nothing like or girls, and these girls, I do be-lped to restore Bell. Old folks Bell—come now, be honest." , papa; not in case—"

inner was announced and all pro- the dining hall.

phen's night the colored hands r Christmas tree. It was very 1 and afforded extreme amuse- the strangers at the hall. The is good. All persons acquainted thern life know how passionately o loves music, what great taste t he has for it, and how skilfully any musical instrument. Some best pianists in the South are This love for music, this sensi- to its gentle influence, prove how on and religion may gain on the oul and lead him to love and i. Southerners know also how and plaintive are the plantation d with what taste and expres- negro sings them.

hiller listened, delighted, until e began a song just out, "I'm Home to Die, Mother." His head he nervously sought his cuffs,

looked around, straightened imaginary refractory collar, saw sticed him, listened a few seconds d two great tears trickled down ts. Wiping them away hastily, ed the hall intolerably hot and ato the open air. Strange, sad ssed before him while he paced

forth in the mild, silver star- ll within hearing of the weird, songs, that seemed to follow

him out into the stillness and weep and sob on the soft air around.

"I cannot bear this," he cried, "it is like her funeral," and he dashed down a walk near by. Mrs. Schiller noticed his exit and divined its cause. She looked towards Bella, who was then accompanying the singers, her face beaming and her heart, thought Mrs. Schiller, contented. A little while and the mother passed out to join the mourning father.

CHAPTER XIX.—INTERVENING.

Silverbow was some miles from Oakley Hall. A short cut or bridle path through the woods led there in half the time required by the rough wagon road. Thither Starry frequently rode or walked alone. It was the favorite resort of many. The gentle bayou bend, the silver-clear water, the willows, the clusters of palmettos, the hickory, oak and pine trees with their innumerable satellite families, mistletoe, cypress vine, muscadine, morning glory, Cherokee rose and decades of others whose specific names were strangers to Starry, were objects of her admiring attention. To sit in the midst of them enjoying their beauty and thanking God afforded her hours of bliss known only to Nature's ardent lovers.

Mr. Landry's Sapphire was considered Starry's so long as she was South.

"I prize her, Miss Bentley, but should you fancy taking her to Pennsylvania, she is yours."

Starry thanked him; she knew his offer sprang from kindness, but she declined his gift. Shortly after New Year's she rode over to Silverbow. The forenoon had been rainy and the streams and bayous were somewhat swollen. She took little heed of this on her way; the bridle path was smooth and safe, the afternoon clear and warm. The melody of the birds' ongs, the perfume of flowers, the music of the waters, even the stillness of the woods, seemed in unison with the joy in her heart.

"When I have read for madame and talked a little while," she thought, "I shall ramble into the woods. I think I can find my way; can you, Sapphire?"

she continued, patting the curved neck of her petted steed. Sapphire tossed her head and quickened her pace. "She means if so, I must hasten," said Starry. She arrived at Madame d'Arble's about 2:15, read for her, and remained longer than she had anticipated in conversation.

"I must leave a little earlier this evening, madame," said she, when a pause occurred.

"Yes?" The old lady looked askance. "Mais, ma chere, you came to speak to me."

"That is true, madame, but I want to introduce myself to your woods. I have not been there."

"Ah, that is it, is it?" and madame looked dubiously into the beautiful eyes that frankly met hers.

"Yes," Starry smiled, "that is it."

"Then my Starry may go; *mais*, she must take care not to get lost."

"I shall take care," laughed Starry, as with the aid of a small colored girl she lightly sprang to her saddle.

"If you does get los', miss, holler and I's for you. I knows the woods like my right hand."

"Thank you, Cloe. Will you be about to listen?"

"May be, miss. Somehow one hears more when she don't listen, but I guess I'll hear you somehow."

Starry laughed, spoke a word to Sapphire, and was away, down a strange path. Following its course, she came to a wide, clear space with rocks, mounds and beds. "A graveyard," murmured Starry, and alighted. She fastened Sapphire to a tree and walked around to examine the stones and mounds. It was a ruin; but whether a graveyard or not, no inscription, no legend or name on block or stone attested.

"Thus earthly works pass," she thought; "only God's remain." Turning from this scene of bygone power or fame, she walked, leading Sapphire, through the wood's dark arches, every turn bringing into view scenes of strange, wild grandeur. She wandered thus, unconscious of time, until a gush of water and the fast increasing darkness warned her

that night approached and that she was a stranger here. She mounted and rode quickly whither the sound of waters came. Thinking it a shallow brook that emptied into Silverbow, she was resolved to ford it; thus she would be home ere dark. She reached the brook, halted, looked up and down the stream, to right and left, concluded she was right, drew Sapphire back a few paces to gain impetus. "Now, Sapphire, now, swift and sure, else I and you are belated."

"Hold!"

Startled by the sound of a human voice where she believed herself alone, Starry involuntarily drew in the horse, and turned whence the voice came. She saw leaning against a tree a stranger, unlike any man she had ever seen except in pictures—tall, slight, a gun slung over his shoulders, his dogs at his feet. He slowly lifted his sombrero; she noticed the well-shaped head, intellectual brow, earnest eyes and smile of sweetness. These Starry took in as he moved towards her and laid his hand lightly yet firmly on Sapphire's bridle.

"I hope you do not think me impudent, lady, for thus addressing you, but I overheard your words, read your purpose in your movement, and concluded it would be cruel to permit you thus to endanger your life."

"Endanger my life! What mean you?"

"That you could never ford this stream at this point. Know you its depth?"

"I think I do. It is a stream that passes near Oakley, and is shallow in all parts."

The stranger smiled. "Lady, herein you are mistaken. This is some miles beyond that stream."

"Then I have lost my way!" Starry's hands dropped on Sapphire's neck, and a shadow of fear crept into her eyes. The stranger noted both, and smiled again in his calm, peaceful manner—a manner which Starry afterwards remembered brought peace and a sense of security to herself, even in these moments of anxiety.

"Can you trust me," he asked, "to set you right?" He lifted his serious eyes to her face.

"Trust you?" she thought. She could trust him now and forever; but she merely inclined her head.

He whistled to his dogs, turned Sapphire's head, led her down the stream until they came to a frail bridge; here he suggested Starry's dismounting, as the bridge was not secure. They passed over in safety. Very few words were exchanged, as Starry afterward recollects; still she seemed to understand all that he desired. Every sense of hers seemed absorbed by the peace and security which she experienced while under his guidance. Harry Beaumont might have done for her as much as he, Rene Courtney much more, yet it would never be like what this stranger did. When he reached an opening in the woods which she recognized, he assisted her to mount, and with an expressed presumption that she knew her way, turned her horse's head, bowed and stood still. She thanked him for his kindness, mentioned the lateness of the hour and how much pleasure it would give Mr. Landry to afford him hospitality. He declined, saying gently, "not at."

Having watched the mists close around her and horse, he plunged into the shades of the woods with firmer tread and brighter eye. The joy that filled his heart welled forth in the "Der Schonste Augenblick" of the German poet Korner. Starry's unusually late hour was the effect of much conjecture. Harry was it to ride over to Silverbow when he heard Sapphire's hoofs on the gravel. told them of her adventure and of the ger who guided her home.

"Jove," muttered Harry to himself, smacks of Wallenstein, if he's alive. he does come in the nick of time." drew in his mouth for a whistle, but ed not shock the drawing-room. So nt on the balcony to smoke, give his explosives and to draw satis conclusions.

night, when Starry retired to her the stranger's look, words and ame back with a thousandfold 'I have no business thinking of e said mentally, yet she thought. You stood before masterpieces of

art and felt your delight forced into tears? Have you come upon a landscape whose beauty has spellbound you to silence? Have you listened to a speaker whose eloquence as a fire transformed you into himself? If all earnest souls have these moments of exaltation wrought by such objects, why should we not experience the same feelings, or even greater, in contemplating physical beauty animated by a soul created after God's own image and stamped by God's own hand with intellectuality, beneficence, elegance, even divinity?

Thus thought Mary Bentley that night as she sat watching the distant stars in the clear blue heavens, and dreaming dreams which girls have ever dreamed, and will ever dream until "time shall be no more." Sometimes the dreams are realized, either for the dreamer's happiness or misery, according as she learns to fulfil God's holy will, for in its fulfilment alone is happiness for time and eternity.

Starry had a great power of thought. She first seized the types of things, attended to them and nothing else, and then almost unconsciously she seemed to pierce through the heart veils and to gaze with satisfied calmness into the depths beyond. True, all she read in those around her was worthy of admiration and esteem, but had it been otherwise, no less keenly had her insight discovered their characteristics.

Her few weeks in the South had been very happy. She was strangely fascinated by the singular beauty of the country. It was flat, but this found ample compensation in the curious trees and plants, the majestic oaks and pines, all richly festooned with Spanish moss interlaced with morning glory and cypress vine, and rich in their grand luxuriance, typical of grace and elegance.

Who has stood 'neath their floral arches, jeweled with tears the night hath shed, and remained oblivious to their charms? Oh! truly hath science named them morning's glory, for they are its halo, its crown, once seen never to be forgotten. There is that also in the climate of the South which matures or calls into distinctive being traits of char-

acter more quickly than do northern climes. As southern flowers and fruits, so the character of its children; they spring quickly into mature beauty, attract, dazzle for a moment, and—die. Starry's, too, was a poetic temperament, easily excited to admiration for the great and heroic, sometimes allowing her admiration for these qualities to blunt her perception of faults that, unfortunately, but too often tarnished their brightness. She would cling to her knight, though his escutcheon "sans peur" might not also be "sans reproche." But this was only for the moment; reflection never

failed to point out her error and to show wherein danger lay; while her clear logical judgment taught her to weigh and consider the faults she discerned, whether of character or inadvertence. Herein lies her strength and the depth of her trusting nature. She was not wont to judge hastily, nor without distinguishing, condemn. Happy time of youth, period of simplicity, frankness and justice. The fine intellectual emotions of Starry were to-night brought out in a new manner. Sometimes what strange fate gives weight to life's smallest acts!

To be continued.

NOVEMBER'S PLEADING.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

The sound of thy voice, O thou sad November!
Like a solemn requiem tolls;
Whose every echo thus pleads: "Remember
The month of the captive souls!"

"From the dawn that opens my mystic portal,
Till the midnight closing its gate,
To exiles pining for life immortal
My hours are consecrate.

"To ye I lend them, O hearts yet living,
And holding the keys of prayer!
That ye may open the dark realm, giving
Bright day to the mourners there.

"O take them! O bring them to altars glowing
With sheen of Love's wondrous wine—
And fill them like vases of gold, o'erflowing
With Blood of the Lamb Divine.

"And wreath them round with your sweet pray'r-flowers,
With a tear in the heart of each,
And Heav'nward, then, shall the rose-rown'd hours
The hands of His angels reach.

"And Love shall smile on the gifts ye've proffered—
Those Chalices' brimming store
Of His own Life-Blood, by your fond hearts offered,
Shall o'er His captives pour.

And with scars all vanished, all sins forgiven—

All shining in raiment white,
His loved shall rise from their fett
riven,
To Freedom, and Life, and Light,
In rapture crying: Hail! O blest November!
With dirge that portently tolls,
Bidding our dear ones on Earth reme
ber
The needs of the suff'ring souls!

IN THANKSGIVING.

SISTER AMADEUS, O. S. F.

I look upon the tow'ring height
Of yonder mountain grand,
And see in it the wondrous might
Of Thy all-pow'rful Hand;
Nor need I turn my eyes above,
For stream and tree and sward,
Reflect the measure of Thy Love;
For which I thank Thee, Lord!

All nature seeks to give Thee praise,
Thy name to speak and bless;
And, though in far more humble way
My heart shall do no less.
Thus, for Creation's beauties, which
With Thy good Will accord,
And for the gifts that life enrich,
I thank Thee, gracious Lord!

I thank Thee for the Faith that lives
More strongly day by day;
For Hope, and all the strength it giveth;
For Love that lasts alway.
I give Thee thanks for glad content—
An undeserved award—
But for the friends that Thou has sent
I thank Thee most, dear Lord!

WHY CHURCH PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE TAXED.

THE RIGHT REV. J. M. FARLEY, D.D.

(Auxiliary Bishop of New York.)

question of taxing church property ever been a question of any public man, except when an appreciative and just people rebuff the few agitators for church taxation, by giving no encouragement, no attention and even condemnation. It will never be a question of any importance until a majority of citizens have deserted religion utterly, and have substituted education for churches and prayers. attempts which General Grant and Mr. Garfield made to interest the public in the taxation of church property, flat that no other statesman or man has mentioned the subject since, the cranks of politics and religion leave it solely to themselves. Nothing may be gained by discussing its illities and its figures; nothing

Christians of all varieties feel that taxation of church property from taxation is the most natural tribute which the public can pay to the church for the good done by churchmen in the direct interest of good, clean, stable government. Position is to arise, then it can come into good grace only from atheists and materialists, who deny the usefulness of religion. Strangely enough these people rarely object to the exemption of church property, although their principles justify their opposition. It is only the money hunter, as a rule the super-Christian, who is willing to have the faith belittled, if the faith of his country can be subjected to the same taxation, that regularly raises the question of taxing church property. And, as a rule also, it will be found that his desire is less the equalizing of taxation, than a vicious desire for justice, than a vicious desire to subject the Roman Catholic Church to annoyance and injury. Church property in this country is unique because an overwhelming and most

creditable popular sentiment insists upon the exemption. There is hardly a sound Christian in the land that would not vote against any proposition to impose taxes, for any reason, on church properties. The people see and feel, even when they cannot state the arguments in its favor or answer the sophisms of opponents, the soundness of the position taken by legislators in this matter. This strong public sentiment has its basis in reasons as profound and proper as the arguments of reverend promoters of church taxation are improper, shallow and unsound. Unless the taxation of church property were made a legislative war between the Catholics and non-Catholics of this country, no agitator could get a Coxey guard in numbers and respectability to follow him in a crusade for taxation.

The people see that exemptions from taxation are not only numerous, but also fit and reasonable in many cases. The laws of New York State exempt the property of schools, academies, colleges, and the furniture of the same, poorhouses, reformatories, homes of industry, and the personal property of clergymen to a certain amount. In New York City the exemptions from taxation include St. Luke's Hospital, the Roosevelt and Presbyterian Hospitals, the Consumptive Home, Home for Incurables, all libraries, all colleges, the National Academy of Design, Cooper Institute, the Children's Aid Society, and scores of other charities.

Every citizen recognizes the decency of exempting these properties from taxation; for a greater reason the property of the churches should enjoy the same privilege.

The people see the truth of Judge Cooley's statement that "the protection of the government being the consideration for which taxes are demanded, all parties who receive or are entitled to that pro-

tection may be called upon to render the equivalent." They accept that statement. The citizen and resident, in return for protection, give their proper tax to the government, and sometimes render it personal service. They have been personally benefited in a hundred ways by the orderly civil society which a good government has secured for them; they have made money, enjoyed all the relations of social life in perfect liberty, and are in debt to the government even when they have paid their taxes. But the churches also have made their return for the protection accorded them. They have paid no taxes, but they have labored night and day to secure to the state the best sort of citizens. They have preached at all hours and seasons the duty of loyalty to the state, and have spent more hours than the state could pay for in looking after the poor and helpless, in preventing sin and disorder, in keeping pure and wholesome the very elements which go to make a decent state. If the ordinary citizen is still in debt to his government when he has paid his taxes, the state is still in debt to the churches when the tax on church property has been remitted. The people feel that, even when certain clergymen deny it.

The people see that church property is really, in the point of use, their property, and that it would be as sensible to tax the New York City Hall and Central Park as to tax the churches, the schools, and the asylums. The churches are as free to the public as the city buildings; they have been built for the use of the people, with the people's money; and they are still supported by voluntary offerings. They are kept open to suit the necessity and convenience of the public, and all their services are for the multitude. It may be said in fact that the churches are more truly the property of the people in point of use than even the city offices, for in the churches they are always welcome, and it is not for the comfort and happiness of the clergy that these buildings are erected, but solely for the people, after the first intention of

honoring God. History shows that the church property for eighteen hundred years has always remained the people's property, whether it remained in the hands of the church corporation, as in Austria, or was confiscated by the state to fill its coffers, as in England, France, Italy, Mexico and other countries. To tax property so truly the property of the people is simply an absurdity of the same nature as taxing the public schools because they enjoy the protection of the Federal government.

The people see, even where some clerical leaders cannot, that the work of the churches is more truly beneficial to the state, more directly so, than the work of the state-supported public schools; for these teach only material knowledge, and develop only the intellectual side of a man, whereas the churches concern themselves with his moral and spiritual nature; and try to make him and keep him, not merely an intelligent citizen, clean, dutiful, obedient, law-abiding and spiritual. And whereas the work of the schools is an influence that directly affects only five or ten years of a citizen's life, the work of the churches begins with birth and ends only with death, pursuing the man through every phase of his earthly career, encouraging him in virtue, strengthening him in temptation, aiding him in danger, supporting him in trouble, teaching and advising him in doubt, pointing out his responsibilities, reproaching him—even punishing him—for sin and dereliction. The Roman Catholic Church is doing this work for 12,000,000 Americans, as more than one friendly Balaam has loudly testified. Not a Protestant sect of importance but will claim as much for its own fold, and will be believed by the people of the fold. The work directly benefits the state, and the state has never been asked to pay one cent for a moiety of the work by which it has been directly benefited. When, therefore, at the wish of the people, it remits a certain portion of the taxes on church property—for it does not remit all—the sensible people of the land are

d that some proper acknowledgment has been made for inestimable ; they approve of it, and they ze the fact that the state is still in id must always be in debt to the for such service.

t from this view of the matter, may be called economical and is ed with the mere money and value of the church societies to the he people have another reason—a st and beautiful one—for remitting n church property, even though f their clerical leaders have over- it. The people acknowledge the e, the providence, the goodness of n a spirit of reverence they de- settle taxation, light or heavy, on iples raised in His Honor, from they have received all good things, whose loving and merciful hands their destinies. Not only do the d and practicing Christians enter- s feeling, but that ever-increasing le in this country, the indifferents ous matters, sprung from Chris- rents, bound by family ties to ns—even these decline to be or worried into any plot for the l of property which is held for the f God and the good of the people ir government. The sentiment of e is to their credit, and it con- ery strangely with the contrary nt held by clergymen supposedly n and intelligent, who rank the s, in point of influence, power, and usefulness, with grammar art museums and factories.

the advocate of taxing church is pushed to the last extremity, variably is if a Christian, he jus- himself with the everlasting argu- the union of church and state. cle in the May number of *The* quotes President Garfield as fol-

l divorce between church and state be absolute. It ought to be so that no church property any- in any state or in the nation, be exempt from equal taxation; u exempt the property of any

church organization, to that extent you impose a tax upon the whole community."

The last statement is true of every exemption, and applies with full force to the individuals freed from taxation for public services, as well as to the churches; but it does not prove that there ought not to be any exemptions, or that exemptions are an injustice to the community, or that any union of church and state exists because of exemptions. The state has a right to exempt; and in the case of the churches the remission of taxes is no in- justice to the citizen, since the state, from a money point of view, is still the church's debtor.

The union of church and state is a bug- bear in America, for the simple reason that not one in a thousand knows its meaning. When the state formally names a church the church of the community ruled by the state, builds and supports its churches, schools and charities, pays salaries to the clergy, treats with the church authorities as to duties and privileges, and has a voice in the appointment of church officials, then you have a union of church and state. Such a union exists under very few governments to- day, and where it does, as a rule, the re- sults are often unsatisfactory to the churches. To say that the remission of taxation to the churches is encouraging a future union of church and state in this country is more than extravagant. Not even the payment of sums of money to charities which are doing the work which would otherwise be neglected or would fall into the hands of government officials can be called a tendency to the unification of church and state in the European sense. The state has a right to recognize the work of private individuals in behalf of its citizens, and it can reward the workers as it pleases by exemption from taxation, by money gifts, by direct sup- port, or by conferring of honors. No one denies it this right in the support and en- couragement of science: why, then, should the right be denied in the case of charita- ble work in behalf of citizens? The moment any real union of church and state is attempted in this country, the people

will be able to recognize it. Federal compact with church authorities, salaries to the clergy, complete support of churches and charities, and all the other features of such a union, cannot be done in the dark or be accomplished piecemeal. In the meantime there must be always in existence at the very least such a union of action between church and state as exists in this country. Both church and state are concerned with the one individual, the citizen. They cannot be separate if they would. It is unavoidable that the church, if it be of any use whatever, shall help the state: is there any solid reason why the state should not help the church, at least in the minor matter of making and keeping the citizen a moral and loyal creature? A union of activities in behalf of the man must exist between the church and the state, whether they will or not; the European union is another affair, and against it the American Constitution has provided in the first Amendment.

Really the question of taxation of church property has no point, no interest, unless its discussion be aimed at the Roman Catholic Church in this country. The unvarying method of all clerical advocates of taxation is to close with a special plea for the immediate and heavy taxation of the church property of the Catholic body. This circumstance raises a suspicion of the sincerity of these advocates. The article in the May *Forum* already cited is from the pen of one of these gentlemen, the Rev. Madison C. Peters, the most distinguished baiter of Catholics since the days of the Rev. Justin Fulton. His arguments in general have been answered in the first part of this essay; his particular plea for the taxation of Catholic Church property remains to be examined. He is in favor of the taxation of all church property, but he finds that "there are many reasons why Roman Catholic Church property should especially be taxed."

A litany of grosser errors than the "many reasons" it would be hard to find, and the task of following him through the labyrinth which he has built up is most unpleasant. His reasons for the special taxing of Catholic Church property are:

1. The church property is held, not by the people, but by individual ecclesiastics.
2. It is the personal property of churchmen, under personal control.
3. Only priests and bishops can hold church property.
4. In this respect one-man power prevails over the law of the state.
5. The bishops are the owners in fee simple of nearly all church property.
6. They can do with it as with private property, leave it to relatives, etc.

As illustrations of these assertions he gives the following:

1. Archbishop Corrigan owns Calvary Cemetery.
2. He never permits Catholics to bury elsewhere, and all the receipts are his.
3. It is said that he owns \$50,000,000 of church property.
4. Many transfers of church property have been made from the trustees to M. A. Corrigan: not to the Archbishop, but to the citizen, Corrigan.
5. The Pope's Nuncio, Archbishop Bedini, came to America in 1855 to wrest the church property from the trustees and place it in the hands of the bishops.

It is unfortunate for the Rev. Mr. Peter's reputation as a careful writer, a conscientious Christian with a regard for the good name of every man, and a clergyman eager to preach the truth though the heavens should fall, that each statement and each illustration numbered above is erroneous. The facts in the case are these:

1. The churches of New York State, and all the property belonging to each church or parish, are owned by corporations formed according to the special law of the State: said corporations always consisting each of five trustees, viz., the bishop of the diocese, the vicar-general, the parish priest, and two laymen of the particular parish. No others hold parish property. The religious orders, both men and women, hold their property in the same fashion, except that the trustees are taken solely from their own members.
2. There is no church property held by the bishops or priests as personal property in this or any other State. The Third

Plenary Council of Baltimore, in its decrees on the subject of church property, urges the bishops to place all church property under the protection of legal incorporation where it can be done safely, as in the State of New York: where such incorporation cannot be made, it requests the bishop to have himself made a corporation sole, and thus to hold the church property as any other corporation would; and where this cannot be done it permits him to hold the property in fee simple. There are few States, if any, where the laws are so adverse that church property has to be held by the bishop in fee simple; but when the instances happen the Council provides against trouble by ordering the bishop to make a will within three months after his consecration, by which all church property is left to his successor; and he is also compelled to keep a list of church properties and a list of his personal properties, copies of which are placed with his metropolitan, in order that no confusion may follow his death.

3. That bishops and priests alone can hold church property is evidently untrue from the laws of this State, which provide for lay trustees, from the fact that the lay religious orders hold their own property, and from the special instances—two out of a thousand—of the New York Cathedral and Catholic Cemetery, which are owned by ten trustees, among whom Archbishop Corrigan is the only churchman. The deeds of ownership are on record.

4. There is no evidence that the power of the Archbishop, or of any bishop, prevails over the law of the State in this or any other instance.

5. There is no evidence that all the bishops are owners in fee simple of the church property. The majority are simply members of the church corporation, as in this State; or corporations sole, as in Maryland; and where they are forced to hold it in fee simple, they and their brother bishops would much prefer to hold it under such laws as prevail in this State. In this diocese I know of only two instances where a bishop holds church property in his own name—a strip of disused cemetery in Melrose, held temporar-

ily by Archbishop Corrigan on account of legal difficulties in the way of transfer, and a piece of land in the Bahamas, held by the same prelate because the British law requires it.

6. Neither by the law of the State nor by the law of the Baltimore Council can a bishop dispose of church property at his pleasure. As a trustee or a corporation sole he is bound by the usual restrictions. Where permitted to hold church property in his own name, the statutes of the Council, the laws of his own province, not to mention his feelings of honor, duty and religion, and the facts in each case, are the safeguard.

With regard to the particular instances so felicitously provided by Mr. Peters:

1. Archbishop Corrigan does not own Calvary Cemetery: he is one among ten trustees.

2. Catholics can bury where they please within the restrictions laid down by the Church. As a matter of fact Catholics bury in all the Catholic cemeteries of the neighborhood, and not a few are taken to the cemeteries attached to the churches where they worshipped before coming to the city to live. The Archbishop has nothing to do with the revenue from tombstones, or from any other source. It is received by the proper officers of the corporation.

3. The Archbishop of New York owns no church property, with the exceptions named above. He is not the holder of \$50,000,000 of real estate, which might have been guessed from a casual examination of Mr. Peters' own figures. On page 373 he states that the total value of our church property in the United States is \$118,342,366. It is hardly possible that the Archbishop should own almost one-half of it. The total value of church property in this diocese of New York, excluding the property of the religious orders, is estimated at \$17,675,000, and it is heavily in debt.

4. There is not a single piece of church property in the diocese deeded from its trustees to M. A. Corrigan; nor to M. A. Corrigan, Archbishop; nor to M. A. Corrigan, Trustee; nor is there any piece of

real estate in the name of M. A. Corrigan. Therefore there are no parcels of church property covering whole squares of land, in Archbishop Corrigan's name.

5. The Pope's Nuncio, Archishop Bedini, did not come to America in 1855, and he did not come to wrest church property from the trustees. He came in 1853, and did very little while here except, figuratively, dodge the bullets of Mr. Peters' clerical ancestors. He left hastily the next year, astonished at the murders and burnings done in the name of religion.

Thus the argument in favor of specially taxing the church property of Catholics comes to an inglorious end. The reasons produced by Mr. Peters are not true, and the thesis depending upon them is much worse off than the house built upon the sand, after the wind and the rain got through with it. He was not content with reasons for the general taxation of all church property; he had to find reasons for loading Catholic churches with taxation, though all others escaped. Surely, if exceptions were to prevail in this matter, few could offer stronger reasons than the churches, schools and charities of the Catholic Church. They are unquestion-

ably the property of the people, the common people, who built them up and now support them; they are open to all, for worship, aid, recreation and training. The churches belong as truly to the people, in the point of use, as does the public park: the Catholic schools in New York for instance, educate 30,000 children at a cost of \$250,000, saving the city \$750,000, besides giving the city Christian citizens; the care of the sick, the orphan, the aged, provided by the Sisterhoods, is the best and kindest in the world.

If taxation of church property ever becomes a fact in this country, it will be for reasons very different from those offered by clergymen of Mr. Peters' character. Such a taxation is utterly opposed to American principles, contrary to the custom of nations, very distasteful to people that believe in God and in Christ. It can be established in this country only when religion has lost its truth and charm for the vast majority of the people. Even then the privilege of exemption will be simply transferred from the churches to the art museums, the ethical-culture temples, and perhaps the gymnasiums and dancing academies. The State will always have the right of exemption, and will ever take delight in its exercise.

S. DOMINIC'S LILIES.

(For the Feast of All Dominican Saints, November 9.)

EDITH R. WILSON.

In the Paradise of light
Gleam the lilies, snowy white;
With their incense-cups of gold,
Which our Father loved of old,
And their starry petals now
Catch the splendor of his brow.

In that Garden of delight,
Gemmed with countless flowerets bright,
Stand the lilies of our saint,
Purified from earthly taint,
And the fragrance which they bear
Tells the merit of his prayer.

Myriad gems of crystal light
Deck those starry petals bright,
And they gleam more fair the while,
'Neath our Lady's royal smile,
Flashing every rainbow hue
From their rosary of dew.

Kneels our Saint before the Throne
Where the Lamb of God they own—
"Lord, Thy love beyond compare
Decks each saint with beauty rare,
Bid me know what gift of grace
Marks the sons of Dominic's race."

And our Lord makes answer sweet
To the Saint before his feet:
"Purity is lily-white;
God's own Truth is beauty bright;
Stand thy lilies then in whiteness,
Bearing in their hearts God's brightness."

THE ROSARY IN ART.

THE SECOND JOYFUL MYSTERY.

ELIZA ALLEN-STARR.

sterpiece of modern times, "The Religion in Art," Frederick, in the height of the picture arc of cherubs' heads, has seated Virgin, with her divine knees, in the act of entoning the cat; the majestic figure in the peaceful exultation of who is also a mother, and who no other woman could or are: "He that is mighty has great things." So fundamental a clause of praise and thanks-t is recited every day of the in the office for Good Friday; masters of song have attuned their organ pipes and viols to ex-wly ecstasy of the Virgin of d the story of the Magnificat of our Mystery. The voice of d scarcely ceased to echo to from the walls of her home, e of the living God; the fact irnation was still a fresh mystery that nearly took away gave her an exaltation which to action, while there must desire for sympathy such as earth could give to her, when up quickly," and the light maiden of fifteen, with J-side, took swiftly the way th to the hill country, where and Elizabeth were waiting newborn prophet who was to be the world Him, whose shoe tified as he was to be in the as not worthy to unloose.

wonderful charm in the office st of the Visitation. All the Solomon's Song of songs is as from a linnet's throat to is second mystery of our Ro-

e of my beloved! Behold he aping upon the mountains,

skipping upon the hills! Behold: he standeth behind our wall, looking through the windows, peeping through the lattice. Behold my beloved is calling unto me. Rise up, make haste, my love! my dove! my beautiful one! and come away! O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the hole in the wall! let me see thy countenance! let me hear thy voice in my ears! for sweet is thy voice and thy countenance is comely;" these phrases suggesting, after a poetic way, what must have passed through the tender and exalted imagination of Mary as she hastened onward, unconscious of the fatigues of the upward path.

To these succeed a description such as applies to none but Mary.

"Who is this that cometh up like the sun? This, comely as Jerusalem? About her it is as the flower of roses in the spring of the year and lilies of the valley."

Can we wonder that the imaginations of the people kindled under these phrases, sung in the choir stalls of the monastic churches in great cities as well as in the rocky fastnesses of mountain ranges or umbrageous valleys; sung, indeed, in a language dead to us but always a living one in Southern Europe, and that, under the inspiration of this chanted office, the whole scene came before them in all its beauty and significance? In fact, while the choirs chanted the artists painted, and the wonderfully adorned choral books of those ages gave not only the music, but were adorned with exquisite groups representing the several scenes in this event, especially that one in which Mary is met by Elizabeth, who exclaims, under the direct inspiration of the Holy Spirit: "Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb! And whence is this to me that the mother of my Lord should come to me? For lo, as

soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in my ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy." It is in this scene that Mary's soul overflows in the song: "My soul doth magnify the Lord," in which she sums up the goodness of God not only to herself but to her people, Israel.

In a society like our own which allows, saying nothing of encouraging, so little poetry to enter into our lives; in which the pious are content to treat the day as one of devotion, feeling that they have honored it sufficiently if they attend mass, pause a few moments to recite the Litany before the altar of our Lady, without dwelling upon the beautiful details of the story, without, perhaps, even repeating the Magnificat in its honor, how we miss the atmosphere which the Breviary throws around it, which is felt even in the simpler office as we follow it in our missals! Both, however, so persistently avoided, even by people of culture, who prefer, it would seem, the routine of devout practices in their prayer books to the sublime prayers which the Church uses in her ritual; so poetic, also, and so suggestive of all which gives warmth and coloring to pictures in the mind as well as on canvas. To-day people crowd the columns of the daily newspapers with what are called illustrations, but how little pains we see taken to supply to the heart, the intellect, the imagination, those conditions which habitually favor individual conceptions of mysteries like that of the Visitation. It is not enough for us to see and admire the conceptions of even great artists; our own minds should conceive what, if formulated to the eye, would be veritable representations of these wonderful events. It is thus that the imaginations of entire countries, peoples, continents, are cultivated by the public celebrations of feasts, by the public musical recital of the offices. A friend, writing on a mere postal card from Rome, tells me how she hears the office canonically recited in the monastery of Saint Benedict; the nuns rising as, in the eighth century, rose those holy women whose lives we read with such interest,

by night even to sing their Matins and Lauds, and she exclaims: "After hearing this, I seem all day to live near heaven."

We know full well all which must prevent, for generations to come, even our learned orders of women from this recitation of the divine office; but there is no reason why ladies of education in the world should not be familiar with the offices of great festivals, should not feel an intellectual as well as a devout pleasure in surrounding themselves by an atmosphere which stimulates the imagination and opens in the heart living fountains of refreshment. The translation of the Roman Breviary from Latin into English by the Marquis of Bute, and the Liturgical year by Dom Gueranger, also translated, leaves no excuse for any lady of education and of such leisure as nearly all such ladies can command, for indifference in these matters; an indifference which marks individually an intellectual standard anything than flattering; one, too, which lowers, almost immeasurably, the standard of social culture. We admire the singular refinement of the Catholic ladies in high circles in Catholic Europe; but their refinement and their literary taste come from sources not in the current literature of the day, and we know, also, that the choicest exponents of Catholic faith, Catholic piety, theological devotion, in our own country, are among ladies who know and love the Divine Office, and to whom the festivals of the Church are fountains of poetic and intellectual refreshment. Nor is it to be doubted that the singular poverty of religious art in our country is owing not only to the disregard of the outward observances of the minor festivals, but to the general neglect among us of what Brother Azarias called "The cultivation of the Spiritual Sense."

Grand centuries, "Ages of Faith," as designated by Sir Kenelm Digby, when not only individual devotion was nourished by those great ecclesiastical functions, clothed in ceremonials which were exponents of all the learning, artistic inspirations and artificers' skill of highly civilized communities, but the public im-

agation stimulated, so that cathedrals such as S. Mark's, Venice, the duomas of Pisa, of Siena, of Orvieto, with all their wealth of garniture in sculpture, was the outcome; cathedrals before which we place ourselves to-day in the attitude of pupils striving, but in vain, to be original workers. The story of Santa Maria del Fiore, Florence, of the wonderful churches clustered around it, Santa Maria Novella, Santa Croce, Or San Michele, the Gates of the Baptistry, Brunelleschi's Dome, is the story of genius nourished by ceremonial—remembering that in the Church there is no such thing as a "mere ceremony;" every turn of the hand, every incident in the procession, every inclination of the head, every genuflection having a significance, and this significance known not only to ecclesiastics but to the mass of the people. These are facts which a Norton of Cambridge, Massachusetts, within two decades, has set forth in his volume, worthy to be called a tome, entitled "Cathedral Builders," while the same facts and the same ideas are promulgated by A. F. Rio, the great French art critic, in his four volumes entitled "L'Art Chrétien."

We have allowed ourselves to follow out this train of thought at some length, as a sort of introduction to our treatment of the Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary in Art, during which we hope to show that the public as well as private recitation of the Beads, which involves the contemplation of the Mysteries, is an education for the multitude and should surround itself with every circumstance which will make it attractive to old and young. It was by such recitations of the Rosary that notable victories were obtained, and that, too, during the most enlightened and erudite ages of Europe, and actually securing civilization, as well as Christianity itself, from Moslem domination.

As we have so often mentioned while speaking of the scenes of the childhood of our Lord, our Mystery of the Visitation was no stranger in the beautiful choral books or the apses of the cathedrals of the middle ages, for the year 1000 found these great works in progress. But the charm-

ing representation of succeeding centuries will claim all our space. And first we must take our Don Lorenzo, one of the hermits of the Camaldoiese monastery of the Angeli, in Florence, as furnishing a perfect type of the mystery. This Don Lorenzo was first noticed as a painter in 1410. A contemporary of Fra Angelico, and, the same atmosphere of sanctity surrounding him, he developed the same exquisite sense of spiritual beauty. It was well remembered in Vasari's time that when Leo X., honoring this convent during a visit he was making to his native city, this Pope, so aesthetically learned, asked to see the works of Don Lorenzo and others of that monastery, dating so far back as 1350, having heard his father, Lorenzo the Magnificent, express his admiration of them, as did Leo himself. The scene gives us the meeting between Mary and Elizabeth before the door of the patriarchal mansion, as if Elizabeth could not wait to meet her dear kinswoman, or as if some premonition of her coming had stirred in her heart. The aged woman kneels, and how sweetly as well as reverently and worshipfully, both hands extended toward Mary, and Mary, so young, so graceful, lays her hands in the arms of the kneeling Elizabeth, their eyes meeting each other as if the whole story of each were known to the other. Zacharias and Joseph stand in the rear, as if speaking of the gladness of the meeting, and we have as a background the house of this venerable descendant of Aaron, to whom an angel had vouchsafed to announce the son to whom the aged Elizabeth is to give birth; the rocky pathway, with its overhanging trees, by which Mary and Joseph have come, giving a pleasant landscape. It is the actual scene which Don Lorenzo has placed before us with all the supernaturalism of the event and with a tenderness of ideality which wins the heart.

Pinturicchio lays this scene as an interior. The grace in the two figures with attendant angels under the arches of this inner court is full of majesty. One hand of each is taken by the other, and one

hand laid on each other's shoulder. The greeting of the aged Elizabeth to the tender Virgin before her is that of a "Mother in Israel" to one who is to surpass all by her dignity and her super-abounding graces; while Lucas von Leyden has given grandeur to the figures with a singular affectionateness; for Elizabeth lays her arms around the shoulder of Mary and kisses the cheek she presses to her own. Luca della Robbia has a charming representation of our mystery. Elizabeth not only kneels before our Virgin of Nazareth, but lays both arms around the slender, virginal waist, looking up into the young face as if it gave her a vision of heaven. Every line in this composition tells the story of loving welcome and of worshipful recognition of the Mother of the Messiah. Albertinelli in the gallery of Florence has given a simple, majestic composition which is worthy to be an altarpiece. The two holy women stand alone under a richly sculptured arch, relieved against the deep blue sky of Asia, and embrace each other as if each comprehended that the King of kings had come to visit His precursor. Never does faith seem to us more powerful than when it throws into circumstances which might be merely human, into attitudes which might be simply human also, into draperies which might serve for any occasion of welcome, a supernatural sublimity for which no single line can account. It is the force of faith in the soul of the artist which gives a depth, an earnestness quite one side of the external conditions. It is this which certain academicians overlook in their attention to technique; it is this which the mere connoisseur overlooks in his criticisms, and yet it is the very soul of the composition, and Pinturicchio and Lucas von Leyden and Luca della Robbia and Albertinelli owe the powerful effects of their compositions, all of which are masterpieces, not to their skill in drawing or their mastery of color, great as these were, but to their sublime conception of the mystery on which they had pondered from their earliest childhood as they recited their beads at the side of their

mothers in the far-off parish churches or in their own solitary devotions. It is the impress of this sublime faith which is giving immortality to their works.

Strange to say, while our Don Lorenzo gave a type which fully expresses the Mystery, the one who has taken this type most to heart and wondrously beautified it, is the Overbeck of our own day. What graciousness in all these figures, what a mysterious joy, what a vivacity, we may say, as if these figures lived and breathed! An open arch shows the way by which Joseph, who is still holding the bridle of the donkey, has come with Mary into the hill country. The square tower, the entrance to the home of Zacharias and Elizabeth, are Oriental, and Zacharias stands at this entrance leaning on his staff, with uncovered head, a great joy on his firm, venerable face and majestic figure, while Elizabeth kneels as a princess might kneel to her queen. The raised hands give their welcome, the face—how can we put into words the subtle charm of this aged face, of these eyes which see far beyond human conditions, these lips which utter words which will be repeated to the end of time, will be repeated in heaven through all eternity, "Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb!" And again Mary. We see the haste in the feet as they climb the steps between her and Elizabeth; we see it, too, in the staff which has aided even her young feet over the rocky way; one hand is put forth to Elizabeth, not so much as an act of greeting as a response to Elizabeth's ecstatic exclamation, and O the lovingness of that young face, the tender affection in the eyes that look into the eyes of her aged kinswoman! It is Don Lorenzo's type glorified, intensified, and the whole picture is a triumph of technique as well as of faith and a transcendent piety, making one of those "Forty Illustrations of the Four Gospels," by Frederick Overbeck, which are such a glory to the art of the nineteenth century.

To throw one's heart and mind into the Gospel narrative like the artists we have named, calling up the scene as if it were of to-day, of this hour, of this moment, to recall the song which the office of the day recites so melodiously, above all to recite the "Magnificat," is to feel every bead as it drops through our fingers a veritable prayer, a veritable song of praise, and the Visitation becomes to us what it really is, one of the sweetest of the fifteen mysteries of the Holy Rosary.

EDITORIAL.

DOMINICANA considers the publication of Bishop Farley's fine paper not only an honor to this young periodical, but also an event of distinct importance, of assured value, at this time. While acknowledging the kindness and courtesy of the distinguished prelate who has authorized us to avail of his entire article, we believe that its appearance on the eve of the election during which a vote will be taken on the question of a proposed constitutional amendment to the organic law of California, exempting churches from taxation, should serve the cause of justice.

That churches and all kinds of church realty, such as schools, convents, etc., are taxed in California is not an evidence of the highest civilization. The effort to place on the statute books of the State an amendment in harmony with the usages of other States, and in conformity with the public interest as best understood, is a healthful sign.

Bishop Farley wrote six years ago, when an attempt was made to dishonor the State of New York by the imposition of taxes on church property. It is believed that his judicious and strongly presented argument contributed in no slight degree to the defeat of the bigots. The reprint of his essay will be of advantage to the cause for which Catholics and non-Catholics are now united here in California, because the principles he enunciates are everywhere applicable, while the facts he mentions have gained force in the intervening years.

Allowing for difference in population, the work of the Church in California, as a powerful factor in the support and development of the public weal, is of similar proportions.

We do not expect the generous provisions of the New York law regarding church property, but the present proposed amendment is a step in the right direction, and so moderate in its scope that all religious-minded people should support it. We commend, therefore, to our read-

ers the careful study of this important article. We urge all our friends to "be up and doing"; we counsel every voter to whom our greeting may come to "take no chances," but to cast his ballot on the constitutional amendment for the cause of justice and righteousness. Elections have been lost by one vote. Good reader, yours may be the deciding ballot. Cast it, and cast it properly.

November brings not only a reminder of the glory of the Saints, in the celebration of the triumph of the entire heavenly court, but it also ushers in the special memory of God's dear dead who form the Church suffering. To the Saints we turn, in veneration, praise and pleading; to the souls in Purgatory we turn, with deepest sympathy, with tenderest compassion, with earnest prayer that the loving Father whose justice holds at a distance those children who had not made entire atonement and satisfaction for their sins, may be pleased to accept our offerings in their behalf.

And we beseech the Mother of clemency and love that in her exceeding bounty and power she will also interpose, that she will enable us to acquire merits and indulgences through prayer and penance, available for the suffering souls. In this salutary work no devotion can be more profitable than that of the Rosary, whose rich benefits are placed at our disposal by the charity of the Church, so that we may generously coin spiritual money whereby the release of the prisoners of divine justice may be more speedily procured.

We urge all our readers to bear in mind during this month of the suffering souls that every sentiment of charity, piety and justice towards the dead, every zealous prompting for the glory of God, appeal to them to make special effort for the relief of those helpless prisoners who can do naught to hasten their own release, who have power only to wait in patience for the succor of their friends to whom their

cry for pity goes unceasingly forth.

We renew the reminder given early in the year that the Rosary Indulgences are available during this Jubilee time, only as applicable to the faithful departed.

We offer to our friends Miss Starr's second paper on the Rosary in art, the present theme being the second joyful mystery. We account it a singular privilege to be thus honored by a writer whose work in her chosen field is easily first in this country. Miss Starr will continue her series, month after month, until the fifteen mysteries of the Beads will have received adequate treatment. We assure our readers that the publication of these exquisite sketches redolent of tenderest piety, enriched with the grace of the true artist, and dedicated to the honor of our Lady in the spirit of generous zeal for the spread of her Rosary kingdom, is an honor of which DOMINICANA is gratefully conscious.

A comforting "sign of the times" in our dear land is the fostering of the spirit of gratitude to God, by the annual celebration of Thanksgiving Day. The proclamation by the President, followed by like utterances on the part of various State executives, is a profession of faith in Providence, a testimony of reverence which all our people should appreciate. No sin is more common than ingratitude; no duty needs more frequent inculcation than that of thankfulness and praise to God, the Giver of every good gift.

Our devoted contributor, Sister Amadeus, whose generous Franciscan spirit is quickened with zeal for Dominican interests, speaks for gratitude, in this number of DOMINICANA, by a greeting of tenderness and beauty and strength.

The "campaign liar" is numerously and desperately abroad in the land. Our Holy Father is industriously represented as favoring the conduct of affairs in the Philippines, at the very time that his Delegate, Archbishop Chapelle, is fighting to prevent the consummation of certain confiscations that are only forerunners of others, if the enemies of the Church and the Friars succeed in their purpose. For

months the press of the country has been adroitly used to prepare those of the American people who as Abraham Lincoln said "can be fooled all the time," for the final move that will come after election, if—!

Especially indefatigable have been *The Outlook* and *The Independent*, two journals of assumed impartiality, to whom denominationalism means little and doctrine even less, but on whom the fullest reliance of the bigots may be placed when the question is of the Church.

Despite the fact that has been proclaimed and proved, again and again, that the work of the Friars in the Philippines has been an apostolate of spiritual and material beneficence, the lie contrary, in slander and distortion, goes irrepressibly on its steady rounds, and close at its heels is its worthy offspring, a greedy and unholy determination to rob the Friars and to cripple the Church. The Delegate Apostolic considered it necessary in his recent argument before the Taft Commission, to say:

"I shall scarcely notice the senseless diatribes which we have heard in this connection against the Friars to whom, under God, the Filipino people owe whatever there is of good in their civilization. If they have been given a solid foundation for morality by their religion; if the percentage of illiteracy is so small; if they know the useful and liberal arts; if they have been protected from the rapacity of home and foreign thieves, they owe all mainly to the Friars."

"I beg to say that, the almost totality of the Filipino people being profoundly Catholic, the Catholic Church, as represented by Leo XIII. and her Bishops, are better representatives of the Filipino people, as well as of their interests, and safer advisers than a certain number of unfriendly newspapers, a few sons of Spaniards and a crowd of mestizos who are seeking their own personal interests and have not an exceeding love for us Americans, as events have already proved and as will inevitably appear still more clearly in the course of time, according to the logic of sociological developments. Competition is a good test. Allow, gentle-

men, the Catholic institution a free field; do not interfere with vested rights. Let the gentlemen who appear against us follow up what they have already begun by founding a lyceum and a law faculty; let them also found, if they so desire, faculties of medicine and pharmacy with your assent, which will, no doubt, be readily given; but in any case the College of San Jose could not be turned over to them. The United States Philippine Commission cannot afford to begin its administration by an act of spoliation for the benefit of the public domain, it having been shown that the College of San Jose is a private institution and not a public one."

But we fear that despite His Excellency's admirable presentation of law and fact and equity, despite the Treaty of Paris, confiscation will be effected, after the manner of Elizabeth and James when they revised, according to English law, the holdings of the Irish chiefs.

American law and anti-Catholic bigotry will revise and reclaim, and do many other things that will mean confiscation (of course they would never *confiscate*), if the opportunity is afforded as a result of the impending presidential election.

We honor in a special manner, by beautiful frontispiece and by exquisite ode, the feast of S. Cecilia. The admirable poetic work of Sister Anthony we earnestly commend to our readers as a contribution of power and grace. Sister Anthony, a devoted daughter of Notre Dame, belongs to the staff of that model academy, College Notre Dame, San Jose, California. Her first offering to the readers of DOMINICANA we most gratefully acknowledge, and we are happy to assure our friends that Sister Anthony's gifted pen will again be enlisted in the service of our cause.

We count on the intelligent co-operation of all good citizens to secure relief for all churches. The proposed constitutional amendment on which the citizens of California will vote at the coming election was almost unanimously favored by the members of the State Legislature of last year. This amendment is so restrict-

ed that only church buildings and the ground on which they stand are to be exempted from taxation—a measure not over-generous, when the liberal provision made by other States is considered. We give the precise words of the amendment as adopted on February 17, 1899:

"All buildings, and so much of the real property on which they are situated as may be required for the convenient use and occupation of said buildings, when the same are used solely and exclusively for religious worship, shall be free from taxation; provided, that no building so used which may be rented for religious purposes, and rent received by the owner thereof, shall be exempt from taxation."

As California is the only state in the Union that taxes church property, a spirit of just State pride, apart from other considerations, should urge our people to blot out this stain upon our good name.

"The strength of civilization without its mercy" was Macaulay's indictment of England's infamous treatment of the Bengalese. Let us apply his words to England's treatment of the Boers. Shall we apply it to America's treatment of the Filipinos? We shall know after the election.

BOOKS.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, issue the second volume of the "S. Lawrence" Series, entitled THE HOUSE-BOAT ON THE S. LAWRENCE, by Everett T. Tomlinson. The story is told in a wholesome, manly style. It sparkles with bright descriptions which are interspersed with incidents of fun and frolic that peculiarly delight the hearts of juveniles. Interest in the story is enhanced by the historical character of the hero. The publishers have made the book most attractive in illustration and binding. The boys should endeavor to obtain a copy.

We have received from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, THE FIRST BOOK OF BIRDS, by Oliver Thorne Miller. The lessons are designed to inspire children with love and respect for the feathered tribe. The author endeavors to enlist the sym-

pathy of thoughtless youth and to develop tender traits by setting forth the history of the bird from its days as a weak nestling until it is full grown and able to care for itself.

The publishers have made this textbook most attractive and durable. The illustrations, which are a special feature, consist of twenty plates, eight of which are beautifully colored.

The book should be in the hands of every pupil.

We have received from Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, Marie Corelli's latest production, *THE MASTER-CHRISTIAN*. The book is an epitome of religion, science, socialism and moral degradation. Italy, France, America and England receive dishonorable mention. Some of the female characters develop into most revolting specimens of shameless effrontery. Corelli's interpretation of Scripture texts would shame that of Satan himself. When Miss Corelli will have received the "fat dividends" of her literary "stock company," in which Hugo, le Querdec and Harnac hold large shares, she should go to Rome. We assure her that she will not be met "by a trappist monk" to guide her through the catacombs by the "flickering light of a taper," but in the full blaze of electric illumination she may find the specific antidote for the poison she has so rashly taken. Miss Corelli needs not fear that her literary work will bring upon her the envy of the male sex; she will never meet the fate of her heroine, Angela Sovrani, whose genius was rewarded by the dagger of an envious assassin.

The blasphemy of *THE MASTER-CHRISTIAN* is not relieved by grace of style or elegance of workmanship. As a literary masterpiece, Miss Corelli's vulgar tirade will not be accepted even by her credulous American nation. As an indecent curio it will, of course, have a certain vogue.

The publishers have fulfilled their part as to paper, printing and binding. Though no one should expect them to revise Corellian rhetoric, their friends and patrons who wish them well cannot but

regret that they identified themselves with such a wretched production, which *The Sun*, New York, aptly terms "a long-drawn, melancholy howl, six hundred pages of small print, and nothing but words, words, words—in all their Corellian confusion of tangled syntax and lurid illogicality."

From Harper & Brothers, New York, we have received *RUSSIA AGAINST INDIA*, by A. R. Colquhoun, and *HYPNOTISM IN MENTAL AND MORAL CULTURE*, by John Duncan Quackenbos, both of which will be fully reviewed in our December number.

We have received from the publishers, Little, Brown & Co., Boston, *THE KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS*, the latest historical romance by Henry Sienkiewicz. The present work is complete in two volumes. The first volume contains a portrait of the author and also that of the translator, Jeremiah Curtin. Those familiar with Sienkiewicz's famous Polish trilogy, "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge" and "Pan Michael," will extend a cordial welcome to "The Knights of the Cross," which will be fully noticed in the next number of DOMINICANA.

We have received from F. M. Buckles & Co., New York, (1) *A RISE IN THE WORLD*, by Adeline Sergeant, an interesting story which has already reached its second edition. (2) *THE PLAIN MISS CRAY*, by Florence Warden, a story the scene of which is laid "in the wildest part of a wild Irish country." It details the trials and tribulations of a match-making mamma, who is encumbered with a handsome as well as a plain daughter. The books may be obtained in paper or in cloth bindings.

The John Murphy Publishing Company, Baltimore, have sent us *WORLD-CRISIS IN CHINA*, 1900, by Allen S. Will. The author tells, in an entertaining style, the causes of the events that have led to the present situation in the Flowery Kingdom. The up-to-date student will find in these pages valuable data concerning past

events, and, by their shadows, may judge of the future.

The correspondence of the diplomatic representatives of Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany, Italy, Japan and the United States is an important feature of the book. From it the reader may gain some idea of the policy of the nations in advancing their claims of "sphere of interest or influence" in China. Considering the many and various "spheres" influenced by the would-be commercial adventurer, one might well ask what fractional part of a "sphere" is the dragon supposed to have reserved for his interest?

The book is illustrated and printed in good style. The frontispiece map particularizes the scenes of the present conflict; it also marks the lines of railroad—completed and projected—through the "open door."

We have received from the Macmillan Company, New York, the fifth volume of the *LEGENDA AUREA*, the former volumes of which we had occasion to commend in our September number. This edition of the "Golden Legend" is admirable from every view point. No book lover should be without it.

From the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, we have received *TRAVELS IN TARTARY, THIBET AND CHINA*, by the Abbe Huc. In our December number we shall give due notice to this, the latest edition of a famous book.

KELEA, THE SURF RIDER, by A. S. Twombly, has been received from Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York. The story is a romantic idyl, illustrating chivalrous virtue as displayed among the pagan Hawaiian savages. The reader is made familiar with the traditional customs, characteristics, modes of warfare and methods of politics of this interesting people. The author's style is fascinating and awakens an interest in the welfare of the native whose latent good qualities may be advantageously developed in the future American citizen.

The publishers have printed the book in good form and illustrated, by ten clear

plates, some of Hawaii's picturesque localities.

MAGAZINES.

"Glorification of the military spirit has become common enough of late, owing to nearly half a century of immunity from its horrors. 'The strenuous life' has received more than its meed of praise from the splendid savage who, two years ago, became governor of the great State of New York. * * * I have spoken of Colonel Roosevelt as a 'splendid savage,' and I use the term advisedly. The Colonel of the Seventy-first New York is right when he says that the Rough Rider Governor furnishes one of the few instances of a soldier who, compelled to kill men in the discharge of his duty, has afterward boasted of it. This Roosevelt does in his account of the battle of San Juan, with all the indifference of a nature that loves carnage for its own sake. How different are the words of one of the bravest soldiers who ever held a sword—the peerless cavalry leader of the Grand Armee: 'My sweetest consolation, when I look back upon my career as a soldier, a general and a king, is that I never saw a man fall dead by my hand. It is not, of course, impossible that in so many charges, when I dashed my horse forward at the head of the squadrons, some pistol shots fired at random may have wounded or killed an enemy; but I have known nothing of the matter. If a man fell before me and by my hand, his image would be always present to my view, and would pursue me to the tomb.' (Murat, in a letter to Count Marbourg.)

The spirit of militarism develops an unconscious hypocrisy, tending to obscure the real distinction of the rights of the weaker. We prate about "our rights" in the Philippines—"our right" to govern the Filipinos. Now, it must be admitted that, however little amenable men are to reason, they are even less so to force. Then, why not send 65,000 missionaries, instead of soldiers, to persuade the Filipinos that it is our "right" to govern them, and that it is right for them to yield? The only reason we do not do so

is because our talk of right in such connection is shameless cant."

These stirring words we quote from a manly, spirited paper entitled "Militarism or Manhood," published in the October number of *The Arena*. The author justly denounces the corruption of the individual, and the consequent corruption of the nation, through the introduction of militarism. Its deadly work is going on among us, and the millions who are too blind to see it are stupidly led by the few who are too selfish to admit it, who desire rather a condition to which we are hastening, and of which the cartoonist has given us a picture which does not exceed the bounds of moderation.

In the form of a giant, tattooed with the dollar mark, and holding a lash in his hand, the Trusts and Expansion are personified. Cowering before the hideous monster is a poor, hunger-worn woman, to whose patched skirts two weazened-faced little girls cling in terror. Quoting Macbeth, the giant brutally bursts out: "Bring forth men children only."

And then the cartoonist adds for him the following: "Them girls ain't no good, no demand for 'em. Raise boys—boys for the army. Boys is the things; McKinley now wants them by the hundred thousand for the Philippines, and if re-elected he'll use up lots of 'em before he's through."

"You can fool all of the people some of the time; some of the people all the time; but you can't fool all of the people all the time."

Thus said wise and honest old Lincoln. It remains to be seen how many will be "fooled" this time.

Richard Harding Davis continues to hold the earnest attention of the readers of *Scribner's Magazine* with his articles on the British-Boer war. The unfortunate Boers have a sympathetic, if powerless, friend in Mr. Davis, who right nobly and honestly pays glowing tribute to their bravery, their gallantry and honesty of purpose in his October paper, entitled "The Last Days of Pretoria." We quote:

"When Lord Roberts and his army fling out the black flag and go forth under it

on a Jameson raid, when they murder old men and young boys because they fight for their homes, the best they can ask of every one is silence as to their misdeeds, and that their triumph may be crowned with oblivion. When they enter the capital of some great power which they have conquered, when they march into Berlin, Paris or St. Petersburg, I certainly hope I may be there to chronicle such a real victory, but I object to being called out on a false alarm."

He concludes the article with a touching tribute to these simple Boers and their cause: "As I see it, it has been a Holy War, this war of the burgher crusader, and his motives are as fine as any that ever called a "minute-man" from his farm or sent a knight of the Cross to die for it in Palestine. Still, in spite of his cause, the Boer is losing, and in time his end may come and he may fall. But when he falls he will not fall alone; with him will end a great principle, the principle for which our forefathers fought—the right of self-government, the principle of independence."

Since these lines were written English infamy led by a so-called Irishman, Roberts, has succeeded. The world, the cowardly, selfish, Christian (?) world, that had neither word nor deed for the gallant Boers, now knows that two hundred thousand British troops are equal to thirty thousand Boers. The South African republics will be blotted from the map, for the recent English elections have confirmed Joe Chamberlain's deviltry, showing the manner of thing English conscience is.

"A king dies," is one of Mr. W. J. Bryan's happy "hits"; "and the President of the United States telegraphs condolence; two republics die, and he has no word to utter." And we are living in Jeffersonian simplicity, after the manner of Lincoln!

In the October *Century Magazine* we find an excellent contribution by Theodore Roosevelt, entitled "Civic Helpfulness." The writer speaks in the highest terms of the good accomplished by priests, sisters and clergymen generally, founding his remarks on his personal experi-

ence while acting as Police Commissioner in New York City. This article shows forth the unbiased mind of the author. It were desirable that others placed in similar positions should voluntarily give honor where honor is due.

With regret we come to the fourth and concluding chapter of Dr. Mason's "Musical Memories." This instructive series should form a part of every musician's library.

In "Chinese Traits and Western Blunders," by the Episcopalian Bishop of New York, Dr. Henry C. Potter, we notice the following paragraph, which, we suggest, savors of bigotry:

"In connection with certain missions meaning the Roman Catholic) it seems there is a privileged class. They are not amenable to the ordinary civil authority. They have succeeded in having created for themselves a sort of extraordinary civil authority for their own people, consisting of a foreign priesthood—foreign, at any rate, in their commission and allegiance—whether happening to be Chinese or French in their race and lineage, is of small consequence. These persons are described as having "official rank"—that is, Chinese official rank. Some of them are reported to be in authority practically equivalent to that of a viceroy; and they can take a criminal out of the ordinary processes of the civil law, as applied to natives who are not Christians, and deal with him at their own discretion."

It is unnecessary for us to comment on this excerpt further than to refer our readers to our October number for an explanation and a refutation. But this is not the first bigoted, misleading and false accusation made by the doughty Bishop of New York, nor is it likely to be the last. Men of the Potter stamp have a natural antipathy to truth, a natural affinity to bearing false witness against their neighbor, and an irrepressible tendency, even after having been caught, exposed and pilloried, of "doing it again."

"Despite its terrors, it is claimed that in nearly every leper colony in the world a Roman Catholic priest is to be found.

Martyrs not only in the mere act of death, but martyrs throughout life, are no new thing in the Church of Christ." Thus speaks *The Outlook*, in summing up its eulogy of Father Bezym, a Polish priest who has dedicated his life and death to the lepers of Madagascar. It is the beautiful story ever ancient and ever new.

If proof were needed that Catholics, especially in this country, have an insatiable hunger and thirst for debate unto the quarreling point, that union in faith seems to demand with them disunion in other things, we find such proof in an article by the late editor of *The Inter-Mountain Catholic* (Salt Lake and Denver), which is published in the October number of *The North American Review*, as an attempted answer to the strong, clear, timely plea of the Bishop of Trenton for concerted action when Catholic interests are endangered.

We fear that the limited experience of the Colorado and Utah writer (though he may have a very broad if thinly populated territory in his editorial bailiwick) has not been of such texture or value as accrues to those who live nearer the great bulk of the Catholic people, in closer touch with conditions prevailing in the East and in other parts. Certainly, we are satisfied that his "Middle Ages" irrelevancy, his partial denials, his failure to meet the whole issue, his begging the question, his assumptions, deserve the note of untimeliness; and if we say that his performance is regrettable, that his challenge of the Bishop of Trenton is an impertinence, we speak more positively because his argument is so weak, so un-Catholic, so time-serving, so politically partisan, that we find no justification (unless it be the seeming desire of personal assertion and notoriety) for the appearance of the Western scribe in the pages of *The North American Review*.

The October number of our Lyonese contemporary, *La Couronne de Marie*, gives a detailed account of the Congress held in honor of our Lady during Septem-

ber in that ancient Catholic city. As the work accomplished is not of mere passing interest, we reserve for a subsequent number a fuller treatment of this beautiful subject.

The *Cosmopolitan* for October contains a prize essay by Arthur de Voe on "The Care of the Teeth," which is well worth the careful study and attention of the American woman. The causes of the rapid deterioration of natural teeth are discussed and the remedies suggested. The American belle of the future may not be called upon to use her incisors in lieu of a pair of scissors—as is the case with her less civilized sister of the Arctic zone, whose matrimonial chances hinge upon the strength of her "cutters" in the preparation of her *trousseau* of skins—still, it is of paramount importance that she should preserve even her gums upon which to exhibit the golden achievements of the scientific dentist. "The Hygiene of Sleep," by Cyrus Edson, M.D., is an able article on a subject the proper knowledge of which is conducive to the happiness of mankind.

The work of the Holy Name Society is receiving recognition from our separated brethren. From *The Outlook*, October 13, we take the following: Some time since *The Outlook* called attention to an Anti-Profanity Conference in Albany, N. Y., under the auspices of the Holy Name Society, a Roman Catholic organization. The Holy Name Societies of Brooklyn recently assembled in that city and marched through the streets in a great procession. The thousands of men in line represented no less than sixty societies of the Holy Name attached to as many churches. At the conclusion of the exercises a cablegram was read from Leo XIII. bestowing the Papal blessing on the members. The streets were crowded along the line of march, and the influence of the demonstration reached far beyond the considerable membership of the societies which participated in it."

Then *The Outlook* asks "Why should this be an exclusively Roman Catholic

organization? Have Protestants no share in a crusade against profanity?"

We answer the second question by an emphatic *yes*. The first we answer by the sad reminder that Protestantism, Higher Criticism and the Rationalism that holds forth in so many so-called Christian pulpits have made war on the Divinity of Christ, have so persistently denied His wisdom and power as manifested in His Church, that it would be hopeless to expect, outside of the Church, to bring together and to hold together any number of men to whom as a rallying cry the message of this crusade would go, only in the Name of Jesus Christ. This sweet and blessed Name bears no significance of Divinity to millions of our poor countrymen.

From a thorough and well-prepared article on "Statistics in Suicide," published in the September *Nineteenth Century*, we learn that on the unhappy score of self-destruction, as on the line of morality and purity, poor Ireland stands in honor at the head of the nations. What a sad spectacle that so fine a people should be driven from home, that so beautiful a country as theirs should gradually be given over to England's infamous policy!

Apart from other considerations of merit, we cordially commend *The Forum*, October, because of a fine article on China by Mr. Charles Denby, a former ambassador to the Flowery Kingdom, a gentleman well qualified to speak of that country, whose words should carry weight. Were a humiliating refutation needed of the cowardly slanders of Bishop Potter, in *The Century*, the publication of *The Forum* offers, in Minister Denby's paper, a salutary antidote. Will the bigots read? Reading, will they be converted? We doubt it. Rather we believe that a concerted plan against the Church is on foot, and well under way, looking to intended spoliation in the Philippines. "Public opinion," that humbug of American life, must be created, and the yellow journals and the dignified magazines will be used for the purpose of showing that "public opinion" is *justly* for confiscation. And

an advance agent in this unholy work is the Episcopalian Bishop of New York.

To: *The Saturday Review*, New York, September 22, we are indebted for the correct version of a poem written ten years ago, which has since found not only general favor but much garbling. It is a pleasant thing to reproduce Mrs. George A. Palmer's verse, and we trust that its appearance will help the cause of "borrowed books":

AFTER MANY DAYS.

I really am obliged to you for bringing back my book,
It moves me much to look whereon I thought no more to look,
It minds me of the early time wherein 'twas lent to you,
When life was young and hope was fair—and this old book was new.
How well does memory recall the gilt this volume) wore.
The day it first attracted me at Fitch & Billings' store.
And also I remember how I could not buy, unless
I practiced some economy in articles of dress.
Nor have I yet forgotten how my foolish heart beat higher,
At owning what my cultured friends must certainly admire,
And vividly I recollect you called around that day,
Admired it, and borrowed it, and carried it away.
To-day it comes to me again, across the lapse of time,
Wearing the somewhat battered look of those beyond their prime,
O man! O book! The years go by and leave you both, alack!
With faded color, worn insides—a weakness of the back.
Excuse these foolish tears; they come unbidden as I find
The finger marks, a silent proof of service to mankind.
Old book, you need a rest, but ere you're laid upon the shelf,
Just try to hang together till I read you through myself.

MUSIC.

J. Fischer & Brother, Bible House, New York, have recently published an impressive Mass for soli and chorus (with orchestral parts, if required), entitled, *SIXTH MASS, IN HONOR OF S. DOMINIC*, by

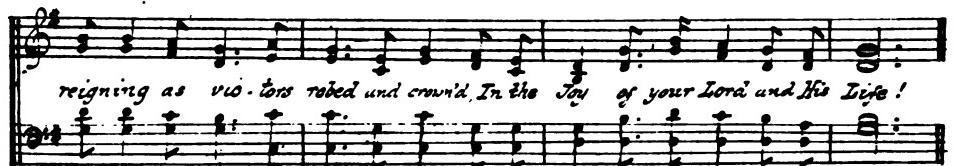
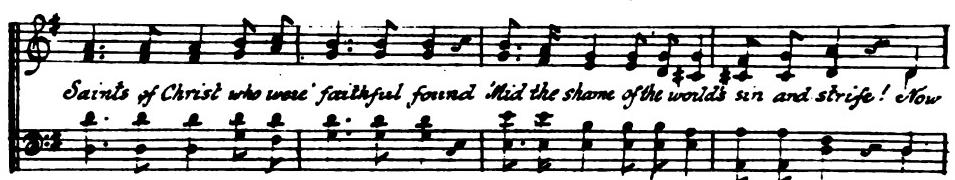
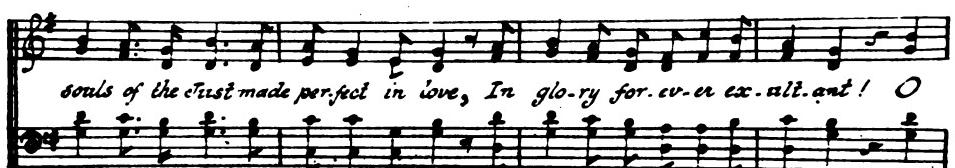
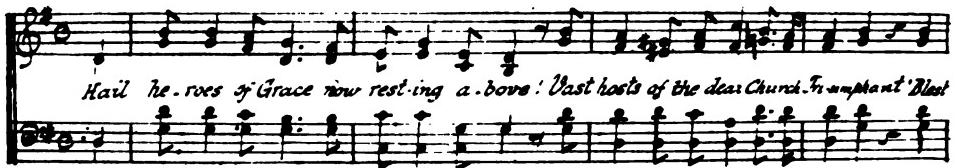
Alois F. Lejeal. This latest published composition of Professor Lejeal is based on Canon Form. It excels in melody and brilliancy, and it not beyond the ability of the average choir. The dedication of this Mass (originally sung from manuscript in our church, San Francisco) to S. Dominic, we appreciate, but it in no manner affects our earnest commendation to choirs anxious to add a work really meritorious to their repertoire, that they will do well to put Professor Lejeal's *SIXTH MASS* on their list.

We have received from the publishers, the White-Smith Publishing Company, Boston, the following new vocal and instrumental music: "When All the World Is Young," by Jas. H. Rogers, a fine baritone song (also arranged for bass voice); "Where Did You Come From, Baby Dear," mezzo-soprano, by L. F. Gottschalk, a charming, melodious song with tender, beautifully expressed words; "Black Virginia Boy," a plantation song, by Adam Geibel, one of the best type of "coon" songs; a series of dainty tone pictures for piano with words *ad libitum*, by L. A. Bugbee, who certainly understands what is needful for the little ones, as these gems are written in the simplest form: "Pussy's See-Saw"; "Good Night, Little Star"; "Baby's Lullaby" (duet); "What Doggie Asked"; "What Birdie Thinks"; "Birdie's First Bath"; "Mousie's Race for Life"; "The Chicken's Surprise"; "The Rouguish Breeze"; "Echo and I"; "My Ponies' Schooldays"; "Jack and Jill"; "Dickery, Dickery Dock"; "Little Boy Blue"; "The Butterfly"; and "The Mongolian King," two-step, by Daniel J. Sullivan, a spirited, well-marked rythm, with characteristic bass part.

A neat little volume of hymns, entitled *DEVOTIONAL HYMNS TO OUR LADY*, by Victor Hammerel, has been received from J. Fischer & Brothers, Bible House, New York. The collection is replete with beautiful melodies, and includes also two Benediction settings and a Litany to our Lady. The entire compilation should find ready favor with all who are interested in choir work.

All Saints and all Souls.

Words and Music by Rev. J. R. NEWELL O.P.



2
Xai-Pheas of the King who stand near the Throne!
Dispensing the mercies of Heaven!
Dear Brothers to whom our sad wants are known,
Whose lives for the Brethren were given!
O Saint's of Christ never cease to pray
Till our wayward and sorrowing Race
Shall join in your ranks the final day
And rejoice in the light of His Face!

3
O Sorrowing souls now pining in chains!
Vast hosts of the patient Church Suffering!
Of penitent love enuring the pains
While Heaven's glad summons awaiting!
O Suffering souls so imperfect found
When in last solemn hour reconciled!
Now mourning as captives helpless bound
Till removed the least stain that defiled!

4
Dear anguishing soul's now claiming our aid
In cries for our mercy incessant!
We'll pray for you till your whole debt is paid,
And Heaven shines on you resplendent!
Then Holy souls when freed by our prayers
And in rapture to God you have flown,
Look down on our world of griefs and cares
And be mindful of us at His Throne!

CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

1—FEAST OF ALL SAINTS—A holy day of obligation. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary. Sermon and Benediction in evening.

Reception of postulants to the Habit, S. Dominic's, Benicia, 10:30 A. M.

2—All Souls' Day. Special devotion for the dead. Solemn High Mass of Requiem, 9 o'clock.

The same in Portland, 8; Benicia, 8:30, and Vallejo, 8:30 o'clock. Mass daily during month in Benicia and Portland, for the souls in Purgatory, 8 o'clock.

Special music has been prepared, and will be sung by an enlarged choir, S. Dominic's, San Francisco:

"Requiem" in C minor (Cherubini); sequence, "Dies Irae" (Cherubini); offertory, tenor solo, "Hostias et Preces" (Anon.), Mr. J. F. Veaco; "Pie Jesu," solo quartet (Cherubini); "Sanctus" and "Agnus Dei."

Those who desire special commemoration of their deceased relatives and friends will kindly present their names in due time.

Closing sermon of the Rosary devotions and Benediction in the evening.

3—B. Simon Ballachi, Lay Tertiary of the Dominican Order. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

Operatic entertainment, Town Hall, Benicia, by S. Dominic's Junior Choir and Choral Union.

Festival and entertainment, Martinez.

4—TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST—S. Charles Borromeo, Bishop and Cardinal. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at Procession; prayers; (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament; prayers.

Communion Mass for Rosarians, 7 o'clock; Sermon and Benediction in evening.

5—B. Martin Porres, O. P., Lay Brother. Meeting of Rosarians and Rosary Reading Circle, 8 P. M.

6—S. Aloysius Gonzaga, S. J., Cleric. (From June 21.)

7—B. Peter Ruffia, O. P., Priest and Martyr. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

8—Octave of All Saints. Monthly High Mass of the Requiem for deceased members of the Building Association at 9 o'clock.

9—All Saints of the Dominican Order. (Benediction.)

10—B. Innocent V., O. P., Pope (from June 22). Anniversary of the deceased Brothers and Sisters of the Dominican Order. Plenary Indulgences for Tertiaries and Rosarians: C. C.; assist at services for the dead; prayers.

The same in Benicia, Portland, Vallejo, at same hour.

High Mass of Requiem, 8 o'clock. (Votive Mass of the Rosary at 6 and 7.)

11—TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. The Patronage of our Lady. Plenary Indulgence for the members of the Holy Name Sodality. Mass for them at 7 A. M.; meeting at 3 P. M. (Sermon and Benediction in the evening.)

Meeting of men Tertiaries at 2 P. M.

12—Anniversary of the consecration of the Basilica, which is the Pope's Cathedral—S. John Lateran's.

Beginning of Novena in honor of our Lady's Presentation.

Meeting and Debate of the Young Men's Holy Name Society.

13—S. Martin of Tours, Bishop. (From November 11). Benediction.

14—B. John Licci, O. P., Priest. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

15—B. Albert the Great, O.P., Bishop.

16—B. Lucy of Narni, O. P., Virgin. (Benediction.)

Beginning of Novena in honor of S. Catherine.

17—S. Gregory Thaumaturgus, Bishop. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

18—TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. Anniversary of the Consecration of the Basilica of S. Peter Rome. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary.

The Forty Hours' Devotion will begin this day in S. Dominic's, San Francisco.

Meeting of women Tertiaries at 3 P. M., For the regular monthly musical service for 7:30 P. M., Franklin Palmer, Organist and Director, announces a programme of unusual excellence:

"Kyrie" and "Gloria" from Imperial Mass (Haydn), solo quartet and choir; tenor solos (selected), Mr. J. F. Veaco; "Dies Irae" (Cherubini), choir; "Pie Jesu" (Cherubini), solo and quartet; "Salve Regina" (Buck), solo, Mrs. H. Clark; soprano solo, "Rejoice," from "Messiah" (Haendel), Miss Lily Roeder.

Sermon and Benediction.

19—S. Elizabeth of Hungary, O. S. F., Queen and Widow.

20—S. Felix of Valois, Priest and Founder, with S. John of Matha, of the Order of Trinitarians for the Redemption of Captives.

21—The Presentation of our Lady in the Temple. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary. Two Plenary Indulgences for members of the Confraternity: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Chapel from first Vesper (2 P. M., November 20) till sunset on Feast; prayers; (2) C. C.; visit any church; prayers. (Benediction.)

22—S. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr, Heavenly Patroness of Music.

23—S. Clement, Pope and Martyr. (Benediction.)

24—S. John of the Cross, Carmelite Priest. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

25—TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. S. Catherine of Alexandria, Virgin and Martyr, Heavenly Protector of the Dominican Order.

Sermon and Benediction in the evening.

Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite a third part of the Rosary in common, at least three times a week.

26—S. Andrew Avellino, Priest of the Congregation of Regular Clerks.

Meeting and debate of the Young Men's Holy Name Society.

27—B. Margaret of Savoy, O. P., Widow.

28—S. Stanislaus Kostka, S. J., Cleric. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

29—B. James de Benefactis, O. P., Bishop.

Beginning of Novena in honor of the Immaculate Conception of our Lady.

30—S. Andrew, Apostle. (Benediction.)

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are as follows: S. Charles Borromeo, Bishop; S. Gertrude, Abbess; S. Godfrey, Bishop; S. Felix, Priest; S. Hubert, Bishop, for the Joyful Mysteries; S. Martin of Tours, Bishop; S. Clement, Pope; S. Elizabeth of Hungary; S. Theodore, Martyr; S. Catharine of Alexandria, for the Sorrowful Mysteries; S. Andrew, Apostle; S. Cecilia; S. Hilda, Abbess; S. Flora, Virgin and Martyr; S. Edmond, Bishop, for the Glorious Mysteries.

DECEMBER.

1—The Most Pure Heart of Mary (from June 24).

2—THE FIRST SUNDAY OF ADVENT. The usual Rosary Indulgences.

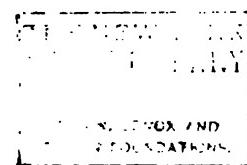
Queen of All Saints, upon this glorious day,
When, upward gazing to the skies, we sing
Their virtues who, by toil and conquer-
ing,
Have won admittance to the bright array
Of those blest spirits whose it is for aye
To chant the praises of that mighty
King,
Around whose white throne they stand
worshipping,

With what beatitude no tongue can say—
All were it if we sang no song to thee,
Whose spotless life, free from the least
attaints

Of all that sordidness and sin that be
Our common heritage and our com-
plaints,

Won thee, by its surpassing purity,
The glorious title of the Queen of
Saints.

—Rev. W. D. Kelly.





HOLY MARY OF GUADALUPE.

DOMINICANA

DECEMBER, 1900.

No. 10

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE.

SISTER GABRIEL, O. P.

II.

annual feast of the Blessed Virgin which is observed on the twelfth December as a holy day of obligation in the Mexican nation, and of great in California, awakens universal in the Catholic world concerning supernatural origin of the title of "Virgin of Guadalupe." The magnet shrine erected upon the spot by the presence of the Queen of is a splendid tribute of the loftiness of the Mexican people.

costly edifice—upon which hundreds of thousands of dollars have been ed—was commenced in 1695 and ed in 1709. It has recently been ed at an additional cost of more quarter of a million of dollars—sum represents not only the donations of the wealthy citizens, but also the of the poorer classes.

pilgrims' road leading to the—which is situated two miles and from the City of Mexico—in times was appropriately adorned small oratories, each containing a red altar of stone upon which splayed a painting representing a y of the Holy Rosary. Thousands rims were thus enabled to pause at is to recite and meditate upon the mysteries, beginning with the first City of Mexico and ending with tenth at Guadalupe.

of these structures, built more two hundred years ago, remain at esent day to mark the prayerful

course of devoted multitudes. This beautiful stretch of roadway is now partially disfigured by a line of railway, and its silence is broken by the clang of bell and the shriek of locomotive.

The splendid basilica, in which is enshrined the miraculous picture of our Lady, is of the Doric order of architecture. It consists of three naves—the middle one being higher than the others—is surmounted by a cupola. The naves are divided by eight pillars. The altars and interior decoration are a triumph of magnificence and artistic beauty. On your right hand as you face the basilica lies the convent and church of the Capuchin Sisters. On the right still, but some distance in the rear, the Church of the Indians is situated. The sacristy of this church was the first shrine for the miraculous painting.

The Church of the Well stands upon a street parallel to the basilica. This structure, of Moorish design, is more than a hundred years old. The mineral spring mentioned in the narrative of the Indian is covered by its vestibule. Other buildings of interest and monuments commemorative of miraculous events adorn this famous resort.

The story of the Apparition of our Lady can not be too often repeated, and it will be better appreciated in the faithful translation of the original Indian narrative by that zealous and devoted client of our Lady of Guadalupe, Rev. Andrew Garriga, who for some years was rector of the Church of our Lady of Guadalupe, San Francisco.

In the year of our Lord 1531, ten years after the Conquest, and four months after the end of the war (Clement VI. being Pope, and Charles V. King of Spain), one Saturday morning, before dawn, it being the 9th of December, an Indian—low and poor, humble and candid (one of the newly converted to the Catholic Faith), named Juan Diego, a native of Quatitlan, a town north of and distant from the capital of Mexico four leagues, who was married to another convert, Maria Lucia, then resident in a town nearer to the city, called Tolpetlac—was going to the Church of S. James, in the Barrio of Tlatelolco, to hear Mass and the catechetical instruction that the religious of S. Francis used to impart every morning to the Indians.

At the dawn of the morning, as he had to pass by the slope of a hill near the city, called by the Indians "Tepeyacac," he heard from around a point of projecting rock sweet and harmonious singing, as it seemed to him, of a multitude and variety of birds heretofore unknown to him, which, like choruses, responded to each other in enchanting harmony, and the echoes were redoubled and repeated by the larger hill near by. Raising his eyes to a spot where he thought the singing came from, he saw a white and brilliant cloud surrounded by a rainbow, produced by an excessive light and splendor, as if springing directly from the center of the cloud.

There he stood absorbed, and as if beside himself (in a trance) but without confusion or fear. He had a feeling in his heart of such exquisite pleasure and joy that he said to himself: "What is this that I hear and see? Whereto have I been transported? In what place of the world am I? Perhaps I have been transported to that Paradise of Delights of which our good Fathers have spoken as the origin of our flesh, the Garden of Flowers, or the Celestial World, hidden to the eye of men?" Standing in this suspense and ecstasy, the singing ceased, and he heard some one call him by his name "Juan!"—a sweet and delicate voice, as of a woman, coming out from the splendor of that cloud, and telling

him to approach. He immediately obeyed, and ran up the hill with great haste.

FIRST APPARITION.

In the center of that brilliance he saw a most beautiful lady, very much like the one we see in the picture now, according to the verbal description given by the Indian himself before she had appeared in the painting, or to any one else; "whose garments glittered so," said he, "that their light striking the rough rocks which rise on the summit of the hill, appeared to be transparent and polished precious stones, and the leaves and thorns and 'nopals' that grew there, small and poor on account of the dryness of the place, looked like handfuls of emeralds, and their trunks, branches and thorns as they were of brilliant gold. Even the surface of a small plain by the top of the hill seemed to be of jasper mixed with fine and different colors. The lady spoke to him in the Aztec language, and said: "*My child, Juan Diego, whom I love as one that is little and delicate* (the idiom of the Indian language), '*whither goest thou?*' The Indian answered: '*I am going, noble lady, to Mexico, to the Barrio of Tlatelolco, to hear the Mass that the ministers of God say for us.*' The beautiful Lady heard him, and then continued: "Know thou, O my beloved child, that I am the Ever Virgin Mary, Mother of the true God, the Author of Life, Creator of all, the Lord of Heaven and Earth, who is present everywhere; and it is my desire that a temple be built for me on this very spot, wherein, as a most tender Mother to thee and all thy people, I will show my loving clemency, and the compassion I feel for the natives, and for all of those who love and seek me, and for all who solicit my protection and invoke me in their trouble and afflictions, and wherein I shall hear their prayers and see their tears, and give them consolation and help. And in order that my will be carried out, thou shalt go to the City of Mexico, and to the palace of the Bishop, whom thou shalt tell that I send thee; and that it is my pleasure that he

temple in this very place. And I will tell him all that thou hast heard. And be sure that I will be grateful for whatever thou shalt do in this, my business, and I will see up and make thee famous as well. Thou hast heard, my son, that I will pay thee well for all the trouble and pains thou shalt take in it; thou shalt work for it with all thy heart." Prostrate on the ground, he replied: "I will go immediately."

that he wished to see him and speak to him. They did not obey the request, either because it was too early in the morning, or because they saw the visitor so poor, simple and humble. So he had to wait for a long time. Touched and moved by his tolerance and patience, they admitted him. Once in the presence of the Bishop, he knelt down and delivered his message. "*The Mother of God,*" said he, "*whom I saw and spoke to this morning, sends me,*" and he then related all he had seen and heard.



THE SHRINE AT GUADALUPE.

"My noble Lady, and my possessor, at your bidding, your humble servant comes. Wait here. Good-bye!" Having leave with a profound reverence, he took the road that leads to the Ascension of the hill by the west

had promised, Juan Diego went to the City of Mexico, about one hour from the hill, and entered the office of the Bishop, the illustrious Lord Ray Juan Zumarraga, the first of Mexico. He requested them to call the Bishop, telling them

The Prelate listened with some admiration to what the Indian said, but he did not give much credit to his message, considering it an imagination or a dream, or an illusion from the devil to a new convert from paganism. And although he put many questions to him and found him true, sensible and consistent in his answers, he dismissed him, saying that he might come to him again some days after; that he wanted to examine and inquire thoroughly into the matter (and, of course, after the character of the messenger) and take his time for deliberation.

tion. The poor Indian left the residence of the Bishop sad and disheartened, as much to feel that he had not been believed as to see that he could not accomplish the wishes of the Lady of whom he was the messenger.

SECOND APPARITION.

Juan Diego, about sunset of the same day, went back to the town where he lived, which in all probability and tradition was the town of Tolpetlac, that is, in the back and northwest, about one league distant from the hill. Tolpetlac in Aztec means "*place of mats of reed-mace*," because, very probably, it was the only occupation of the old Indians of that town to weave mats of that plant. As soon as the Indian arrived at the summit of the hill where he had seen the lady in the morning, he saw her there again, waiting for the answer to her message. He immediately fell on his knees, and said to her: "My beloved nina, my Queen and exalted Lady, I have done all that thou hast commanded; and although I could not see the Bishop until after long waiting, I saw him and gave him the message in the very same words that thou desired me. He listened to me very calmly and attentively, but, from what I could see in him and from the many questions he put to me, I concluded that he did not believe me. For he told me to come back some other time, so that he could examine the matter more minutely and think of it deliberately. He presumed that the Temple that thou asked to have built for thee was only a fiction or whim of mine, and not thy will. Therefore, I beseech thee to send, instead of me, some other person—one noble, great and worthy of respect and belief; because, as thou seest, my possessor, I am only a low and humble man, a poor Indian, unable and unfit to carry out thy purpose. Forgive, oh my Queen, my boldness, if I have in anything exceeded the honor and respect due to thy Highness, lest, perhaps, I have provoked thy indignation or have been disagreeable with my answer."

This colloquy and the others are liter-

ally translated from the history written by the natives.

The Blessed Virgin listened to the Indian's answer with a benign face, and as soon as he had finished she said: "Hear, my beloved son. Know thou that I am not in want of servants to command or messengers to send, because I have many that would execute my orders with great joy; but thou must be the one that shall perform and solicit this business; and it is through thy means that this, my wish and desire, must be accomplished. So, I beseech and command thee, my son, to go again to-morrow morning, and see and speak to the Bishop, and tell him to build for me that Temple which I ask; and that she who sends you is the Virgin Mary, Mother of the True God."

Juan Diego replied: "Be not offended at what I have said, my Lady and my Queen, for I will go most willingly and obey thy command with all my heart, and I will carry thy message. I do not excuse myself, nor do I consider the way any trouble; but, perhaps, I will not be well received or listened to. Or, if the Bishop listens to me he may not believe me. However, I shall do what thou orderest me, and to-morrow afternoon, at sunset, I shall wait for thee here, and bring the answer I may receive from him. And so be tranquil, my dear and exalted Lady. God keep you!"

The Indian took leave with profound humility and started for his home. It is not known whether he revealed what happened to his wife or any other person, for the Indian history says nothing about it. Perhaps, confused and ashamed of his yet unfavorable success, he did not dare to speak of it until he saw the end of the affair.

The next day, Sunday, the 10th of December, Juan came as usual to the Temple of S. James of Tlatelolco to hear Mass and learn his Catechism. After the account that the Padres used to take every day, in every parish, of the natives present at their instructions, he went to the Bishop; and although the servants, treating him as an impudent person, delayed a long time before announcing him to the prelate, he entered and humbled himself in his presence. With tears

and sobs he said: "Be not annoyed or angry with me, my Lord. I have seen that Lady once more, waiting for an answer to her first demand, and she bade me again come to thy presence and tell thee again to build her a temple on that same place, where I first saw and spoke to her; and that I should assure thee that she is the Mother of Jesus Christ, and the ever Virgin Mary, that sends me."

The Bishop heard him with more attention than before, and, to be more certain, asked him several questions and cross-questions, impressing upon him to remember well what he said about the appearance, dress, words, and other signs of the Lady who sent him. Although he began to think that it could hardly be a fiction or dream of the Indian, still, lest it should be considered levity to believe the simple relation of a candid and low Indian convert, he said to him: "What thou sayest is not sufficient to put it into execution, so tell the lady that sent thee to give thee some token by which I may know that it is the Mother of God who sends thee and wishes me to build her Temple." The Indian answered promptly: "What token dost thou want?" The Prelate, seeing the prompt, direct and self-confident answer of the Indian, invit-

ing him to choose himself whatever token he wished, began to take action in the matter. He called two members of his own household, and, speaking to them in Castilian, which the Indian did not understand, he told them to mark the man, and hold themselves in readiness to go and follow him, keeping at a distance, but never losing sight of him, nor letting him suspect that he was followed. They were ordered to watch him carefully as far as the place told by himself, where he said that he had seen the Blessed Virgin Mary, and to notice if he spoke to anybody and with whom. And they were to come back and report their observations. He then dismissed the Indian, and the servants, obeying orders, followed him, without his knowledge.

So soon as Juan Diego arrived near a bridge of the creek that runs by the foot of the hill, he disappeared from the sight of his followers. Although they searched for him carefully all around and over the hill they could not find him. Declaring him an impostor, a liar and a sorcerer they came back full of anger, and informed the Bishop everything, and requested him not to believe the Indian, but to punish him severely if he should come back with his imposture.

GOD ALONE!

SISTER AMADEUS, O. S. F.

Where find we perfect joy and peace?
In God alone.
Where seek we from earth's care release?
In God alone.
Where, when the way looks long and drear,
And shadows seem to grow more near,
Awaits the love denied us here?
In God alone.

One Friend have we to praise and bless;
Tis God alone.
One shares with us His tenderness;
Tis God alone.
And, when all proved our life, and vain
We've found the years long-filled with
pain,
Where turn we for redress and gain?
To God alone.

THE LATEST FRAUD HYPNOTIST.

REV. J. R. NEWELL, O. P.

The devil himself must laugh to see the army of fakirs so noisily engaged, at his own suggestion, in completing the mental and moral bewilderment of modern society.

His latest and most glib (though, doubtless, unconscious) ally in this line of humbuggery is John Duncan Quackenbos, who allowed his injudicious "friends" to persuade him into publishing a little book grandiloquently entitled "Hypnotism in Mental and Moral Culture." By the noise and quality of his talk, this latest fraud and "fake" teacher, evidently intent on creating the little "*sensation*" he brays about, has succeeded in attracting our notice, and we hope to give him ample satisfaction. We dispute the appropriateness of the title to this ignorant screed, and we suggest that, with slight addition, the euphonious name of the author himself would more pertinently grace its frontal page and read, *Quack and Bosh!*

It would seem that what this curious composite of conceit and ignorance does not know or cannot accomplish is hardly worth knowing or attempting, and provided he can secure the requisite "*confidence*" in the game, he will put any dupe to sleep, and, by "clever suggestion from his own exhaustless treasure of light and goodness, will elevate the mind of any fool to unlimited knowledge and empower the most depraved to achieve a moral victory" greater than was ever accorded to the most wide-awake Saint! Assuredly, there is nothing small about *Quack and Bosh!*

And even if he were modestly mindful of the good old motto—*live and let live!* But no, with singular hogishness he thrusts aside all previously and actually existing "*isms*" as utterly worthless, in spite of the fact that (explanatory of at least his own high mental and moral culture, if not of the rest of us poor

devils), there does exist somewhere in human society an elevating force, long in possession, which sustained the intellectual and moral dignity of men until his odd appearance on the scene, and which somehow still contrives to energize in this benighted world while he is clumsily getting his illuminating and elevating apparatus into working shape! But the learning and culture of past ages and of the present time are beneath the notice of this shallow trickster; and to all the study and reflection, the intellectual and moral discipline of the world, this conceited "Fellow of several scientific institutions" and *Lord-High-Everything-Else* turns a contemptuous heel and cries *pooh!* To which we feel tempted to add *bah!*

Among the several unholy aims of this book (not counting, of course, the ultimate scope of coining money out of fools) is the attempt to represent man as his own self-sufficient *Saviour*, by talking toward the flattering conclusion that in human nature itself resides the power, without aid from above, to rise to the highest possible mental and moral perfection—somewhat, we must suppose, after the fashion of a man who should lift himself by his own suspenders! And to achieve the successful placement of this lie our cunning fakir plagiarizes from an ancient heresy condemned by the Church in the eighth century and repudiated by the universal consciousness of mankind, this falsehood, namely, that "there is in man a double personality, a double self, a double consciousness"; and on this little rotten sandstone he builds his pompous and cumbersome system of "*mental and moral culture through hypnotic suggestion*" thus: "Getting his dupe to surrender his or her will to him, he induces in the patient a hypnotic sleep, and then attacks the mental aberration or moral obliquity by suggesting to the good

ninal (submerged) self, in the sleep-
ictim, the proper elevating thought
otive; and this *subliminal self*, once
to active control, asserts its proper
ctual and moral sway over the
d *objective self*" (in the same bunk)
hence the mental or moral cure, as
use may be," etc., etc., etc.

his best specimen of pretended
tology" and a necessary piece of
ure in his juggling trick, the author
y hard put to keep this *double per-
sonality theory* standing on its rickety
and though by dint of continual as-
n or setting it up he seems to arrive
gth at a fair semblance of *self-con-
trol* regarding its stability, he utterly
o prove its soundness to his curious
doubtful spectators. Hence it is
in conscious despair of saving this
thought of his book by the props of
and reason, he flies to Revelation
akes a hand at Scriptural exegesis;
in he egregiously falls foul of no
light than S. Paul! The Sacred
ures, certainly, have taught man
truth and law, without flattering
than could be learned from forty
emies" of the Quack and Bosh
r, the chief facts revealed in their
l pages being that we are a fallen
ind need the help of the Divine
in order to rise to anything like
we originally were; and that, be-
the guilt of original sin, the irra-

concupiscence from which we
is the principal wound that human
s sustained by its fall, in Adam,
the primitive mental grandeur and
integrity in which humanity was
tuted on coming from the all-per-
and of God.

as his evil genius would have it,
kir thought he beheld his "*double
ality* and self-elevating" scheme in
ritings of S. Paul, and while thus
g the Divine Scriptures with the
lest motive of finding his own pet
. therein authorized, the foolish and
rent crank has involved himself in
confusion worse confounded to which
ranny of a pre-conceived system
ten condemned cleverer and better

From this fate the good S. Peter
warned the faithful of his day, and
especially in relation to the profound
thought and lofty style of S. Paul, saying:
"There are certain things in the Epistles
of our dear brother Paul that are hard to
be understood, and which the unstable
and unwary wrest, as they do other
Scriptures, to their own destruction."

Our author quotes S. Paul's Epistle to
the Romans. In that Epistle, from
Chapter V. to VII., the Apostle teaches the
doctrine of Original Sin or the solidarity
of the human race in the fall of our first
parent, and deplores the further conse-
quent misery of irrational concupiscence
or the inclination in man to evil. The
Apostle calls this concupiscence sin in
the sense of its being a result of the
primal sin and the occasion of sin; it re-
mains in the Just, who, though experi-
encing its irregular motions, are made
perfect by their use of God's grace in re-
sisting and mortifying it; it was felt and
complained of by S. Paul himself—even
after he had been rapt to the third
heaven; and having thrice implored the
Lord to be delivered from it, he received
the Divine answer: "My Grace is suffi-
cient for you; for power is made perfect
in infirmity." S. Paul then describes the
trials of virtue known to every man who
has made the slightest effort to rise
toward God: "I know that there dwelleth
not in me, that is to say, in my flesh" (notice
he calls his flesh himself no
"*double personality*" here!) "that which is
good. For to *will* is present with me, but
to accomplish that which is good I find
not. For the good that *I will* I do not;
but the evil which *I will not*, that I do.
Now if I do that which *I will not*, it is no
more I that do it, but *sin* that dwelleth
in me" (Rom. VII.)

The Apostle is here evidently describ-
ing the disorderly motions of con-
cupiscence, which often get the start of
reason, and by means of which even good
men suffer in the inferior, sensual app-
petite what their *will* abhors, and are much
hindered in the accomplishment of the
desires of their mind. But these evil
motions (though they are called the "*law
of sin*" as coming from Original Sin and

occasioning temptation to sin) as long as the will does not consent to them, are not sins, because they are not *voluntary*. Now, what does our hypnotizing juggler make out of this passage of S. Paul? Quoting a couple of the above-mentioned verses he shouts: "Assuredly the Paul of Romans discerned the duplex personality and bore witness to the battle of selfs; and these two selfs of Paul correspond to our subjective subliminal personality and our objective personality.

. . . These are two distinct selfs in us" (everlasting repetition that comprises nearly the entire book!) "two distinct personalities, two distinct consciousnesses! The one subliminal and swayed by moral impulses" (when roused by Quack and Bosh's *moral suggestions!*) "the other susceptible and continuously tempted" (don't you come near Quack and Bosh with!) etc., etc.

But it won't do, Quack! S. Paul's words neither express nor imply such "rot," nor can any sane or self-possessed man—not even yourself—seriously and deliberately assert such a theory without uttering a *conscious psychological lie!*

And of the Grace of God, which S. Paul prayed for and received as the necessary and sufficient aid to resist the irrational motions of concupiscence, and to insure the ethical or moral victory experienced by him and by countless thousands of Christians since, our "mental and moral hypnotic elevator" says impudently: "An ethical victory *in the abstract*" (whatever that may be!) "is achieved only when a person deliberately overcomes sin or resists temptation *without God's help*." And that "The conceit involved in a claim to personal moral triumph by Christians seeking God's aid would be inconsistent with their profession, for it would be equivalent to a subtraction from the functions of the Holy Ghost!" Through which brilliant theological flash we catch a glimpse of the cloven hoof of the cynical "*old boy*" himself, who thus throws into the face of Protestant "Christianity" that "*dead cat*" of a heresy once fed and fattened by Luther and company, and which, on the question of man's justification, denied

the vital act of free concurrence of will under the movement of God's and would have us believe ourselves *automata*.

And so *man* may aid us to ethics tory and to heaven, but *God* may And Christian men and women mi warned against the slavery of surre ing their will to the influence of *God* made human liberty, and who, by respects, establishes and perfects it the divine freedom and moral dign the children of God; but all are 1 invited (for what it will cost) to render their will to a human slave c and error, that they may receive f heritance from infidel and unconscie fake hypnotists the pollution and d tion of hell!

From stupid theory our hypnotis ceeds to more questionable practi principal subjects being partial or plete maniacs, and his chief *s lying—in which, no doubt, our Quack has recognized the wisdom ancient motto, *ansuer a fool accord his folly!* Thus, to the "numerou jects whom he has treated for the of stealing or of lying" he applie (somewhat homœopathic) metho forcefully and repeatedly *suggesti* the victim's *higher subliminal self o sonality*: "Your Highness never d and your Highness will never do it—even though your Highness shoul pen again to do it," etc., etc. "Gree cess," he avers, "has attended method," and, in every such case *rast experience* the patient has gone way rejoicing in mental and mor altation, and has proudly looke honest neighbor in the face with a fortable "*I'm as good as you*" fe Finally, in a last desperate effort cure his audience's patronage, our becomes so generous that he off give away (for nothing but what worth) the whole secret of "*self tion*" without the cumbrous an more ways than one) *dangerous p* of hypnotization; and that is (ill bogus five dollar greenback given fakir to every one who buys his bit painless corn extractor) "*Auto-**

*tion, an infallible mental and moral elevator," whereby the fool-patient, having gratefully received it in the substantial form of a *thought* from this omniscient quack, and having thoughtfully borne it all the way home, and immediately applied it to his or her *several selves*—first from the *objective self* to the *subliminal self*, and back again from the *subliminal**

self to the *objective self*—shall rise and live ever after sublimely elevated and happy," etc., etc. But enough!—and the worst, or the best, of it is that in all we have said we have but too faithfully adhered to the irksome letter of the foolish text of this stupid book and that such books as this can be published in our "enlightened" country!

PRESENCE.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

Within the crib at Bethlehem
A little child is sleeping;
And while the winter wrath roars loud
A mother watch is keeping.
A lowly stall—ah, that is all!
A meek and simple dwelling,
Yet you and I and all the world
Its hallowed power are telling.
Thro' all the ages dark and wild
"Tis blessed thro' a little Child—
A little Child.

Who lauds so long the palaces
Where kings have dwelt in glory?
How soon their castle walls fell down
Before this simple story!
A humble place—but oh, His face
Has lit a world of sorrow;
And what a wealth of solace we
From His dear crib may borrow.
How great that stall and undefiled
Because of Him, a little Child—
A little Child!

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

SISTER IMMELDA, O. P.

One night, long years ago, the canopy
Of heaven gleamed with fulgid radiance bright,
And angels clad in raiment snowy white,
Awoke on earth a deathless melody—
A carol that afar on earth and sea
Made jubilant the erstwhile tranquil night.
Then silently a star forsook its flight,
And leaning low, its beams gleamed fitfully
O'er Bethlehem where was born a Savior-King.
With trembling star, our hearts list angel songs,
And peace they sang to men in ages flown,
Finds echo in their depths; while Seraph-throng
Who ever stand about the "Great White Throne"
To sinful souls sweet peace and pardon bring.

THE WAY IS NOT LONG.

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

Hush, little heart, do not murmur,
This time beat surer, beat strong;
Poor little soul, art thou tired?
Remember the way is not long.

Hush, little heart, do not murmur,
Another step out of the wrong;
Poor little soul He will rest thee,
Remember the way is not long.

Again little heart, do not murmur,
Thou owest a note to life's song.
I know He rebukes, but He loves thee
And tells thee the way is not long.

THE DOMINICANS IN CALIFORNIA.

SISTER M. ALOYSIUS, O. P.

"Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And departing leave behind us,
 Footprints on the sands of time."

So sang our best-loved poet half a century ago, and nowhere do we find a better exemplification of this thought than in the early Dominicans of California, the influence of whose beautiful lives their Order still strongly and reverently feels. Archbishop Alemany, Father Vilarrasa, Father Vincent, Mother Mary Goemaere, Mother Mary Louisa O'Neill, Sister Mary Francis Stafford, those were the pioneer Dominicans of our Golden State.

In the month of September of this year we celebrated the Golden Jubilee of our Statehood, and in the present month, December, is the fiftieth anniversary of the coming of the Dominicans to California.

Although it will hardly be possible, in the limits of this article, to give more than a short sketch of lives so closely connected with the early missionary work of this State, still we cannot let the occasion pass without at least a slight tribute to those who sowed what we are reaping to-day.

Wonderful are the ways of Almighty God! Out of evil He draweth good. When Queen Christina of Spain exiled the Religious Orders from her realm, two young men of the Order of Preachers, Joseph Sadoc Alemany and Francis Sadoc Vilarrasa, resolved as soon as they would be raised to the priestly dignity, to devote themselves to missionary work. Rome, Mother of the Exile, was as asylum of the Refugees; here Father Alemany applied to the General of the Order to be sent to the Philippines. His wish was not granted, but he was told that a Bishop of the Order laboring in Tennessee stood sorely in need of priests to minister to the wants of his flock. To Bishop Miles, O. P., he was accordingly

sent. This was in the year 1840. years later he was joined by Vilarrasa.

After laboring some years in this field, Father Alemany was elected Provincial of the Eastern Province of the Order in the United States. The Monterey, California, becoming vacant, Father Montgomery of that Province offered him the episcopal dignity, but for various reasons he did not choose it. About the same time a General Chapter of the Dominican Order reported the presence of Fathers Alemany and Vilarrasa in Rome. The See of Monterey had not yet been filled, as well-known learning, zeal and piety Father Alemany suggested him to Pope as a fitting subject for episcopal honors and labors. He was consecrated Bishop of Monterey on the thirtieth of June, 1850. He laid down his mitre and crozier thirty-four years later.

Bishop Alemany, realizing the power and influence of the Religious Orders, resolved to establish them once in his diocese. His mind naturally turned first to his own Order. Accordingly he invited his fellow-Dominican Father Vilarrasa, to accompany him to California. But the weaker ones of the flock also needed attention, and he sent the required aid in Mother Mary Goemaere, a member of the Second Order of St. Dominic in Paris. She came to the United States in company with postulants from one of the convents of the Third Order, established by the Lacordaire. Reaching the Dom Convent at Somerset, Ohio, it was thought advisable to exchange postulants for two Sisters of that con-

* His friends will be pleased to learn that a brother of this venerated priest is yet living, although now eighty years of age, in the Dominican Monastery of San Marco, Florence. He is one of the most learned priests in the monast-

tion, Sister Mary Francis Stafford, some years professed, and Sister Mary Aloysia O'Neil, yet a novice. Sister Mary Aloysia having to remain in the Mother House till she had completed her time of probation and made her profession, Sister Mary Francis remained also to be her companion to California.

life-long friend of the Bishop, Hon. D. J. Oliver of San Francisco, subsequently elevated to the dignity of a Roman Count by Pius the Ninth. All on board were especially kind to the lone Religious.

An amusing incident in connection with the crossing of the Isthmus has often been told by our friends. At that



BISHOP ALEMANY.

Accordingly Bishop Alemany, accompanied by Father Vilarrasa and Mother Mary, started for California, via New York, Aspinwall and Panama. The ship in which the saintly trio sailed was called the Crescent City. On board were many Catholics seeking a fortune in the distant West, amongst whom was the

period mules were employed to transport passengers from Aspinwall to Panama. Our travellers found it impossible to secure more than two animals, so the Bishop and Father Vilarrasa mounted one, Mother Mary the other, and gaily proceeded on the journey. But the double weight was more than even a mule could

bear; so he manifested the full extent of his mulish nature by refusing to proceed one step further. The Bishop and companion were helpless, wondering what was to be done, when a vigorous blow from Mother Mary soon conquered the mule's obstinacy, and the journey was completed without further incident.



MOTHER MARY.

On November 16 the party left Panama on the steamer Columbus; they reached San Francisco December 6.*

From the *Daily Alta California*, December 10, 1850, we quote:

"The Catholics of this city met this afternoon at the Church of S. Francis to greet by an address and public welcome the Rev. Joseph Alemany, Bishop of Cali-

* The joy of the Bishop on arriving at port was not without its measure of pain. The Dominican, Father Anderson, who had been laboring for about a year as a missionary in different parts of the State, and who had built the first church in Sacramento, namely S. Rose's, named in honor of the loved Dominican Patroness of America, had died but a few days before in the present capital city. Some years afterward his remains were removed to the Dominican Cemetery in Benicia.

fornia, who arrived here on the *Columbus*. This divine comes among us with a very enviable fame for ability and scholarship, which we can readily believe, knowing that the Roman Catholic Church would place in so responsible and important a station none other but one in whom it had great reliance, and for good cause. The reverend gentleman is, we believe, of Spanish origin, but has resided a long while in the United States, and will thus be able to do and assist in doing a vast amount of good to both races. May this be the result of his residence and ministrations among us, giving and receiving happy evidences of the peaceable and glorious reign of Prince Emmanuel."

From the *Herald*, December 11, 1850, we take the following:

"A large meeting of the Catholic residents of San Francisco was held last evening in the school room of the Catholic Church on Vallejo street, for the purpose of tendering a suitable welcome to Dr. Alemany, the Bishop of California, recently arrived in our midst.

"John A. McGlynn presided, with Geo. O'Doherty as secretary. The address prepared for presentation to the Bishop was read by T. Jefferson Smith, Esq., and was adopted by the assembly as the expression of their sentiments.

"Captain Dennis McCarthy announced that the sum of \$1,350 had been collected for donation to the Bishop, in order to enable him to vigorously prosecute the objects of his mission, and to visit the many points of the State now so greatly needing his presence and ministrations.

"Messrs. J. W. White, Miles D. Sweeny and Dr. P. O'Brien were selected to present the address to Dr. Alemany, which duty was performed, and they returned, accompanied by the reverend gentleman, who eloquently and feelingly responded to the compliment paid him. On motion, the address was ordered to be published in the papers of the city, when the assemblage retired."

Both of these journals* published in their issues of December 13, 1850, the text

* Poring over the musty files of those old journals one is pleasantly impressed with the tone and dignity pervading their pages—in such happy contrast to the vulgarity and sensationalism of to-day. In the report of arrivals of the good ship *Columbus*, which reached the port of San Francisco at 11 p. m., December 6, 1850, we found that the newspaper had converted Father Vilarrasa into a Bishop and reduced Bishop Alemany to the rank of a priest. Mother Mary is also mentioned in the passenger list.

of the people's address and of the Bishop's answer in English, French and Spanish. We feel that a reprint will be of interest to our readers:

To THE RIGHT REVEREND JOSEPH ALEMANY, BISHOP OF CALIFORNIA—

RIGHT REVEREND SIR: The Catholics of San Francisco, in public meeting as-

Church, the estimation in which you were held by the Hierarchy of the United States who nominated you to the Holy See for our Bishop, and the reputation you have long enjoyed for those virtues and qualifications befitting an ecclesiastical dignitary, give us the most assured confidence that you are worthy of the Episcopacy, and that your career among



FATHER VILARRASA.

sembled, feel bound to express their gratitude to Almighty God for the signal favor He has conferred upon them, in sending an exalted teacher to govern and instruct His Church in this part of the world. As your spiritual children in Christ we rejoice to meet you as our Father and Prelate, and we bid you a hearty welcome to this land.

The distinguished position to which you had been already raised in the

us will furnish an exemplification of the character described by the inspired writer: "Behold a great priest who, in his time, pleased God and was found just, and in the time of wrath was made a reconciliation."

We feel deeply sensible of the exertions you have made to secure for us the services of a zealous and devoted Priesthood from Spain, France, Ireland and the United States; and we are sure the whole

community will participate in the pleasure it has afforded us to learn that you have also taken measures to enlist in the cause of Religion here, the Sisters of Charity—those self-sacrificing handmaids of Christ, who are everywhere found ministering angels to suffering humanity.

Upwards of two centuries have passed away since the standard of the Cross was planted on this soil, since the sons of S. Ignatius, S. Francis and S. Dominic first impressed the heart of the California savage with the benign influence of the Gospel; and we dwell with pleasure on the contemplation that for you and for your fellow-laborers, it may, in the Providence of God, be reserved, to complete the good work then so zealously commenced, by diffusing not only among the aboriginal inhabitants, but the unconverted also who have come hither of late years from the various nations of the world, a knowledge of that Faith by which alone their temporal and eternal happiness can be secured. No portion of this great continent presents a more inviting or more interesting field for the missionary of the Gospel than California. Every bay and river, every mountain and valley, throughout the length and breadth of this beautiful land, is, in the name it bears, a silent but unimpeachable witness of the efforts of your predecessors in extending the Kingdom of Christ. And although the civil government which formerly ruled here has been supplanted by another, the spiritual government of our Holy Mother the Church, the Spouse of Christ, continues unchanged and unchangeable; and your presence here this day is a proof that she is still as solicitous to secure the eternal welfare of her children as she had been, centuries ago, when she sent her missionaries to preach the same glad tidings of Redemption on the shores of the Pacific.

"On the part of our separated brethren in this city who are American citizens we also venture, Right Reverend Sir, to welcome you. Your lengthened residence in the United States, your attachment and reverence for our Constitution and laws, and your having long adopted our country as your home, will give you, we feel assured, a pre-eminent claim on their confidence and esteem.

"As to our fellow-citizens who are natives of the soil, and who are your kindred in language, religion and blood, we are confident we but faintly express the rapture with which they hail your arrival, when on their part also we bid you a cordial welcome.

"In conclusion, Right Reverend Sir, we all unite in tendering to you our warmest congratulations on this auspicious and eventful occasion, and we earnestly pray Almighty God to bestow upon you His

choicest blessings, to fill you with the spirit of wisdom and understanding, and long to preserve you among us to carry on the work of the ministry for His glory and the salvation of souls."

The Bishop then replied in substance as follows:

"MY DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN IN CHRIST: I should offer violence to the feelings of my heart were I to remain silent after the manifestation of your sentiments by the happily chosen organ that has just expressed them. I can read in your countenances that they are a sincere offering of a religious flock to their pastor. Such a warm manifestation being directed to the high office lately vested in the unworthy person who addresses you, excites in me the liveliest feelings of gratitude. I thank you from my heart. I feel sincerely grateful for your kind welcome, and rejoice at your religious joy.

"A long journey through rough, inhospitable countries, a sea voyage through unfriendly, boisterous and incessantly threatening waves, naturally covers with gloom the heart of the traveller; but on the other hand, if befriended by nature he finds some relief from the unavoidable tediousness and fatigue of the way. Such is the feeling experienced by a pastor whose lot is cast in a good flock, with this difference, that while the frowning elements may overwhelm the vessel, the ship that is piloted by Him who commands the winds and the sea cannot be wrecked. Human nature may be depressed by fear, imagining Providence to look on unconcerned; but it will be emboldened by the inspirations of Faith to dispel all gloomy apprehensions. Impious and designing men may threaten, imprison or exile a pastor; but they cannot kill the authority of His Church, which is the work of the hands of the Almighty, immortal like its author. I would, on this occasion, direct my thoughts to the brother of the pious prelate who consecrated me, the gloriously suffering Archbishop of Turin, but the joy of this happy meeting forbids me.

"Your religious feelings on this occasion permit nothing but happy prospects to the clergy of California. As long as the faithful will appreciate the worth of Religion, and will receive its divine influences, so long can this spiritual prosperity be guaranteed. This is one of the principal reasons why our Church in the United States has attained, in a few years, a growth like that which San Francisco has made in a few months. Two or three years ago the insignificant town of San Francisco could scarcely meet the eye of the student of geography;

the name of this large and important resounds throughout the world. At half a century ago one bishop, priests and some thousands of us formed our Church in the States; it now probably numbers 10 millions of Catholics, more than 100 clergymen, an equal number bishops, and a Hierarchy of twenty bishops and six archbishops. They were always ready to gladden heart of the wandering missionary they were his aid, they received instructions of his ministry, and God them. With equal devotion from thankful in California to their clergy, prosperity may be prophesied. God may prosper and bless His people that you may always invoke His upon me, is the prayer of my

the time the Bishop proceeded to scapal city. Monterey in 1850 was Monterey of to-day. No spacious fonte," with its beautiful parks rdens and its seventeen mile drive lovely Pacific then existed. But it was just as blue as the heavens, roar of the ocean could be heard es around.

town was then the State's capital. Governor's house is still pointed out curious visitor. In the excellent boats of every size and kind rode tor. Whalers were numerous.* sit to some old Mexican town enable one to form some idea of ey's general appearance at the Bishop Alemany's arrival.

was established the first convent fornia, called in honor of S. Cath- if Siena S. Catherine's Academy. a plain adobe house which had d to Don Guillermo Hartnett, the apparently small, while the in- abounded in deep, square rooms. house there were at once accom- ons for a day school and for a number of boarders. The lan- of the pupils was exclusively 1. Both the Bishop and Father

fact, it has been only within the few years that whale fishing has abandoned, as a nuisance to the on account of the fishers' cutting ale upon the beach, removing the and then leaving the carcass to de-

Villarrasa, who were natives of Spain, were in their element; they regularly taught in the school, without which assistance it would have been difficult to have carried on the good work.

In the following year, May 9, 1851, Sister M. Francis and Sister M. Aloysia left their convent in Ohio to join Mother Mary. The carriage stood waiting at the door while the Novice Sister M. Aloysia, subsequently known as Mother Louise, was pronouncing her vows. On their journey to California they were accompanied by Father Eugene O'Connell, afterwards the Bishop of Grass Valley, and by several Sisters of Notre Dame, amongst them Sister Mary Aloise of San Jose. The Notre Dame Sisters had been already established in Oregon, but were about to make a foundation in San Jose.

The journey of the Dominican recruits and their companions was an uneventful one, save in crossing the Chagres River, at the Isthmus of Panama, where the tropical rain, falling in torrents, almost submerged the vessel. Had it not been for the heroic efforts on the part of the travelers in bailing the water out of the boat, the whole party would have been drowned.

In due course of time the Sisters reached Monterey, after a stay of a few days in San Francisco. At the latter place the accommodations were so poor that the Sisters had to sleep on the floor. Mother Louise often said it was a night she could never forget, as she spent it in keeping the rats from walking over her face. Sister Francis, however, knowing her companion was watching, stole a few hours' sleep in spite of the intruding rodents.

We can well imagine with what feelings of joy Mother Mary received her two spiritual children in Monterey. The only language with which they were familiar was their native English tongue, while the pupils in Monterey spoke principally the Spanish. To be of service, Spanish they must learn, and to its study so earnestly did they devote themselves, receiving encouragement and assistance from the Bishop, that in an incredibly short space of time they had mastered its difficulties. When the Spanish children

were told that the names of the newly arrived nuns were Sisters Francis and Aloysia, they found difficulty in pronouncing the name as Aloysia, but insisted on calling her Sister Luisa, saying "Si, si, San Luis Gonzaga," which gradually was changed to the English Louisa, by which name Mother Louisa was known throughout her religious life in California.

We have already spoken of Mother Mary's membership in the Second Order of S. Dominic, the spirit of which is closer union with God by means of special prayer and contemplation. The Third Order combines the active with the contemplative life. Such an organization the missionary exigencies of the time then demanded. Under the rule of the Third Order of S. Dominic the community accordingly was placed.

To-day with all our conveniences of modern methods it is difficult for us to realize the hardships through which the religious pioneers of California passed. Provisions were brought from foreign ports, flour from Chile, butter from Ireland. During the famine of 1852, the account books record \$80 for a barrel of flour.

Thousands of acres of magnificent land were covered with wild oats and still wilder cattle, but no attempt was made to cultivate the soil, the multitudes that flocked to California being bent on amassing a fortune from the gold mines, and on returning to their Eastern homes as soon as this should have been accomplished. But our little band, though often suffering, never lost courage, knowing that they labored for one who would repay the least sacrifice with the hundredfold, even in this life.

Father Vilarrasa was unsparing in his efforts to instil into the young community the spirit of their holy Father. This worthy son of S. Dominic was born at Barcelona, Spain, August 9, 1814, the same year in which Bishop Alemany first saw the light at Vich. Father Vilarrasa entered the Dominican Order in 1829, and was ordained priest in the monastery of La Quercia, near Viterbo, Italy, in 1837. He was sub-master of novices for seven

years, the distinguished Lacordaire having been one of his disciples.

Father Vilarrasa possessed all the characteristics of the apostle; he was zealous, humble, meek, mortified, charitable—combining in happy degree the prudence of the serpent with the simplicity of the dove. Having entered the Order at a very early age, its austerity to him were second nature, and all those sacrifices demanded by its constitution were easy, as they ever are to those upon whom God bestows the grace of vocation. As director of the community he endeavored to teach them those principles of spiritual life, the full development of which shone forth so beautifully in his own character. The religious discipline of the House rivalled that of more primitive ages. Hours of silence, days of special prayer and fasting, regular hours for the chanting of the Office, the singing of the *Salve Regina* and the *O Lumen*, with the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and the *Inviolata* every Saturday according to Dominican custom, all were observed by the community from its birth. His special recommendation to his disciples was "Take care of the little things." While he was firm in discipline, this firmness was ever tempered with kindness. No one was better versed in the rubrics or carried out more fully the ceremonies of the Church than did this devoted priest.

The San Carlos Mission of Monterey had been served for a time by a Dominican Father from Mexico; on the return of the missionary to his own land Father Vilarrasa acted as pastor. He also went occasionally to Carmel to officiate for the Indians. In looking over the baptismal register of San Carlos, we find the early baptisms in the handwriting of the saintly Father Junipero Serra, and along in 1851 and 1852 we find the regular, print-like penmanship of Father Vilarrasa, clear and simple like his own beautiful character.

In stature, Father Vilarrasa was remarkably diminutive, which was often a source of amusement to himself. He was accustomed to relate that on a certain Sunday when he was to preach, the pulpit being rather high, he placed in it a

upon which to stand during his . He gave out the text: "A little and you shall not see me, and a little while and you shall see it the conclusion of which, the slipping from under him, Father sa disappeared from the view of gregation—a literal though unex-fulfillment of his text. On an- occasion, in the primitive days of e was going as was the custom to te Mass in one of the farmhouses. Father was extremely cold. When rived on horseback the good- l Irish woman who was the of the house, hardly allowing him alight, carried him bodily in her o the fireplace, all his protesta- to the contrary being of no

"There," she exclaimed, "sit till the priest arrives, and warm f by the fire." The good woman ken him for a small boy who was e the Mass. We can judge of her fture on learning of her mistake. her anecdote has been told to te some of the difficulties under he labored in mastering English. de an announcement on a certain to the assembled congregation as : "Next Wednesday being 'Wash- sday,' ashes will be blessed and ited before Mass." Observing an l and puzzled look on the faces of gregation, he made the announce- second time. When told of his no one appreciated the joke better l myself, and ever after Ash Wednes- mained clear in his mind. He re- Superior of the community which l established till the day of his In having possessed so saintly a r his sons have good reason to tulate themselves.

usly co-operating with the al direction of Father Vilarrasa, e forerunner of Dominican life in parts, Mother Mary de la Croix ere, who was well fitted to become indress of a religious community. is born in Belgium in 1809, six before Napoleon's terrible defeat, she remembered in a child's way. is of good family, and was closely

related to some of the first Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. In addition to the advantages of a good education, she possessed a natural tact for business. She had inherited that robust constitution for which the Belgians are famous, so that although forty years of age on entering religion, she was as active and vigorous as a young girl. Her countenance bore a striking resemblance to that of Savonarola, and, by nature, she seemed possessed of traits of character not unlike those of the great reformer. Austerities cost her nothing; she was most assuredly a perfect religious, nor could she understand any one's being in religion and needing dispensations in its service. Never even in her old age was she known to be late at choir, refectory, recreation, or any religious duty.

It was truly an edifying sight to see one more than eighty years old, when her feeble limbs could barely support the weight of her body, struggling to be on time with the youngest in the house. She required the Divine Office to be said regularly all through the earlier years of the foundation, till the labors of the Sisters became so great that the lack of time obliged them to substitute the Office of the Blessed Virgin as is said by most of the Congregations of our Sisters.

Like Savonarola, she permitted no indulgence to her body, but treated it as a servant, taking frequent disciplines and exacting the same from all the members of the community. She was devoted to the ceremonies of the Church. Herself a daily communicant, she was most particular that everything employed in the service of the altar should be of the best. Economy must be practiced in all parts of the Convent, but in God's service the cost must never be counted. Cleanliness was her great virtue, nor could she tolerate any carelessness in this respect; but in the Chapel its neglect amounted in her eyes almost to a crime. Many a novice serving as sacristan has had a cobweb or some dust in a hidden corner revealed to her knowledge by the ever-vigilant eye of Mother Mary; and, as a rule, it would hardly be necessary that it should be pointed out more than once.

The flowers with which the altars were adorned, when natural ones were out of season, were made by her hands, and great delight she took in this labor in her old age, when no longer able to be on other active duty.

The earlier account books of the Community, kept by Mother Mary, are models in penmanship and neatness; her script, like that of Father Vilarrasa, bearing a close resemblance to print.

Mother Mary, although an excellent scholar in French and possessing a fair knowledge of English, never succeeded in overcoming her French accent, and spoke English as foreigners frequently do with the grammatical construction of her native tongue. An amusing story is told of a novice making quite a laughable blunder through this peculiarity of Mother Mary. It was customary to make the Stations of the Cross during Lent on Friday afternoons at three o'clock. It was the duty of this novice to play the "Stabat Mater" during the devotions. She went to the chapel according to custom at the appointed hour, opened the organ, and commenced to put the music in place for the singers. Mother Mary, noting a delay in the entrance of the pupils to the Chapel, walked over to the Sister and said: "We will not have the Stations to-day, is it not?" The Sister interpreted her sentence in the declara-

tive, "We will not have the Stations to-day," and said with surprise, "No?"

Mother Mary, interpreting her answer in declarative also, asked this Sister to send her the Sister Sacristan to arrange about the altar decorations for the following day, which was a festival. The Sister sped on her mission, announcing that Mother Mary had told her that there would be no Stations of the Cross that day. The Superior, wondering why the bell was not rung as usual for the Friday devotions, inquired the cause, only to learn that Mother Mary had announced no services.

Shortly after Mother Mary called on the Superior to inquire into the matter. Judge of the Superior's surprise to learn that all Mother Mary's knowledge of the affair was obtained from the novice. When the novice was sent for, she reiterated the statement that her information was obtained from Mother Mary's own lips.

When the matter was finally explained, they learned the "Is it not?" which expression Mother Mary always used, was the cause of the misunderstanding between them. Only those who live in regular community life can appreciate the disorder that could be created by a delay or change in the hours of religious exercises, especially when the pupils form a part of the congregation.

To be continued.

A RONDEL.

LOUIS B. JAMES.

Through wood and glen and fairy dell,
'Mong gnarled roots with moss o'er-grown,
The Violet strayed to sadly tell
With low breathed sign and plaintive moan,
How cruel weeds had ruined her cell—
And she to other haunts had flown.

From wood and glen and fairy dell
'Mong gnarled roots with moss o'er-grown.
A whispered "peace" from Lily-Bell,
A "welcome" warm by trumpet blown,
The Violet yields to Joy's sweet spell.
She feels she lives no more alone
Through wood and glen and fairy dell,
'Mong gnarled roots with moss o'er-grown.

THE ROSARY IN ART.

THE NATIVITY.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

The world is at peace! Instead of the pomp of marshalling hosts, peaceful citizens with their families, all over the Roman empire, which at that time was regarded as the whole world, were seen, each traveling to his own city, there to be enrolled on the lists of Roman subjects. For this once Cæsar's plans were on a line with the Divine Providence and the prophecy of Isaiah, "They shall turn their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks" seemed absolutely fulfilled. Peace over the whole world, and Bethlehem, "the city of David, the least among the cities of Judah"—Bethlehem slept! The noisy crowds that had jostled each other all day pressing through the narrow gate, eager for the first conveniences, setting aside hospitalities, had settled down into satisfaction or at least resignation, and host and guest and weary animals, truly beasts of burden, had yielded to that mysterious influence which wraps not only whole cities but whole continents in the slumber which is "Tired nature's sweet restorer."

Yes, Bethlehem slept! But on the edge of the little city, one side of the jostling crowds, was a stable; rude, indeed, the original cave sheltering the ox and the ass of its owner, and over the mouth of this natural cave a shed-like entrance which broke the force of the wind and the storm. To this cave, through the shed-like entrance Joseph and his young spouse, Mary, had retired as the deep twilight found them still wanderers in the city of David; had retired to it with an ejaculation of thanksgiving, accepting without complaint their rude surroundings; for here there was quiet, was privacy; and while Bethlehem slept, Mary knelt on the rocky floor of the stable, wrapt in a trance of bliss such

as even her immaculate soul had never before known, adoring the unborn Infant in her virginal womb; desiring, more ardently than ever before, to see the Face which would be the face of her God; of her Creator, as well as of her son! Who can ever sound the depths of Mary's adoration? Who can ever imagine its sweetness, its exaltation and at the same time its humility? And as the hush of the city deepened and the hours, the moments came close to midnight, she recalled Nazareth and the midnight salutation of Gabriel, when a thrill of bliss such as she had never thought of passed through her immaculate soul, her immaculate body, and on the mantle upon which she had knelt lay the little Incarnate One Son of God and Son of Mary! For one instant she may be said to have been the only mortal worshipper, but in the next Joseph was at her side adoring the Child over whom he had watched with all a father's love, with more than any human father's care; and his adoration, united with Mary's, made the welcome to earth, to the eyes of men, of the Promised One of the people of God.

But was it only over the hills of Bethlehem, to the ears of her shepherds, that the *Gloria in excelsis* broke the midnight stillness? Bethlehem slept; the dreams of her sleepers undisturbed; but with that thrill of bliss in Mary's immaculate soul, her immaculate body, with the first transported look of the Virgin Mother on her new-born Babe, the silence of the stable was blissfully broken by the angelic song of praise, of adoration. Angels knelt with Mary and Joseph, while their companions, rousing the drowsy but faithful shepherds on their frosty hillsides with their canticle of heavenly rapture, instructed them in the

fulfillment of the prophecies. "This day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And the shepherds said to one another: "Let us go over to Bethlehem and let us see this thing that is come to pass which the Lord hath showed to us," and the coming of the shepherds fills the trio of adorers in the stable of Bethlehem, while the first flush of the aurora beautifies the orient, which makes to us as it did to Correggio "The Holy Night" in its supreme beauty, in the fulness of its bliss and its significance to heaven and earth.

Frederick von Schlegel, whose erudite dissertations are informed by the most profound religious spirit, dwells upon this picture, one of the two greatest treasures in the Dresden Gallery, in a manner which justifies us in quoting him *verbatim*: "Correggio's paintings cost me a long and earnest study to comprehend, for they may justly be compared to musical variations on one same melody or theme. His figures are to him what melody is to the musician, who, by simplest chords, unlocks a world of deep and thrilling melody. His compositions are in the highest sense of the word allegorical, and the most striking instance is to be found in the famous 'Notte,' which enables us to understand how a painter who loves and luxuriates in objects of beauty and delight should, nevertheless, have imagined and portrayed forms so hideous as those of the old man and the aged shepherd in the left foreground of that picture; but he wished to attract all eyes to the Blessed Child born for the salvation of mankind and shining with pure and holy light on the darkness of a ruined world. In order the more forcibly to work out this idea, the single ray of light which illuminates the picture is made to emanate from the body of the Saviour, nor is it thus introduced without profound thought and meditation, and with a far higher design in view than merely to excite astonishment and admiration of the painter's wonderful skill in the management of lights and chiaroscuro. Considering the subject in this point of

view, what could be more fittingly imagined than, instead of leaving the glory of the Divine appearance to be reflected back by the beauty and radiance of a few lovely and joyous forms alone, to call to mind the guilt and darkness of this degraded and ruined earthly world and its deep need of a redeeming light, by contrasting that glorious beauty with other and earth-born images of pain and suffering. Every idea expressed in the celebrated 'Notte' of Correggio is most harmonious and natural, and can scarcely fail to lead the mind above, where the countenance of Christ shines in glorious beauty over all." Let us add to this interpretation by one of the most profound of critics in any age, that in the whole range of art the bliss of Mary, Virgin and Mother has never been expressed to the eye as in this picture, where she embraces her Divine Son as He lies in the straw of the manger, encircling Him with her virginal arms, her eyes bent upon His in the rapture of a divine maternity.

Next to Correggio's Nativity we must always place Perugino's, meditative, solemn as they all are in their sweetness. The first moments of adoration are expressed in a picture which gives the Infant lying on the mantle of Mary on the floor of the stable, while she, with the grace of a lily on its stalk, with folded hands, adores the Divine word. The rapture is so silent, so profound, the virginal simplicity is so unparalleled, excepting in Fra Angelico's Annunciation, that we seem to touch the very first act of adoration of the Incarnate Word made visible to mortal eye. Opposite Mary kneels S. Joseph, the hands raised in adoring admiration of the little one for whom he, too, has longed with a desire born of the knowledge imparted to him by the angel, when he said: "Fear not to take unto thee Mary, thy wife, for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost." A framework like the door of the stable fills the center of the lofty space, within which float two adoring angels, and between them, in a circle, is the Dove of the Holy Spirit, raying forth glories. In the

middle ground, as if just approaching the stable, appear the shepherds, kneeling with the deepest devotion, followed by their flocks, while on one of the distant heights is the shepherd who heard the first call of the angel announcing the new-born Redeemer.

Another Nativity by Perugino gives the kneeling figures of the Blessed Virgin and S. Joseph in the lone stable. Close by the Virgin Mother kneel the ox and the ass beside the crib, and two solemn and beautiful figures which we might well take for angels but for the shepherd staffs in their arms. This has been often called the most beautiful of Perugino's Nativities; to which we might assent but for the virginal grace and absolute simplicity of Mary in the first we have described.

Perugino repeated this subject in the Collegio del Cambio in Perugia; the Virgin Mother and foster-father, kneeling shepherds, and high above three angels of exquisite grace and beauty, singing from a scroll the "Gloria in excelsis Deo." These are all worthy of Perugino and are unapproached as meditative representations of the Nativity.

To Perugino succeeds Lorenzo di Credi, from the same school of devout art, the studio of Andrea Verrocchio, in which they were fellow students. Some influence, as subtle as the aroma of night-blooming flowers, must have pervaded that studio, for not only Perugino and Lorenzo di Credi were Verrocchio's pupils, but Leonardo da Vinci; he did not paint a Nativity, indeed, but the art which Leonardo practiced was a sacred art.

The most precious of Lorenzo's Nativities is a circular picture in the Borghia Palace, Rome. Enough of the stable, with the two kneeling animals, is given to identify it, and Mary and Joseph are the only worshippers of the beautiful Babe with a bundle of straw for His bed, who meets His mother's look of adoration with ineffable love, and raises His

little hand toward her with a gesture of tender recognition, while the distant landscape is of exceeding beauty.

These are the "great Nativities"; these embody the narrative, the dogma, the adoration inspired in all who devoutly meditate upon this third mystery of the Rosary. But we may also add, they are the transfiguration of a picture found by skillful excavators on the walls of a corridor in the catacombs of S. Sebastian a little more than a quarter of a century ago. This picture occupies the center of an arcosolium, representing the Divine Infant in a crib. "In the poor little wooden bed in which the Divine Infant is laid," says the writer in the Bulletin of Christian Archaeology of 1878, "wrapped in swaddling clothes we might not recognize the manger," but it is distinctly indicated by the head of the ox and of the ass rising behind and almost resting upon it. The head of the Infant is crowned by a nimbus, and the Virgin Mother and foster-father are keeping adoring watch at each end of the crib. This picture dates between 313 and 350 A. D., and speaks too plainly to be misunderstood of the devotion of the early Christians to the Nativity of our Lord.

The Christmas chimes are ringing; evergreen and holly are glistening in the light of illuminated churches; the world's heart is merry; we draw our wraps around us as we hasten to the earliest Mass allowed, and the *Adeste Fidelis* greets us as we join the vast throng who have come with the shepherds to adore the new-born Son of God, Son of Mary. Let us recite at least the joyful mysteries on our Rosary before we pass again into the world's atmosphere, and as we call up to our imagination that picture in the stable of Bethlehem, may the purity and humility of the Blessed Virgin and of S. Joseph, their spirit of profound adoration, take possession of our souls, and the Infant of Bethlehem, in all the beauty of His lowliness, fill our hearts with that peace which passeth all understanding.

IN DEBT TO THREE SAINTS.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Paul Brennan stood for a moment irresolute, with an almost invisible swing of his cane. The frown on his handsome face was full of vexation. Had not Peter Donovan promised to meet him on this corner, and were they not going together to some sort of frolic? Paul did not exactly know what folly was ahead, but Peter was a gay lad—as lads go, in gay New York—and never lacked resources. To be sure, he had not Paul's superior education nor his high breeding, but idle sport was the aim of both, and in jollity Donovan was "passed master." So Brennan stood on the avenue and sulked.

But the sun was shining, with its best golden glow, on the superb marble fronts and carven cornices above and on the variegated crowd below. The effect was dazzling, and Paul was artist enough to appreciate it. So he lingered till it finally occurred to him that he was obstructing the flow of the throng, which seemed sweeping in one direction. Mechanically he followed on, also—with some vague idea that he might yet fall in with Peter—until he woke up to the fact that all these people were church-goers.

"Saint Cecilia's," he murmured, "That's it. Why, what's going on there?"

For, though a nominal Catholic, Paul, like many others, did not study the calendar to keep track of either Saints' days or services. Church, on this bright afternoon, was the last thought in his heart. Yet the silvery call of a very sweet bell was ringing its way into his consciousness.

"She is calling! Saint Cecilia!" he said to himself, dryly. "She ought to pick out a better fellow, though—better than I am—or ever shall be!"

Yet, by this time, he had nearly reached the church and just then a vibrant, melancholy voice drifted out from the choir. His quick, musical sense caught and clasped its beauty. "By Jove!" he cried, "the Saint is singing herself!"

He tried to smile at the fancy, but significantly failed.

"She is singing to me," was the next thought, and, led by some impulse that seemed too strong for him, he softly entered the church and knelt with the rest.

As the music slowly quivered and soared and fell like a sequence of silver stars—many thoughts oppressed him. His willfulness, his practical irreligion—nay, more, his open sins—the shame of it all—fell upon him like a dull blow. Conscience whispered, insistently: "You ought not to lead this life. You know better. And you ought to be making a better man of Donovan, instead of letting him spoil you."

"Lord forgive me!" he murmured.

Then, as the wonderful voice sang on of the Precious Blood and its might of pardon, a soprano voice took up the strain—a soprano so pure and sweet that it seemed like white light.

"O Madeline!" whispered the listening soul, "is it thy voice, indeed? Singing still of strength and forgiveness?"

"Da robur, fer auxilium! Give strength, bring help!"

The cry of his soul went up with the tender tones, whose pleading, mingled with the fragrance from the incense cloud, penetrated every fibre of his being. Did any one—could any one but Madeline have a voice like that? It was many years since he last heard it, yet he could hardly be mistaken. If Madeline Engelmann—Madeline his old love—were still living—if she had not joined the White Choir before the Throne—that was surely her voice. The words of the Psalmist came to him with new meaning: "My song shall be of mercy and judgment; unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing." She was singing thus, his Madeline, unto Him, the Lord, whether below, on our green earth, or in His Presence!

For him, Paul, to him, except unconsciously, she would never sing again.

foolish he had been to quarrel with those olden days! How wicked! as a little Saint, even then, and a of Christ now—at least, so he had

How far from him she had gone! 'ar, in every sense! He thought of his follies, his reckless life of What would she say, if she knew? e was indeed "in exile." He buried ad in his hands, with an impulsive i, as if hiding his unworthiness ill but God.

followed the throng that left the i, like a man in a dream. All at he heard a small, piping voice close side. He looked down and into a child's face, lit with a pair of im- g blue eyes.

y I do home wiv oo?" Brennan aly waked up. He had thought at f the Christ-Child.

iy, you little midget, where did you from?"

had striven to make his tone se- but a smile played on his lips. The one clasped his hand with the un- ing confidence of infancy, but no re- me.

say, you little piece of Christmas, did you come from?" urged Paul. re is your mother?"

' muvver is born to Heaven, where s!" A pause followed. "An' I'm there, too! Doin' wiv you!"

rhaps you will, young man," retort- ul; "but it's more than likely you ot!"

blue eyes shone like stars and the tightened on Paul's fingers. This k had in no wise disturbed the trust.

nnan began to feel embarrassed if Peter should come upon him They were passing one of the pub- quares, so Paul took his charge r out of the crowd and sat down on f the benches, wondering if he had suddenly become somebody's nurse-

rhaps the boy is a fairy change- too!" he remarked, dryly. Yet the pot in his heart had been touched. ved children, and this one appealed n strongly.

The youngster looked at him thought- fully. Then came a burst of confidence.

"If I'm dood, Dod will love me. And if you're dood, Dod will love oo!"

"Who told you that, sonny?"

"My muvver. Up in heaven is wings— lots of wings, all feavers, white ones!"

"Yes, all feathers—that is right!" as- sented Paul.

"An woses—white ones an' wed ones!"

"Yes, roses. What else?"

"An' gold, shiny things, on their heads."

"Yes, tell us some more."

"My muvver went wight up there," and the child pointed to the blue, with a reverent gesture. "Papa is there."

"An orphan child," murmured Paul. "No use to search for the parents, then. Well, who else is there?"

"Oo an' me!" A glad little laugh fol- lowed this assurance, and a decided toss of his curls showed he had done giving information.

It flashed upon Paul's mind that some souls have a special devotion to the Holy Infancy; he had begun to understand it. Yet what could he do with the child—he had no home other than an unattractive boarding-house. "I should not be sport- ing round so much with Donovan if I had!" he murmured, in self-exculpation. Luckily, just then rescue appeared in the distance. He caught sight of a young priest whom he knew, Father Doucette, the assistant at S. Francis de Sales'.

"I hope he will come this way," thought Brennan, "and tell me what to do with this child. Stray lambs are in his line!"

The approach of the other soon gave him his opportunity. His previous determined avoidance of the young ecclesiastic was all forgotten; if Father Doucette remembered he gave no sign, but returned Brennan's eager greeting with like cordiality.

"But whom have we here?" he inquired kindly, stroking the baby's curls. His Majesty graciously permitted the caress. "What is your name, my little man?"

"Rafe—Rafe-el."

"Ah, an angel's name, baby? Raphael. Now, dear, what is the other name?"

But his Majesty had taken refuge in silence. The red of the setting sun flung a Titianesque warmth that was almost glory on the golden curls and the blue eyes held suggestions of sleep. Brennan related how he had found his cherub—or rather how his cherub had found him—and the other met the case at once. "Take him up to S. Aloysius"—the Children's Home on Jeffers Square—and pass him over to Sister Evangelist. Tell her, if you like, that I stand sponsor for you both!" And with a pleasant laugh and touch of his hat, Father Doucette went his way.

Brennan lost no time in following this advice. All went well at the Home. Sister Evangelist, a tall, sweet-faced nun, welcomed "the little angel"—as she at once named him—and the boy went to her confidingly, as he had to Paul. Suddenly a new idea struck Brennan and struck him with force. Here was a charity! Was it not his duty to help it on? What right had he—what moral right—to add one more to this little flock—one more mouth to be fed—without adding, in due proportion, to its bread and butter fund? The warm color flushed his fine face. His purse was nearly empty! The money he had wickedly squandered with Donovan wou'd have enabled him, now, to do the handsome thing. But, alas, it was gone! What could he do? Then a fresh thought came to him, like a gleam of salvation. "I will remember S. Aloysius with a gift at Christmastide if not earlier," he said eagerly, and Sister Evangelist thanked him with a beaming smile.

He had gotten out of his dilemma, to be sure, but he had given a promise. Paul Brennan had a strong sense of honor and he saw he stood at a turning of the ways. "No more fun, now, my boy!" he reflected. "Go back on Peter and all his doings—because you'll have to! No matter what he thinks—but you can't go back on your word!" Yet he strolled back, pleased with himself, after all; and dreamed that night of S. Aloysius and a bevy of small angels.

He never knew just how it came about. He had to be economical; dollars seemed,

somehow, to have a greater value than ever before! Peter laughed at him, and then deserted him for other and merrier companions. He found himself making friends with Father Doucette and picking up religious duties. One thing led to another. He had a hard struggle with many temptations but came off victorious! And the dollars for his Christmas offering piled up famously. "Can't afford anything nowadays!" he asseverated gaily. "I am in debt to S. Aloysius."

He had found a motive for self-denial; it was a new experience, strange, yet not wholly unpleasant. He grew more and more fond of the little Raphael, whose relatives failed to appear and were sought for in vain. The boy wore about his neck a tiny medal of the Sacred Heart, of which he was very proud.

"Mine!" he said, with a fine air of proprietorship. "My muvver dive me it!" So Sister Evangelist knew that the mother had been a Catholic. Paul learned much about the other children, in his frequent visits, and about the general management of the Home. His sympathies were strongly enlisted. "If I only had money on a large scale, like my uncle Ezra, I would endow it," he remarked one day to Father Doucette. He was becoming attached to the priest, also, finding him as companionable as Donovan, but in a far different way. "Even as it is, I would beg my uncle to leave it a small sum in his will; but he is a New Englander and a staunch Protestant, so it is useless to ask."

"We can ask Heaven," replied the good Father, gently. "We can ask our dear Lord. More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

After this Paul frequented the Advent Masses at S. Francis', and Father Doucette saw with delight that his own influence—or some other more potent—was moulding the wayward young man to higher things. At S. Cecilia's, too, Paul appeared occasionally, to hear the wonderful alto in the sad yet uplifting Advent Antiphons—those ancient cries of the Church for the coming of her Lord—cries which seem half joy and half-wailing of woe. But the clear soprano was not in the choir, nor did his inquiries for her produce any solid results.

, however, brought Peter Dono-
ng into his room in a state of
ht. "Here's a telegram for you
; to us!" he cried eagerly. He
of breath, having come up "on
e quick" from the big notary's
re he made a pretense of read-

"My principal says, 'Tell
his uncle has died, and that the
ate of the late deceased falls to
ill.'" He opened the telegram like a man
um. It contained a notification
ath and date of funeral.

"Rest his soul!" murmured Paul,
ng us all to His everlasting
!"

" responded the other, with a
ace.
n had not taken the great tid-
the enthusiasm his friend ex-

thanks, Donovan, for bringing
he continued. "You are very

nce ensued, after which the
ir remarked slowly, "Now I can
debt to S. Aloysius!"

it Peter only stared and went
the office muttering, "Debts,
! Well, I am puzzled!"

ent down to the New England
f "Uncle Ezra" and found his
ritance a very solid one. Some-
made him sad. He was a lonely
pite his new wealth; there was
ejoice in it or share it except the
ael. Without Madeline life was
. He thought of his uncle's
ld age, wondering if his own lot
e the same.

me Christmas was coming on
wing to legal preliminaries, he
t yet touch the funds of his
state, so his Christmas gift could
his own small savings after all;
knew the cost of sacrifice they
ted, and the dear Lord knew it,

ill accept it in reparation!"—the
sprang from the young man's
and for the sake of His Holy
sus. "I must make an offering at
a's, too; for it was there I found
. Truly the Saint's gift was a

sweet one!" he added, thinking anew of
the blue eyes, dark as the ocean, and the
mist of golden hair.

"Anyway, the baby must have a Merry
Christmas, and the other babies, too." So he invaded the toy-shops and Sister
Evangelist rejoiced.

The soft snows had come drifting down
in ermine flakes and the chill of true
Christmas weather was in the air, when
Paul set out for the Orphanage of S.
Aloysius. The bells were ringing out
gay carols as he made his way through
the crowded streets. He found a Christmas Crib at the Home and a distribution of gifts. Raphael was lovely, indeed, as he stood there, clasping a big bunch of holly with its scarlet berries. He seemed a true flower of Noel; his starry eyes glowed with excitement, his cheeks had caught a pale scarlet flush, as of pomegranate blossoms. Sister Evangelist was more than ever impressed with the remarkable character of the child's beauty. Other pretty children there were, but none like this one. Then, suddenly, behind Sister Evangelist's white winged cap appeared a pale face—the face of a beautiful girl, her dark eyes luminous with a joy beyond words. It was Madeline Engelmann, Paul's Madeline.

He stood still for a moment, fairly dizzy with delight. Then in another second he was bending over her and taking both her hands in his. That silent moment held a world of love and reconciliation. Madeline's heart was in her eyes; and Sister Evangelist, watching them, knew there would soon be a real home for the boy Raphael.

Some hours later, as the two were walking home beneath the stars, Paul tried to express his gratitude for all this Christmas joy.

"We will have a dear little home, Madeline, and a place in it for 'the little angel,' but there are also other things to do. You see, dear, I am in debt to three Saints! To S. Aloysius, for its shelter of Raphael—we must make Sister Evangelist happy with a huge gift—and to S. Cecilia, for there I found him."

"Yes, to S. Cecilia. So am I, Paul!
For there I found you!"

"Did you sing there once at Benediction?"

"Yes, I saw you there, kneeling. My heart went out to you as I sang! Do not blame yourself too much for the past, Paul. You seem to have been doing many good deeds of late. Father Doucette and Sister Evangelist both say so. And I love you for every one of them. Yes, we must remember S. Cecilia's."

"And S. Francis', Father Doucette's church."

"And why S. Francis?"

"Because we are going to be married there."

A happy little blush suffused the pale face, a wave of shyness, like the opening of a Christmas rose.

"Yes, dear!" cried Paul, "as long as I live it will be most especially S. Francis!"

ON THE HILLS.

CHAS. J. PHILLIPS.

Can you imagine a man trying to love and enjoy Nature, and leaving out God? The fool saith in his heart, "There is no God." How long can the fool endure?

O sweet, still hills, in all your sunny vesture,
And waving wheat-fields in the wind afloat!
O robin in the wood's edge, lavishlying
Pouring sweet music from your bursting throat!
O cool shade lying darkly in the oak woods,
And hot sun beating on the rain-washed sand!
O music of the woods and fields and sunlight,
O happy songs of my dear country-land!
Dear songs of ripening sun—still songs of moonlight,
Music of fields, deep of my soul a part—
Music of day and night, of birds and breezes,
Sweet symphonies of Earth—you break my heart!
Out of the lushy coolness of the black marsh
The frogs are chirping, tremulous and shrill,
O frogs and yellow moon, why do you mock me?
O hear me, big heart of my Lonely Hill!

But robins' solos are for sunlit wheat-fields;
And wheening cat-birds to the tree tops whine,
Frogs croak to rainy ponds, and low winds answer.
Each call is heard—but no one answers mine.
I stand alone, out in the voiceless starlight,
The hills are dumb, the yellow moon wanes white—
So cold and white!—and from the dusky marshes
Only the frogs' clear song breaks on the night.
Yes, all alone I stand—the world is sleeping—
The world below me, and the stars above.
Ah, ves! the stars—the sky—the outstretched shelter,
The shielding arms of God—my God of love!

Ah, now the frogs are singing very sweetly!
Oh, all the world sings sweetly—every part!
The winds, the birds, and soon the warm, red sunrise!
O song of fields and woods, you heal my heart!

THE SECRET OF GROSSMEISTER CLIFFS.

MARGARET D. O'BRIEN,

CHAPTER XX.—THE JOUST.

Landry knew that man is much sed by external appearances and though his normal condition is to ve active and passive senses, with much-abused basis, "common still these senses are as varied, i, tinctured, as the moral peculiars of each character, and are i by individual sentiments and ns; hence his anxious prepara-for the joust and the races. He to harmonize persons, places and . sought to avoid jarring and dis-e. His arrangements were inter-of taste and judgment, suiting the ter of the entertainment, yet r elaborate nor expensive. This of thought, this easy combination ; useful with the beautiful, formed ient traits of his character. The with which he brought in nice disns was rare and admirable, and productive of satisfactory results. who were to figure as knights im-his spirit and desired to be knights racter as in name.

age of chivalry phases one of the beautiful periods of the modern lan world, blending as it does the t impulses of charity with the t teaching of Christianity and ed by the sanction of the Church. rs differ as to the date, origin and r of the grand old Military Orders, oest of them belong to the time of usades; the twelfth and thirteenth es gave them birth. Chivalry in st development was an instrument ace, an agent of morality. The : on his accession to the Order to fear, reverence and serve God usly, to battle for the Faith, to ther than renounce Christianity, to thful to his lord, to support the of weak, of the widow and the n, never to offend the neighbor de-

liberately, never to undertake an action through motives of sordid gain, and to keep his faith inviolably with regard to all. Such was the kind of chivalry that the Catholic Church sanctioned, that was extended by the Crusades, and that rose to its loftiest expression in the Military Orders. Hence it became in the hands of the Church a most powerful auxiliary for the advancement of civilization. But we must carefully distinguish between this kind of chivalry, which was a form or expression of Catholic life, and that which, at a later period, was but the embodiment of a worldly principle. The former claims our admiration, because it was an agent of immense good in the diffusion of sound morals. The latter, on the contrary, which aimed solely at the exaltation of material beauty, which pushed virtue to extravagance by assuming the existence of higher motives than those of the Christian Faith, which introduced an imaginary and independent principle of honor outside of the duty imposed by the Divine law, and which, consequently, undertook to legitimatize the duel, or the resentment of injury by deadly combat—such chivalry, far from being approved by the Church, was always held in abhorrence.

Hence upon reflection we find the terms chivalry and illustrious knight convey in themselves the highest and noblest human attributes. A genuine test of the heroic character of those thus titled is—all mankind at once feel and give expression to the truth in the character; thus the knight of old was not alone above his fellows in birth and riches, but in bravery, self-sacrifice and virtue. Excited from his youth by love of virtue and valor, he sought occasions to test his courage, to wield a sword or split a lance for God, honor or his lady love—whose name he desired to immortalize by deeds of prowess. High-born mothers taught their sons first to

love and serve God; second, to cherish honor; and third, to protect and defend the poor and afflicted. Thus we find kings, princes and nobles becoming knights, leaders of men, heroes and saints. Great and noble women must have been these mothers of olden times! They looked more to high principle and virtue than to fortune and fame. May the time come when we shall see their like among us living, active and teaching! Then shall the men become knights without fear and without reproach.

The tilting ground was some distance from the Hall, on the verge of a wood, fronted by extensive meadows, fringed with stately oaks, magnolias and oleanders, with pastures beyond. The ground from the wood sloped gradually to level land, where a quadrangular space was enclosed for the lists. Entrances were made east and west to suit the race course. To right and left of each stood a colored post to be guarded by heralds. Whatever knight was forced beyond these or whose chargers touched their bases would be obliged to yield to his antagonist and retire from the lists as vanquished. Beyond the entrance were pavilions, to the east those of the knights challengers, to the west those of the challenged. Both sets would soon be crowned with the colors and crests of the respective parties. In each pavilion sat a squire, who, as in times of chivalry, was to remove the knight's armor, attend to his robes and see to his general wants. In the woods, back of the lists, were tents for refreshments. Outside the quadrangle, north and south, circular galleries had been raised. In the center of the latter stood the queen's throne, canopied and awned with pale rose-colored stuff. The immediate covered seats on each side were for ladies of honor and guests. High above the canopy waved the "Stars and Stripes," half way down from them the pennons and legends of the knights. The back of the throne chair showed a shield; the field azure the common charge, argent, a pelican in piety, with bordure and devices of knights counter-charged. The supporters showed sheaves of sugar-cane

and small cotton trees. The mantling and legend, "Union, Justice and Counter-charged, the whole surmounted fide," were tinctured as the shield, by a cross fleury or.

Opposite to this throne was another, alike in grace and elegance of design, but different in its decorations. Above the canopy floated proudly the flag of Louisiana; beneath it the colors of those entered for the races and the names of their steeds on small pennants. The shield on the throne chair showed the arms of the Holy Father Pius the Ninth and those of the Archbishop of New Orleans. On both sides of this throne were covered seats for the suite of his Grace, his clergy and other distinguished guests; the remaining gallery seats were for general spectators. Some yards north of the thrones a rough arch sprang from light shafts and spanned the lists. This was decorated with evergreens, floral wreaths, pennons and many heraldic devices worked and blazoned, to honor the queen of love and beauty. This arch created universal curiosity, but the earl-marshall imposed silence on this point until the moment for action had arrived.

The picture was striking—the gay pavilions, decorated arch, circus seats and towers—all flanked in north and south by dark pines and royal oaks, while east and west stretched endless, undulating plains, dotted here and there with clusters of oleander or magnolia.

The race course—a two-mile track—was well chosen. It contained three leaps, one a high breastwork, staked, five feet six inches; second, a patch of stone wall, six feet three inches, and third, a bit of water nigh eighteen feet wide. Old champions of the turf who had been called in to examine its condition declared it capital. If other things corresponded with the arrangements, the hopes of success which all parties entertained should be verified, both in regard to pleasure and finance. The fete had been widely published, arousing interest even among strangers, so that those concerned had reason for cherishing hopes of satisfactory results.

A committee of gentlemen was formed.

J. H. Devereux in the chair. The treatment of knights, squires, judges, ds and other officers called for a number of gentlemen, consequently insured the attendance of their s and friends. Arrangements were with different railway companies press trains and with steamboat for chartered boats, so that no insiience might arise from want of ng conveyance. One railroad comffered to take all horses entered lists and races to and from Oakle of charge.

s were drawn up for the races. minutes of the meetings were pub- and a few days brought the fol- entries: First race: Mr. H. ont's Lady Bird; Mr. T. Barry's Mr. J. J. Talbot's Bayard; Mr. S. Auliffe's Jackson. Second race: Landry's Sapphire; Mr. Rene ey's Cherokee; Mr. A. Devereux's ; Mr. E. M. Flagherty's Reine. the horses were to be ridden by owners, except Major Landry's; Mr. Jr. would ride for him. No post should be accepted unless for ds or squires. Time seemed to for those desirous for the fete, it flew with electric speed for the s themselves, so much had they n and practice.

weather had been very cold, some lark and stormy, others of con- rain. Occasionally a rather warm could remind Starry of one, a few ago, which she never could forget. derered, as she watched the great descend, if the creek were swollen : any horse and rider were in : if so, would a certain stranger r to guide and protect? How last'e some pictures! How loth is y to pull them from the walls! solves to destroy them, takes them looks at them, grows faint-hearted verently re-hangs them.

uary 22 dawned fair and clear; oft xiously had it been looked for by t Oakley, and here it was, all that e desired.

early hour the plantation hands, i by Mrs. Rogers, bore various

baskets, hampers and boxes to the tents adjoining the lists; soon wagons laden with other boxes and cases arrived: each one was busy attending to the part as-signed.

Bella had long since been duly elected queen, to the delight of Mr. and Mrs. Schiller. Her costume was exquisite—a pale rose-colored velvet with front panels and bodice of white velvet slashed with gold and studded with jewels—the waist came high about the neck, while long flowing sleeves trimmed with soft cream lace of fabulous worth covered her shapely arms. From her left shoulder depended a lace scarf, fastened with a diamond clasp; she wore a star of diamonds to match in her rich, dark hair.

"She is every inch a queen," thought the girls, as she walked in the drawing-room, that they might see if her costume were worthy her beauty and dignity. The spell of her loveliness held them silent; so regal she seemed that they forgot this was the girl with whom they had studied, played and quarreled.

She misunderstood their silence, and turning, with tears in her lustrous eyes, said: "I have disappointed you; I tried my best to be as you wished."

Starry, awakened from her reverie by the tone of pain, sprang forward, clasped Bella's burning hands in hers. "Oh, no, no, Bella; we are silent because we are so pleased."

"You are lovely as a picture," said Bertie, affectionately kissing her brow, "and I hope our queen's soul is as rich in virtue as her royal robe is in jewels."

"I do not think it is," said Bella with a sigh, and at the same time she looked wistfully from one face to another, as if she would make sure that each was satisfied.

"I would like to rest," she said languidly.

"Yes, dear—here comes your maid, we shall leave you and go to dress."

"Is it only now you go?" exclaimed Mrs. Landry coming in watch in hand. "You have to be on the grounds at 11 A. M."

"We shall not be long, mamma," replied Bertie, and off they tripped, gay as larks.

With what eyes youth looks upon the world. No wonder that some critics write that all the beauty of earth and sky exists in the soul of the beholder, not in the objects beheld—were it in the object would it not always affect alike?

"Thus things terrestrial wear a different hue,
As youth or age persuades, and neither true,
So Flora's wreath through colored crystal seen,
The rose or lily appears blue or green,
But still the imputed tints are those alone,
The medium represents and not their own."

Already were the grounds crowded. Wagonnettes, busses, carriages, buggies and other vehicles dashed in from every point. The Oakley, Devereux and Courtney carriages met the trains, while others attended to the boats. A blast of trumpets having announced the hour, the orchestra opened with the march from "Oberon," "See the Conquering Hero Comes." The procession moved from the Hall. Four heralds handsomely mounted lead, next squires gearing their masters' lances, each leading his master's steed, then the knights with visors down. The riders in the race followed, in colors as they were to appear on the course, and preceded by stewards, judge, clerk of the course and other officers. Then came the earl-marshal, the carriages of the queen and those of her ladies of honor, attended by several mounted guards. The procession slowly made the round of the lists, amid the well-suppressed and yet enthusiastic admiration of the crowds. Many and warm were the words of greeting and approbation that ever and anon swelled into a burst of welcome as each party's favorite appeared.

Again the trumpet's blast—the knights, squires attendants fall into position round the queen's throne—silence prevailed; the queen, assisted by the earl-marshal and attended by her maides of honor, ascended her throne, honored guests took their seats as pre-arranged. Then the earl-marshal leads the Archbishop to the throne opposite, where he

is surrounded by his clergy and other guests.

The queen and Archbishop having been enthroned, the earl-marshal drew up the knights and squires in a semi-circle before the queen. The people spontaneously burst into expressions of applause. Brave and handsome looked the knights; two were of S. Patrick, and well its costume set off their athletic forms. The doublet and nether garment of dark olive green, slashed with silver, with hose and shoe ornaments to match. The mantle of rich sky-blue tabinet, lined with white silk, and fastened with a cordon of blue silk and gold with tassels. On the right shoulder fell the hood, of the same material as the mantle. The initials K. P. were worked on the inside. The collar of the order is formed of roses alternating with harps tied together with a knot of gold; the roses enamelled alternately white within red and red within white. For the center imperial crown our knights substituted an American eagle, surmounting a golden harp from which was suspended the badge, of gold and oval, surrounded by a wreath of shamrocks proper on a gold field; within this was a band of sky-blue enamel charged with the motto of the order, *Qvis Separabit*, in gold letters. Within this band were saltire gules surmounted by a shamrock without the crown. The field of the cross was argent. One knight wore the collar and badge, the other only the star, which differed from the badge in being circular, and instead of the wreath of shamrocks had eight rays of silver. It was attached to a blue ribbon, and worn on his shoulder. Their helmets were steel with five bars or, charged as the badge and surmounted by three olive green plumes tipped with gold. The field of each shield was azure, with a chief argent and charged as the badge. The caparisons of their steeds, olive green bordered with green shamrocks, and initialed "K. P." The multitude called them the Knights of the "Shamrock," or "K. P."

Howard Stanley was a "Knight of the Garter," an order instituted by Edward III. of England, and, though not as

some other orders, equal in e author says it excelled, in nd honor, all orders of the is said to have been devised to the party of the King such no-re likely to aid him in his war ance, and intended as an imitating Arthur's Round Table. King myself was a Knight.

y of the garter is: The Count-sbury let fall her garter while with the King. His Majesty up and tied it around his own i observing the jealous glances en, he restored it to the Count; "Honi soit qui mal y pense," which was adopted as the motto r. This anecdote has as much many of those connected with itions. Most writers agree that was instituted in honor of the lly, the Blessed Virgin, S. Ed-Confessor, and S. George, who on of England, and after whom s are also called.

-known emblem is a dark blue ed with gold, bearing the or- o in golden letters, with a id pendant of gold richly his our Knight wore on the left e below the knee. His mantle ie velvet lined with taffeta; a idered on the left breast. The surcoat were of crimson velvet he mantle. His helmet black stripes crimson, his only crest sh plumes, centered with black hers and fastened to the hel-band of jewels. The collar of composed of twenty-six pieces, form of a garter. The George S. George on horseback en-the dragon; it is attached to A lesser George was attached ribbon and worn over the His shield was vert charged tar of the order argent, with s in the center, the cross of S. es, encircled with the garter counter-charged.

ne the Knight of the "Golden se costume and mantle were of et, bordered with golden lil- met, steel—its device, a lily.

His shield was parted per pale purpure and or, with a lily counter-charged. Harry Beaumont chose a costume of black velvet, slashed with gold; helmet steel, with black plumes; shield or, charged with cross-moline and the legend, "Pro fide."

Lastly, the Knight of the "Blazing Star," named from the brightness of the star on his shield, in costume of purple velvet, with linings and hose to match; an ostrich plume of the same color adorned his steel helmet. The field of his shield was argent, with a bordure azure, bearing the legend, "Se tu segui tua stel-la," in letters of gold; his charge a star of brilliants. Powerful he looked, yet he seemed light and easy of grace.

Many were the queries as to who each might be, but most eager of all were the spectators to discover him of the "Blazing Star." Perhaps, of the thousands present except Knights and officers, but one frail girl felt rather than knew who he was, and yet she even was ignorant of his name.

To decide who were to be the Knights challengers and the challenged, the Earl Marshal presented a box to the Queen containing three white and three red balls. The Knights who drew the red would be the challengers. Each knight came forward to draw, immediately returning to his place in the circle. The last knight having drawn, the trumpet sounded a blast, and heralds called aloud: "Honor to the sons of the brave!" The people took up the shout, which grew and swelled until its strength seemed to rock the galleries. The knights, with lances lowered, gracefully saluted the Queen, acknowledged the people's greeting and rode to their respective places in the lists.

He of the "Blazing Star," "Pro Fide" and the "Garter's Knight" were the challenged. They moved to the pavilions, where their shields and colors instantly appeared. A trumpet blast for silence—the barriers fall—heralds advance to proclaim the laws of the joust:

First, only arms of courtesy were to be allowed.

Second, each knight might choose his

antagonist.

Third, any knight unhorsed, or whose horse was forced beyond the columns, or even to touch them, should yield himself vanquished and retire.

Fourth, the earl-marshall should declare which had borne himself best in arms; the Queen was to award him the prize and bestow on him the laurel crown.

Now the Knights of the Cross Moline and of the "Star K. P." advanced to the pavilions of the challenged, touched the shields of "Pro Fide" and the "Gartered Knight." They pranced or paced a little to show how gallantly they could manage their noble barbs. A flourish of trumpets; the knights gazed at each other through their visors, spurred their chargers, and, with lance in hand, at full gallop, advanced in a straight line. They struck each other on the visors with a force that shattered the lance of the "Golden Lily," while "Pro Fide," bearing his lance, passed without halting.

Cheers filled the air.

"A Pro Fide! Pro Fide!" cried the people. Anon: "A Lily Or! A Lily Or!"

Meantime, a display of skill between the "Gartered Knight" and "K. P." drew thundering applause.

"Gartered Knight! Gartered Knight!" roared hundreds.

"No, no; K. P.! K. P.! Our lives for the shamrock and green!"

And certainly "K. P." was gallant and agile as a deer, but, in making a turn, his horse stumbled. The "Gartered Knight" took his vantage, and while the cheer for "K. P.'s" victory rang out, he was unhorsed and the "Gartered Knight" triumphant.

Now, he and the "Golden Lily" were opposed to "Pro Fide." "Blazing Star" looked on; he would let the boy win his spurs. Gallantly and handsomely the young knight tilted, meeting, parrying and returning his adversary's blows. Twice his good lance splintered and twice had his squire its place supplied, and still he held his opponents at bay. His disciplined charger bore him through each straight, confronting, charging, retreating with wondrous dexterity. This, no less than the knight's expert valor, won

unbounded admiration. Now, the "Lily Or" retreated in order to increase his advance force, when "Pro Fide," bearing down upon him as he turned, by a skillful movement forced him on his haunches. In his exertions to regain his vantage his steed touched the column. The heralds proclaimed him vanquished. Loud and long the cheers called forth by this brave feat.

"Right and fairly done," quoth the earl-marshall, while the multitude shouted: "Pro Fide! Pro Fide!"

"Pro Fide" turned to meet the "Gartered Knight," who pressed him home. Every heart beat faster, every eye was fixed. "Pro Fide" must touch the barrier—he is so near! One single pace! one false move! he is over! Oh! a great sob heaves the multitude! The dust settles—he holds his own. Lo! he passes the "Gartered Knight," his lance whole,—every nerve alive, he turns with full striking force to meet his antagonist; his barb rears, his lance is raised, the "Gartered Knight" is unhorsed!

"O Pro Fide!" "Gallant Pro Fide!" "Our Pro Fide!" And the voice of the people was a mighty roar.

"Pro Fide," gracefully saluting the galleries, rode through the lists, did homage to his Queen and passed beyond the pavilions.

Now the Knight of S. Patrick touched the shield of "Blazing Star." Instant silence—the surging, human sea was stillled! This was felt to be the combat of the joust. They adavnce at full gallop; their first lances are split; new ones are supplied. Again they advance, thrust, pass each other, turn, give or parry blows with admirable skill. They halt to see what advantage may be gained. Their chargers are excellent; they manage them as they please. They strike spurs; again the stroke upon their helmets draw sparks from their eyes and split their lances. Again the circles ring with applause: "Vive Blazing Star! Victoria!" "Bravo, K. P., bravo! The shamrock forever!"

Again they glare at each other through their visors, when "Blazing Star," after eastern fashion, made a short turn to get

"off guard. "K. P." also knew this and swiftly wheeled his charger in to parry the blow. They fought rounds thus, without either being off guard, when all unanimously said that each had well and honorably jested, and that each had equal to a prize from the queen of love and beauty.

"so," cried a herald, advancing to center of the lists and proclaiming: "The three champions he alone who, riding at full speed, shall bear off the lance point yon suspended ring be entitled to the prize."

Yes turned to the arch where hung a hand of great worth, sparkling in sun, with a small weight attached to it steady. The three champions, having been supplied with fresh steeds, stood in line in view of the spectators. They awaited the signal to start. "Blazing Star" was the favorite; yet he preferred rather to shun than to court publicity.

Signal given, forward dash the rider. "K. P." kept first by half a length. "Fide" next, "Blazing Star" last. "Fide," approaching the arch, passed him, grasped his long lance midways, holding it above his head, swept it through the arch, only touching the ring. "Fide" and "Blazing Star" also failed. "Pro Fide" went up for the second round, "K. P." last. "Pro Fide" second and "Blazing Star" last. "K. P." raised his lance too and missed again. "Pro Fide" came nearer before he must succeed now. He held his lance nicely, lifted it! He . The multitude cheered: "He must have the ring!" But lo! he had only missed it. "Blazing Star" passed without a third round the prize must be won.

"Blazing Star" was still last. Anon, he dashed forward, threw the reins loosely over the barb's neck, spoke softly in a foreign tongue, and swift as the wind before the steed that he rode. Outspeeding his fellows, he flies through the arch, his spear, its point flashing. Slackening as he reached the Queen, he fully lowered his lance and dropped it in her lap. The earl-marshall

made him a sigh. Lowering his lance and motionless as a statue, he awaited that dignitary's commands. All admired the wonderful dexterity with which he managed his fiery steed, while the mighty shout which had greeted his feet died away.

Once more the knights drew up in line before the throne, while heralds proclaimed that the earl-marshall adjudged the chaplet of honor to "Blazing Star," which now the queen of love and beauty should place upon his brow. Earl-marshall and knight approached the throne amid joyous cheers. The knight bent on one knee, the earl-marshall removed his casque, revealing a face new to the multitude, and recognized by few among the guests. The queen started, and some noticed how her hand trembled as the laurel touched his brow, otherwise she was self-possessed as became her dignity. Starry's instinct was correct; this was her knight. As he rose from the throne his eyes for an instant sought hers; their glance met; her face flushed, again she felt the peace of his presence about her and was silent. It was only chance, she reasoned, that carried his glance her way. Why allow it to occupy her mind? But reason as she would her thoughts turned back to him.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE RACES.

A few minutes and the people's attention was centered in the race course. The riders appeared at the starting post. The first race was for the Oakley Hall prize, three hundred dollars. Entered for this were Mr. Beaumont's "Lady Bird," age four years, weight one hundred and fifty pounds; colors, crimson and gold; Mr. J. Barry's "Erin," age five years, weight one hundred and fifty-five pounds; color, emerald green; Mr. J. J. Talbot's "Bayard," age five years, weight one hundred and forty-six pounds; color, navy blue; Mr. S. J. McAuliffe's "Jackson," age four years, weight, one hundred and forty pounds; color, neutral.

A good start was made. "Jackson" soon took the lead and kept it to the first leap, when he fell and threw his rider. The jockey instantly remounted and in a

few seconds regained the first place. "Lady Bird" and "Bayard" came next, "Erin" a bad fourth. On the second round "Erin" suddenly gave a start, gained on "Jackson," took the lead and won by two lengths. "Jackson" and "Lady Bird" came in neck to neck, "Bayard" a few lengths behind them.

The second race was for the Schiller prize, one thousand dollars. Entered for this were Major Landry's "Sapphire," age four years, weight one hundred and forty pounds; color, purple; Mr. R. Courtney's "Cherokee," age four years, weight one hundred and fifty pounds; color, scarlet; Mr. A. Devereux's "Horace," age five years, weight one hundred and forty-six pounds; color, gray; Mr. E. M. Flagherty's "Reine," age four years, weight one hundred and fifty-eight pounds; color, white.

At the start "Reine" took the lead, followed by "Cherokee," "Sapphire" and "Horace." Thus they kept for the first round, taking each leap without falter. In the second lap, at the second leap "Reine" and "Horace" threw their riders, while "Sapphire" and "Cherokee," as birds, flew over wall, stake and stream. Neck to neck they skimmed the course, amid high excitement and enthusiastic cheers. At last "Sapphire," as if she realized what was expected from her, gathered her strength for a final struggle, bounded forward, and won by a whole length. Mr. Landry was proud of her and of the rider he had chosen. "Sapphire" was the favorite of the day.

The sports being over, the people began to disperse; many sought the tents for refreshments, while others, entering their equipages, returned to their homes. The guests retired with their respective hosts. Harry Beaumont longed to question Carl as to how he came to be South. When friendly greeting and congratulations were over, this was his first question.

"Very easily answered," replied Carl, quiet as usual. "I met Courtney in Baltimore. We have known each other some years. I asked him out to my place. We had a few pleasant days together. While with me he received accounts of this en-

tertainment. He was very much interested; wrote he would assist and try to gain the aid of some friends. He asked me. At first I felt inclined to refuse; but when he described the poverty of the good Cure, I consented on condition that my name should be withheld, except in regard to officers connected with the joust. I wished to surprise."

"You succeeded admirably; no one suspected it was you."

Carl smiled a pleasant smile; one, he thought, suspected.

Harry continued, "I thought our queen would not be able to place the chaplet on your brow."

"Why?"

"Her hands trembled so when she perceived who was the champion."

"Harry, that is a mistake. Do not connect Miss Schiller's name with mine. You can never know how much trouble these light remarks work. Miss Schiller is not strong; the day's fatigue was almost too much for her. Under the circumstances her hand would tremble in any case." Carl looked very grave.

Harry was amused, but not convinced. "Well, for a change, are you going to remain over at Courtney's?"

"Certainly; I am his guest. Mr. Landry has invited Rene and myself for luncheon to-morrow. Meantime, my compliments to your lady mother, your sister and my other friends."

"Thank you; I know they are well pleased to have you South. *Au revoir.*"

Next day Rene Courtney and Carl rode over to Oakley. The guests were only a few minutes returned from an excursion to the woods and were discussing the various strange flowers and trees they had seen. Mr. Landry and Mr. Barry were absent. Formal presentations over, Carl's friends expressed their delight at meeting him South and all congratulated him on his achievements of the previous day. He thanked them, but showed that Harry excelled him in skill, since he had two knights to encounter and conquered both, while only the knight of S. Patrick opposed himself.

"But Mr. Barry is as powerful as two," said Rosa.

"I do not know that," remarked Harry, "Mr. Courtney and Mr. Stanley have voices in the matter."

"If they have, why not put them in?" she glanced towards two gentlemen, who were then speaking with Mrs. Bentley.

"Oh, modesty (?) restrains them."

"When one has to stand up for oneself, Harry," observed his mother, "fame's tide must be at ebb."

"The tide that never was, mother, can neither have ebb or flow."

The entrance of Bertie and Harry turned the conversation. They had been down to Silverbow to give Madame D'Arbil an account of the joust. On entering the drawing-room the first face and form that greeted Starry's eyes were those of her knight. It was not exactly emotion she felt on meeting him again, although her heart beat faster and the rose on her cheek grew deeper—yet joyous peace was the prevailing influence attending his presence.

"Mr. Wallenstein," said Mrs. Landry, "let me introduce you to Miss Bentley."

Words frequently spoken with mere change of name, yet often involving life's happiness or misery.

Carl bowed. "I think some days ago I incidentally introduced myself to Miss Bentley. I trust she has forgiven my interference."

Starry's eyes spoke assurance of forgiveness more eloquently than her tongue. From that moment a new life opened for her; it decided her future. She loved Carl Wallenstein. This love might exalt, ennoble and purify her, as it might degrade her according as she used its power. Even now as she listened to his casual remarks she felt its spell strengthen about her soul and she feared lest its secret should be read by any beyond herself. The very intensity of feeling she experienced should either command respect or expose her to ridicule. Instinctively Starry knew this; it was this knowledge which lent her so sweet graciousness of manner, so charming expression of countenance. Harry Beaumont watched her, as he stood by carelessly talking with Mrs. Schiller, and wished that he could bring that light to

Starry's eyes, give that rose to her cheek, or gain the wrapt attention she now gave to Carl. And Carl's smile, look and brilliancy were a revelation to Harry. Never had he heard his voice as he hears it now.

"We are talking of yesterday," said Mrs. Schiller, turning to Carl. "I say no one of his friends recognized 'Blazing Star.'"

"I believe only one," said Carl, and his glance met Starry's.

"Did you, Miss Bentley?" asked Harry, bluntly.

"How could she?" replied Carl for her, "yesterday I had not the pleasure of knowing her personally. I was then to her a knight without a name; or 'Blazing Star,' no more."

"What of 'Blazing Star' now?" queried Mrs. Beaumont, joining the group.

"Only one recognized him yesterday, mother," said Harry. "Who that one is I wish to know."

"Indeed! I did not think young men were curious."

"Sometimes they are," said Carl, with his quiet smile.

"Can you tell the one, mother?"

"Maybe." Mrs. Beaumont's eyes rested on Starry. With woman's instinct she guessed whom Wallenstein would have recognize him.

"Do you believe in magnetic sympathy, Mr. Wallenstein?" asked Mrs. Beaumont.

"I do, with certain modifications."

"Love and common interests, I presume."

"No; these may exist, but without them I believe such sympathy may and can exist."

"Thus?" Mrs. Beaumont poised her head for answer.

"The chords of the human heart are delicate as those of best attuned harp, and when touched vibrate to music sweeter than that of sweetest harp. They, as those of every musical instrument around us, have their complement and seek it. Once found, they are satisfied and remain at rest. Repeating your 'thus,' I may be a stranger to you, know nothing of your hopes, fears or interests, and still if you perform some action of which I am witness, if a sympathetic

chord exist in my nature, it is touched by this action and produces sympathetic emotions in me—that is, a desire to emulate such action. Were there no sympathy, there would be no anxiety for the emulation nor admiration for the actor."

"But this feeling is distinct from that of the admiration or esteem you may feel for the actor."

"It is; some say it is a desire to be like the actor, or rather a desire of being able to produce similar acts. This is sympathetic emotion and leads back to my first statement (here Carl's eyes sought Starry's) for were there no chord in my heart to vibrate to the touch of your action, never had I felt this sympathy with you. Thus—"

"Thus," said Rosa, coming up and balancing one slender index on the other. "thus I always find you two in metaphysics—when left to yourselves."

"My dear," said Mrs. Schiller, with a semi-comic expression, "do you reckon Miss Bentley, Mr. Beaumont and myself 'nobodies'?"

"Excuse me, dear Mrs. Schiller; not you and Harry, but for this gentleman (bowing to Harry) I have to consider his status. However, I know mamma's propensities so well I can surmise pretty fairly how she draws people into discussion."

"Drawing the conclusion before you know the premises, just like a woman. I never did know a girl to practice logic!"

"Thank you, Harry. I never do go in for reasoning. I scarcely ever hear an argument without a few suppressed yawns; but I came not for discussion. Mr. Schiller, Mr. Bentley and all in yondet group," with a wave of her hand, "propose to have us in Chicago to celebrate Miss Schiller's birthday. Do you agree to the proposition?"

"With pleasure—what say you, Mr. Wallenstein?" asked Mrs. Beaumont, as Carl remained silent.

"I scarcely know. I may be able to tell you in a few days. What is the date?"

"April 10th."

Carl reflected, then said, "I plead for time."

"This is your answer?"

"Yes; will it suffice for the council?" He inclined his head towards the group.

"I think so; it is the best I can evoke."

"The best I can give." Carl joined Mr. Landry who then appeared on the veranda.

"This is the first time you have met Mr. Wallenstein, Mr. Bentley," said Harry, dropping into the seat Carl vacated.

"No; it was he that directed me that evening in the woods."

"So. I had forgotten the incident. He is a fine fellow," he continued, as he watched Carl pace to and fro. "Some think him supercilious and conceited, but those do not know him."

"I should judge him above conceit."

"He is; no one thinks less of his abilities than himself. Why, if some men I know were his equals in mental gifts and fortune, this State would be too small for them." Harry laughed.

"It is a pity he is not happy," said Harry, as if to himself.

"Not happy," echoed Starry in surprise. "Why?—but I should not ask, Mr. Beaumont, pardon my thoughtless question." Her color heightened.

"No pardon needed, Miss Bentley, for I do not know; some sort of misery hangs about him. For myself, I believe it is nothing; but Carl has his own notions of honor and right, and oftentimes I fancy he allows them greater scope with his mind than he should. However, I would not touch on a subject that he has never broached."

"They are about to leave," said Starry, as grooms led round the horses. Carl and Rene came to say good-bye.

"Remember, Miss Bentley," said the latter, "you must see Southview before you return East."

"Mrs. Beaumont and Mrs. Landry have promised to go there the first fine day—We shall be with them."

"Good-bye, Miss Bentley," said Carl—"I, too, voice Mr. Courtney's hope."

Starry's eyes spoke the joy she could ill conceal. Her assent was brief, but expressive of the pleasure she felt. Rene Courtney marked this, bit his lip and

away. During their ride to South-Carl noticed him moody and reticent made no comment.

Wallenstein was not given to social life; he had few lady friends. Mrs. Bent was the only one to whom the young man could be applied. His life thoughts had been given to books, and travel. Then suffering came, more than ever he shunned the world.

Only lately he allowed himself to withdraw occasionally from his solitude. In the evening he met Starry in the garden; he felt an interest in her. It was not mere physical beauty that impressed him, but the soul that looked out of her eyes and thrilled in the tone of her voice.

Afterwards, speaking of the incident with Starry, he learned traits of her character that tended to strengthen his impressions. His feelings might be faint, but they were more than he had ever felt for any woman except his mother. To-day's renewal of their acquaintance gave increased vigor to the feelings previously aroused. From the garden he saw the influence he had with her. Courteous and kind to all, he was something more to her. He admired her mind which she possessed and which his few short minutes' conversation had opened. Starry had a grace that was both impressive and charming. He himself had neither affectation nor ostentation; he cherished what was simple and true and shunned affectation.

These qualities in himself found a complement in Starry, hence one of his attractions, admiration and affection. In the mornings after the whole party, some in carriages and others in saddle, went to Southview, a fine old Southern home of wealth and hospitality. Father and son were on the broad granite steps to welcome their guests. Very proud felt as he led Starry through the great halls and up the broad oak staircase of his ancestral home. He longed for the smallest encouragement to doff his hat, if she chose, she might be conscious of the magnificence around her; but cold, quiet dignity forbade any

expression of such hope. Wallenstein was out on their arrival and did not return until an hour or so before they left. As he approached the house, he saw Starry and Rene on the balcony, near them Bella, Rosa, Harry and Mrs. Landry. He lifted his hat to the group, but Rene noticed that his glance and smile were for Starry, and instantly his face clouded. He looked sharply at her as he said:

"Wallenstein is a graceful horseman; don't you think so, Miss Bentley?"

"Yes, most graceful." Her eyes followed him as he disappeared among the oaks.

"Pity some people drop dark—"

"Come, come, Rene, boy—you monopolize Miss Bentley," and Mr. Courtney Sr. came forward, to Starry's great joy.

"Are you fond of flowers, Miss Bentley? I know you are; your face betrays you. I guess you love all things fair and bright, eh?" The old man laughed, maybe at his own discernment, maybe at youth's follies. "Do not answer me. Come with me, I can show you some of the finest plants and flowers to be had in the South at this season."

On their way to the hothouse they met Carl. His greeting showed what pleasure Starry's presence gave.

"Going to see the hothouse, Wallenstein. Care to come?" queried the old gentleman.

"With pleasure, Mr. Courtney, if Miss Bentley does not object."

"Object! Not she. Young people like young people; she came now to gratify an old man's whim."

"And my own desire, Mr. Courtney—you say I love flowers, and naturally we seek what we love."

Carl sought to meet Starry's glance, but she had her thoughts on the beautiful palms that at that instant came into view. They had seen only a section of the plants when Mr. Courtney was called away. He excused himself and begged Mr. Wallenstein to take Miss Bentley "through." This Carl promised with genuine pleasure. In her presence he forgot the cloud that hung over his life. Frequently he questioned himself when

alone. Would it be just to involve her also? Why did he thus expose both to suffering? Unable to penetrate the future and its strange chances, he had resolved that no woman should suffer through him. Now this resolution was forgotten or ignored. He could not deny to himself that he desired this girl's love. Ambition with its various and powerful governing motives sprang into life, and again he longed for a lofty career, a noble mission, a life work that would benefit his fellow-men. To-day how naturally he explained these thoughts to Starry, and how naturally she listened, as if it were her right to hear and encourage. He would abandon the old life, begin a new; he might be happy, might become a leader in the way of good. Great golden possibilities arose before his mental vision. With this girl by his side, what could he not accomplish?

"A letter for you, sir," said a servant, "and the messenger waits for the answer."

Carl excused himself and stepped aside to read the note. His face paled as he read and his eyes flashed. Returning, he said: "Pardon me, Miss Bentley, this note requires an immediate reply. Will you return to the house with me or shall I ask some of your friends to join you?"

"Thank you, Mr. Wallenstein, I shall return now."

Carl walked a few seconds in silence. When he spoke Starry remembered afterwards his voice was low and harsh.

"I must leave for Baltimore to-night, Miss Bentley, but during the coming month I hope to meet you at Mrs. Schiller's." As they reached the hall door he said, "I will say good-bye now, as I may not meet you again." Starry extended her hand in silence. He held it while he asked, "May I come to see you in your own home?" She raised her eyes to his—those eyes that spoke more eloquently than tongue—and answered, "Yes."

"Good-bye." He turned up the stairs to his room and she rejoined her friends.

Carl wrote one line for the messenger: "From me no money for him." Having sealed the envelope he touched the bell.

"Give this," he said to George, "to the man that waits, then see to my traps—in half an hour we leave for Baltimore."

"Very well, sir." The old man scanned his master's face, read its oft-writ tale, and passed down, muttering, "When will the end come?"

"Now I must see the Courtneys," thought Carl. "They will be surprised at my sudden departure." His brow knit. "It is part of one's misery, not being able to give any reason for sudden changes!" he shuddered, re-read the scroll he had received and placed it in his pocket-book. "Can my fate be in his hands?" he murmured, "could earthly justice be so unjust!" He sought the Courtneys. They were very much surprised at his unlooked-for departure. "Business," said his compressed lips, "business demands my return."

To be continued.

THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

E. P. R.

How swiftly they glide on our beautiful bay!
Those white caps of old Father Ocean
That enter all dancing through Golden Gate's way,
Speeding onward with fairy-like motion.

Our heads o'er the deep, troublous waters
of life,
God's sunshine the while our hearts
warming,
Till safe at that shore past all sorrow and
strife
The port of Eternity's dawning.

Whilst the sunbeams kiss all, every one,
every one,
And our eyes grow dazzled with gazing;
And we think, O ye waves, till life's
voyage be done
May we, too, like ye be e'er raising

THE CONGRESS OF MARY AT LYONS.

From our Lyonese correspondent we have received some of the details of the Congress held at Lyons in September. During the sessions of various Catholic Congresses held in 1899 a wish was generally expressed that the city of Lyons should be favored with a Congress in honor of the Most Holy Virgin Mary before the close of the century. Of the city of Lyons Pope XIII., in a letter approving the proposed Congress, says: "Among Catholic cities it is distinguished by titles of glory, numerous and brilliant, of which two, especially very precious, are claimed by it of sole right—the ardor of its Christian charity and its piety towards the Mother of God. No other city," continues the Pope, "could be better chosen; nowhere could it be hoped that an assembly of this kind could hold sessions more magnificent or more solemn."

The expectations of His Holiness and the wishes of the Catholics have been fully realized.

The Congressional Commission named by His Eminence, Cardinal Coullie, wished to inscribe, not merely a speculative thesis, but to record the various devotions practiced in honor of Mary. Communications were, therefore, addressed to the various dioceses of France to determine the "*attitude towards Mary*," as expressed in statistics of the churches, confraternities and associations established under her special invocation. The directors of the principal shrines were also addressed concerning the devotions followed, the manifestations instanced and the number of pilgrimages made to these sanctuaries. The various Religious Orders and Congregations were also invited to detail the features of their devotion to the Queen of Heaven.

Most gratifying responses were received from about thirty dioceses, whose united reports will form a document of precious evidence of the extent of Mary's powerful patronage and the filial devotion of her children. The shrines par-

ticularly manifest tender gratitude for favors received. Nearly one hundred monographs bear happy testimony to the singular graces secured through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. The statistics concerning the shrines may be completed at a future Congress.

The Religious Orders, however, are, in the estimation of all, pre-eminent promoters of Mary's veneration, and this fact is undoubtedly the result of their daily manner of life. A number of the reports of Religious Communities read in public session manifestly prove that union with Jesus cements the union with His Mother, of whom He considers Himself the "child." Hence, Mary must reign maternally where Christian virtues are daily practiced.

"It would require a volume," says the Reporter-General, speaking upon this subject, "to give even a synopsis of all that we have learned during this Congress of the devotions practiced in the Religious Orders, and also by the members of the numerous Congregations of men and women that have been formed during the past three centuries by a providential design for the good of society."

In addition to those above mentioned, three hundred reports were received from distant countries, including Poland, India and Japan, which will be embodied in the general report.

The Congress of Mary was formally opened at five o'clock on the evening of September 4th, in the splendid basilica at Fourviere. This grand edifice was filled to its utmost capacity, when their Eminences Cardinals Coullie and Perraud, preceded by the Primal chapter, a great number of bishops and mitred abbots, made their solemn entry.

At the conclusion of the canticle to the Blessed Virgin, M. Chatelus, rector of the Shrine, explained the threefold object of the Congress of the Most Holy Virgin Mary. First, as a fitting close of the nineteenth century; secondly, its assem-

blage in France; thirdly, the particular choice of the city of Lyons. The reverend orator introduced his subject by saying:

"The future will pronounce whether our age has been one of faith or of scepticism, one of virtue or of vice; but one fact will remain—the evident working of Providence during these hundreds of years through the agency of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It is proper, then, that this age, so often honored by visits of the Queen of Heaven, should not close without her having received the homage of a grateful people."

The orator then eloquently depicted the piety of the French people during past ages, which had merited for their country the title of "Kingdom of Mary." In our own epoch it is privileged as the holy land of Mary, where she has manifested herself as her Divine Son had done in Judea. The city of Lyons was chosen because it is, perhaps, in our day more especially the city of Mary; for St. Pothinus brought to Lyons from the East the statue of the Blessed Virgin, making Fourviere the favorite resort of its inhabitants; here the Immaculate Conception found its first defenders; each year on the eighth of December the city is splendidly illuminated; its new basilica is a most beautiful architectural monument raised to the glory of the Holy Virgin. The orator recalled the fact that at the base of the hill the Living Rosary had sprung into existence, and that beyond the Rhone, in the Dominican Convent of Brotteaux, the Perpetual Rosary had its origin.

On the next morning, after a solemn Mass at the Primatial Church, two thousand delegates were again assembled in full session in the crypt of Fourviere. The session was opened by an address of welcome by His Eminence, Cardinal Coullie, who explained in an elevated strain the object of the Congress. "The Congress of Mary," he said, "is a particular tribute to Christ the Redeemer, prescribed by the Sovereign Pontiff. God did not wish to separate Christ from His Mother in the order of Redemption; nor can we separate them in our thanksgiving to our Redeemer in the century now closing.

"The aim of the Congress will be to bring to view the veneration of Mary, to draw to it the public at large, and even souls the most sceptical, to render to Mary under various forms the homage due her royalty.

"This Congress will prove to be a tribute not merely from the region of France, but it will be Catholic, that is, universal; for our Lady is Queen where our Lord is King."

These words, welcomed by hearty applause, were followed by a report of Mgr. Colomiati, of like solemnities celebrated at Turin in 1898.

Rev. P. Gontier, S. J., then clearly and accurately expounded the dogmatic phases of the devotion to Mary.

This was followed by a discourse from Rev. T. Claviere, O. P., who with much enthusiasm, and in terms no less excellent, explained the nature of the veneration rendered to the Blessed Virgin, and repeated the prayers used in her honor in the Catholic Church.

Lastly Mgr. Hautin, Archbishop of Cambray, spoke in an affecting manner of the splendid manifestation of faith given recently at Notre Dame de Lyons by eight thousand men of Savoy.

Before closing this session, Mgr. Coullie read the dispatch which was to be sent to the Holy Father in the name of the Congress: "The thousands of the faithful assembled at Fourviere under the presidency of the bishops, on occasion of the holding of a Congress in honor of Mary, and the coronation of Notre Dame, send to His Holiness the respectful expression of their filial piety, and humbly ask the apostolic benediction."

The Congress assembled in the afternoon at different places. The delegates, provided with lists, could at their pleasure attend the lecture on the subject which interested them most. It is impossible to give even a brief analysis of these subjects discussed, which are as so many precious pearls set by faith and love in the crown of glory of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

At eight o'clock in the evening the Catholic population of Lyons directed its course to the Primatial Church, which

rably decorated with standards, and draperies, to listen to Mgr.

Their Eminences, Cardinals Perraud and Langenieux, and bishops and many mitred were present. The Bishop of Orr having saluted the Church of specially designated," he said, to the Most Holy Virgin this omage," discoursed for more hour in most beautiful language the grandeur of Mary's preroga-

following morning Mass was for the delegates and instruc- able to the occasion were given ere, the Primatial Church, and Churches. The sessions were at nine o'clock. Seventy-seven were read in these two days. I have imagined that a Congress would prove tedious and mon-

On the contrary one learned ring the session, for science, theology, history and practical were ably treated.

gress of Lyons formulated sev- tions in honor of the Rosary: Congress, considering that the losing has well deserved to be *e age of Mary,*" expresses the after the consecration of man- e Sacred Heart, the consecration essed Virgin, under the title of *he Universe* should follow; that called that of the Universal f Mary be instituted, to be cele- ch year, with a proper office. serve for the closing of the Mary and also to perpetuate the nce of this consecration, in the / that the procession on the Assumption perpetuates the on of France to Mary by Leo is also petitioned that he would e Litany of Loretto the invoca- en of the Universe, pray for us.

Congress expresses the wish litany of Loretto be enriched invocation: Queen of Purga- for us.

spond to the pressing invitation of the Blessed Virgin in her several

apparitions in the nineteenth century, and to the orders of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Congress expresses the wish that the Rosary be propagated with a new ardor, and to further this object it is proposed that (a) In all seminaries, preparatory and theological, in all colleges, boarding schools and Catholic schools generally, whether for boys or girls, the mysteries of the Rosary be always announced when reciting the beads. (b) That parish priests, as far as possible, endeavor to form associations of men of the Confraternity of the Rosary or of the Perpetual Rosary.

4. The Congress requests the clergy to exercise their zeal to restore the ancient shrines, and to promote pilgrimages thereto; and especially to encourage the great national pilgrimages to Lourdes, Paray and Fourviere.

5. The Congress expresses the wish that Catholics, on their journeys, make it their duty to pay homage to Mary at the shrines situated along their route; that they exact of authors of "guide books" or "itineraries" the insertion of satisfactory notices regarding these holy places.

6. The Congress expresses the wish that there be made, as far as possible, a summary of the efforts of the Christian world in the domain of art for the furtherance of honor to the Blessed Virgin.

7. The Congress entertains the hope of becoming a permanent institution. It takes for patron the Apostle S. John, and it requests that a permanent commission be named to make preparations, in concert with the Bishop, for this purpose.

The final session of the Congress was held in the afternoon at three o'clock in the vast crypt of Fourviere. Cardinals bishops, priests and the faithful were all present at this, which proved to be the most interesting of all.

After the reading of a report full of interest by M. Abbe Vanel on the veneration of Mary at Lyons, and a charming poem by M. Abbe Penel on Notre Dame de Fourviere, the labors of the Congress were reviewed. Mgr. Dadolle with great clearness and eloquence furnished a

digest of the progress of the solemn sessions in honor of Mary. In his report he eulogized the Religious Orders.

M. Vacquier, the celebrated Lyonese attorney, then delivered an eloquent address, which was highly applauded. Never had his oratory been more animated nor better inspired. During this spirited Christian discourse the speaker captivated and moved the immense audience by ingenious allusions. He styled Mary our "Advocate," who recognizes her clients and who loves to devote herself to them; who possesses the ear of the Judge and never loses a cause that she defends, unless through our own fault. In the second place he considered her our "Hope," upon whom the Church has never counted in vain. The speaker referred to the Rosary of S. Dominic, the recital of which conquered the Albigensian heresy; the Rosary of S. Pius V., that broke the Turkish power at Lepanto; he cited also the victories of Sobieski, Joan of Arc, and of many others who have preserved Christianity in France through devotion to Mary. He closed by a quotation from a dissertation read at one of the previous sessions of the Congress: "And although," said he, "in this conflict of good and evil, Mary does not always give us earthly victory, she will surely give us a heavenly one. With the name of Mary upon our lips and with her love in our hearts we triumph in death and firmly hope for heaven. A sublime example of faith is given us by the Dominican Fathers in their chanting of the *Salve Regina* while the "Bourgogne" was sinking.

Mgr. Le Roy then read an account of devotion to the Blessed Virgin in the Foreign Missions. There, as well as in our old Christian countries, Mary is regarded as the great "supernatural agent." The Rosary recital in the Foreign Missions is the favorite devotion of the faithful. The homage rendered by Catholics to this heavenly Mother is the characteristic mark distinguishing them from the Protestants.

Cardinal Coullie next ascended the pulpit and terminated the imposing conference by these simple words: "We

wish now to express our sentiments towards Mary, and in the following words:

Live Jesus Christ, Son of Mary!
Live Mary, Mother of God!
Live Mary Immaculate!
Live Mary, Queen of France!
Live Mary, Queen of the Universe!
Live Leo XIII!

These words were enthusiastically repeated by the entire congregation.

Solemn Benediction closed the afternoon session.

The evening services were held in the Primatial church. Rev. P. Caube, a native of Lyons, delivered an ardent discourse, which was highly appreciated by his fellow countrymen. He represented Mary as the model of manly strength, so necessary for Catholics in their struggles at the present time, and in closing saluted her as the vigilant sentinel who has defended the Church in all phases of her history.

The eighth of September was the feast of the Coronation of our Lady of Fourviere. Innumerable pilgrims ascended the hill to receive Holy Communion. At ten o'clock thirty-five prelates presented to Cardinal Coullie a brilliant crown of honor. While he celebrated a Pontifical Mass at S. John's, assisted by his two Vicars-General, Decheldte and Bonnardet, one hundred and fifty male voices chanted the Mass. Benediction was given by one of the prelates.

In the afternoon all the grounds at Fourviere were occupied by an immense crowd, who were anxious to participate in the procession which would wend its way along the walks of the Garden of the Rosary. A storm, however, prevented this, and the ceremony took place within the Basilica.

At half-past three thirty-six prelates solemnly entered the assembly to the singing of hymns of triumph. Before them were carried, on richly embroidered velvet cushions, the crowns destined for the Madonna of the ancient chapel and for the Blessed Virgin of the new shrine.

Mgr. de Carriere ascended the pulpit, and, with that singular eloquence which distinguishes him, discoursed of the ro-

alty of Christ, and the gracious royalty of Mary, which is an emanation from it. Queen is she by privilege of the divine maternity, by her superhuman beauty. She is Queen especially for the Lyonese, who received from S. Pothinus the knowledge of her grandeur, and who have continued to honor her up to the moment of this ceremony of coronation in the closing century.

At the conclusion of the discourse the chant of the liturgical prayers was commenced.

As the monument approached for the

solemn coronation of the statue of the Blessed Virgin all hearts were moved and all eyes turned to behold the beautiful diadem, the gift of the Lyonese people. The crown is a marvel of richness and exquisite art. It contains two thousand four hundred diamonds, besides other precious stones. The crowning of the statue was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, given from the apse of the basilica to the entire city. One hundred thousand persons were grouped on the wharf to receive it.

Thus terminated the memorable session of the Congress of Mary at Lyons.

Breaks forth the beauteous morning,
early glow,
Which brought the great news of the
brilliant day;
Oh, clothe yourselves, ye hearts, in joy's
array,
The messenger of Life with reverence
know;
Redemption's Mean is born to man be-
low;
Thou Monarchy Divine, thy joy display;
Soon shall earth's company the call
obey,
And thou from Heaven behold our fes-
tive show.
At work so great stands Nature in sus-
pense,
The infernal realm is all confused in
fear,
Beholding her new born without offence;
The general law eternal doth appear:
But the law's Lord kept pure the inno-
cence
Of His Maternal Sanctuary here.

—Louis de Camoens.

To truly love the Being He created,
Thee, sacred Phœnix, God pure Virgin
made;
Behold what creature thus must be dis-
played,
E'en to the Maker's own self conse-
crated;
Thee, in His holy thought, He separated
First from the first; and their creation
stayed,
That all alone thou mightest be ar-
rayed,
By Him for so long ages contemplated.
I know not if in any words, my own,
I may express those shining qualities
Which He whom thou didst make, in
thee made known—
Mother, Spouse, Daughter, thou; if
thou alone
Shone one in three such lofty dignities
'Twas that thou didst so please the
Three in One.

—Louis de Camoens.

In myriad manners are thy praises told:
The suns the circles of their course
complete;
And ever hear some tongue thy name
repeat;
The stars, that follow where those orbs
have rolled
Know all the lands and climes thy clients
hold;
The spring's first daisies blossom at
thy feet;
For thee the summer winds are bland
and sweet,

And thine its beauty as the year grows
old:
And yet perchance, of all the forms and
ways
Wherein thy children, wheresoe'er they
be,
Delight to voice the volumes of the praise,
Incomparable Queen, they render thee,
None glorifies thee more than his who
pays
His orisons upon thy Rosary.
—Rev. W. D. Kelly.

THE CROW AND THE FOX.

SISTER MARY XAVIER, Visitandine.

A dainty crow went out to seek
A luncheon to her taste,
And to the children's playground near,
Her pinions flapped in haste.

"Twas lunching time and well she knew
For she had heard the bell—
(A crow is shrewd and much she learns
From watching others well.)

Apart from all three little girls
Were seated 'neath the trees,
Enjoying, from their baskets full,
The home-made cakes and cheese.

"Ha! ha!" said crow, "I am in luck,
I'll have a treat to-day;
I'm just in time to get the crumbs
Those girls will throw away."

She closed her wings and perched herself
To see and not be seen,
Keeping her eye upon the girls
And baskets on the green.

"I wish they'd hurry—foolish things—
They sit and talk so long!
If I could be their school-marm once
I'd teach them right from wrong."

The little girls at length were called
To get a cooling drink;
"Let's leave the baskets here," said one,
"They will be safe, I think."

No sooner were they out of sight
Than crow was on the ground,
Pulling the napkins with her claws
And scattering food around.

Upon the largest slice of cheese
She exercised her bill—
"Twas not her strength that lifted it,
But her determined will.

Triumphantly she spread her wings
As if to soar high;
She was deceived—she could but clear
A fence that caught her eye.

"Oh dear," she thought, "I'm in a fix,
This perch is rather low;
I'll take my breath, then cheese and I
To yonder post we'll go."

She gained her point but soon she heard
A sniffling noise and queer;
She turned her head and spied a fox
Among the brambles near.

Old Renard's scent is keen we know,
And though so far away,
He smelt the cheese, and it he'd have,
By fair or by foul play.

Most cautiously the fox advanced—
His step was light and slow;
He stopped—back on his haunches fell,
And looked aloft at crow.

He sat a while quite motionless,
Taking the chances in;
His active brain would soon devise
The plans by which he'd win.

"My dear Miss Crow," he said at length,
"I see you are not well;
That ugly growth upon your bill
Doth of your illness tell.

Come down, I pray, and I'll prescribe
A tonic for your cure;
You would not lose your beauty, dear,
For all the world, I'm sure."

She tried to speak, but all in vain;
She could but nod her head,
Whereon the fox, the crafty brute,
Unto her crowship said:

"Oh, what a lovely voice you have;
Your every word is song;
To keep it closed within your bill
Is doing yourself a wrong."

A fortune you would soon amass
By singing far and near,
And throwing off that cheesy mask
Would make your throat so clear."

Poor crow was trembling to her toes;
She knew not what to do,
Yet she began to think the words
Of Renard might be true.

"Oh, pshaw, said fox, "my pretty one,
Don't be afraid to sing;
I cannot tell you what delight
Your charming song would bring."

She now believed the wily fox
And tried a guttural tone;
"Bravo," he cried with smothered laugh,
"That voice Patti would own."

Go on, my dear; try it again,
That song of yours was fine;
And if you'd open wide your bill
You'd sing a song divine."

w was flattered by the praise,
such doth often please);
I dropped the golden cheese.

you, thank you, my dear Miss
row,"
lenard cried with joy;
not had so fine a treat
I was but a boy.

Poor crow was sad and sore distressed—
The picture of despair.
She published in our Magazine—
THERE IS A FOX, BEWARE!

And if you have another feast,
I surely will be there;
Your concerts, too, I shall attend,
If there's a cheese to spare.

Good-day," said he, "I wish you luck
In every enterprise,
And from the lesson learned to-day
May you become more wise."

phasizing the necessity of making Catholic homes centres of spiritual re-t and intellectual strength, for the rding of the Faith, threatened by which are especially aggressive in es, we do not question the effi- f our schools; we merely contend eir most ardent admirer cannot r them the power to shape and beyond a certain time. We must sider the children who do not at- tholic schools, those who cannot hem.

there any insinuation that the d lost its power; but we must ad- : it is sometimes easier to fill our s with eloquence than with people. istics are available on this head, venture the opinion that, on an the regular attendants at the Mass and sermon, in the ordinary ation, do not number more than th of the regular church-goers. d attendance at a low Mass, often

a word of instruction, is the gly-given measure of service that atholics allot to God and their unday after Sunday.

e building churches to-day; is the edifice rising apace? The splen- iuments of faith and generosity y men and women of the Ages of he glorious basilicas of Catholic furnish an object lesson to us. cendants of those noble men and have not all fallen away, but it is d bitter thought that so many of

the present generation enter those tem- ples only on rare occasions, and then per- haps to listen to a discourse presenting proofs that there is a God!

Will history repeat itself in the United States? God forbid! But it is not a matter of prayer or hope only. We must be up and doing. Schools and churches are not sufficient. Parish libraries, and libra- ries in general, literary societies, church clubs, reading circles, sodalities and con- fraternities, are all worthy of our best efforts and encouragement; but again the fact stands out that they are lim- ited in scope, in time, in numbers. Moreover, many of those organizations are so swathed in red tape that the spirit is smothered under signs and symbols; emblems and badges too often stand for what does not exist. Such associations can never be a substitute for the home, in the work of Christian education, in the building up of the spiritual life for our boys and girls. Such development, in continuation of that for which the school lays the intellectual foundation on the bedrock of Faith, Hope and Charity, and in assistance to the work of the pulpit, must, therefore, chiefly depend on the home.

And for the full fruitage of the parents' efforts, for the realization of their Catholic hopes, for the transmission to their children, of a faith strong in virtue, the grace of their example and the power of the Sacraments, will receive generous co- operation from the ministry of the printed word, from the blessing of Catholic lit- erature in our Catholic homes.

EDITORIAL.

DOMINICANA greets its readers and friends in cordial Christmas spirit, wishing to all the fulness of the holy season's joys and blessings.

The result of the State election is gratifying in so far as the question of church taxation is concerned. The friends of religion won, though the opposition was strong. It is regrettable that there are so many recorded in favor of putting an embargo on religion. For the victory achieved a large measure of credit is due to Archbishop Riordan, whose efforts were as unsparing as his counsel was wise and his leadership effective.

Next in splendor to the day of days, the glad feast of Christmas, December is honored by the commemoration of the Immaculate Conception of our ever-blessed Lady. With hearts full of love, in tenderest reverence, we hail our glorious Mother, the new star of Jacob which greeted Balaam on the Mount of Beor; the Ark of the Covenant made of incorruptible wood; the bush which Moses saw "on fire, yet burnt not"; the rod which alone budded forth its blossom; the fleece of Gedeon which alone was dry while the ground around was wet with dew, and again wet with dew while the ground was dry; the closed portal of the Deity, of which the Lord said "The gate shall be shut; it shall not be opened, and no man shall pass through it, because the Lord the God of Israel hath entered in by it, and it shall be shut for the Prince."

Glorious things are said of this precious City of God, the Refuge for guilty man, for in her Immaculate Conception Mary's foundations were laid on the summit of the holy mountains, whereby she doth transcend, in the very beginning of her dignity, the accumulated merits and splendors of all the other elect of God.

Less would not have been befitting preparation for her whom future generations should bless as the Mother of

Jesus. The Protestant poet, Edwin Arnold, happily expresses our Catholic faith and piety, and pity it is and sadly grievous that so many who pretend to derive their religion from Holy Writ do not read aright Mary's own word, as she spoke, quickened by the spirit of God! But let us hear the poet:

If Heaven should seek on earth
Fit Mother for its Messenger of grace,
Fit womb to lock such precious treasure
safe,
Those were the eyes—communing with
the skies—
That was the face—tender and true and
pure—
There was the breast—beautiful, sinless,
sweet—
This was the frame—majestic, maidenerly—
And these the soft, strong hands, and
those the arms,
And those the knees—bent daily in meek
prayer—
Whereto the Eternal Love would needs
commit
The Flower of humankind to bud and
blow.
* * * * Sir! if thou should'st pluck
A thousand lilies here in Galilee
One would show whitest silver; one
would have
Most gold at heart. And
Sir! if thou should'st fetch
A thousand pearls up from the Arab Sea,
One would gleam brightest, best! The
queenliest gem,
The choicest bloom, would happen sud-
denly, unlooked for

in her whom the Lord had everlastingly chosen to be the Mother of our Saviour. To our Blessed Lady, conceived without sin, be honor and glory, especially from her children of the Rosary!

"The making of presents" is somewhat like the making of books—without end. We suggest to our subscribers that a delicate attention, a reminder of kindness and affection that will take on a renewed value, with the coming months may be sent to distant friends or even neighbors near by in the way of a subscription to DOMINICANA paid in their behalf.

Much money is annually spent on use-

articles; often the criterion is mere tr display. The coming as a token of iship, of a book or a magazine, is an ce of gentle breeding, of refine- , of a spirit deserving generous en- gement not only in appreciation by vers but in practice by givers of at Christmas and other times.

are reserving, for an issue in the future, a special article bearing on apostolate of the Holy Name, on the on of the society whose banner is sacred name, at the mention of which knee should bow, whose object is uppression of profanity and irrever- to the Name of God.

opening, in July, of "The Mercy Clinic," at 648 Howard street, San isco, was the inauguration of a work arity which deserves well of San isco Catholics, and of which DOMIN- is pleased to record its word of ear- approval and encouragement. This ution, which treats gratuitously the regardless of creed, and which fur- s medicine either without charge or nominal cost, is the first of its kind lished west of the Rocky Mountains.ociated with Dr. J. R. McMurdo, who father of the enterprise, are the fol- g eminent physicians of the city: ore Rethers, Vincent Buckley, A. M. , C. C. Mohun, A. P. O'Brien, E. Don- R. J. O'Connell, each exercising a lty.

Polyclinic has been regularly incor- ed. The Archbishop of San Fran- has given to the work his cordial ap- l; he has also authorized the gentle- lirecting the association to place his on the list of Patrons, among whom d the Vicar General, one of the Jes- iathers, Father Cummings, of S. Pat- and the Prior of the Dominicans.

an offshoot of the Polyclinic, a bu- for district nurses has been organ- The poor, who cannot be removed spitals, are nursed in their own . This branch of the work is sup- l by charitable ladies of the city, g whom the following are particu- active: Miss McKinstry, founder of

the Convalescent Hospital at the Presidio; Miss Melliss, Director of the Francesca Society; Mrs. Parrott, Mrs. F. Sullivan, Mrs. Dr. Pescia.

DOMINICANA heartily commends this most worthy undertaking, and the gratifi- cation we experience because of the good already accomplished yields only to the hope and prayer that the future career of the Mercy Polyclinic will be one of growing usefulness and power.

We begin in this number of DOMINI- CANA a series of articles on our Order in California, which will be a portion of Church history in these parts, neces- sarily meager, because the pioneer Do- minicans were true to the peculiar spirit of the Order; they were utterly indefferent to fame. Our worthy historian's greatest difficulty has been found in se- curing matter, and in ascertaining dates.

Now that the Administration is prepar- ing to enlarge the army for the purpose of ending the war in the Philippines (these endings remind one of Patti's fare- wells) a friendly suggestion might be made to the benevolent dispensers of civilization, freedom and respect for law, namely that a special corps might be raised, consisting of Colorado negro burners, Kentucky Governor assassins and lynchers from Ohio. A few regiments led by survivors of the "colonels" and "captains" whose final glory was that they died "with their boots on," would make an impressive display in the far East, where Spanish "barbarism" has invoked the wrath of American smug righteousness. The efficiency of such an army would be further enhanced if it were chaplainied by some of the mild and gentle and godly parsons who have been boisterously thanking the Lord for the re- election of President McKinley as a de- liverance of Anglo-Saxon civilization from the curse of effete Latin domination, by which these dove-like ministers of the "gospel" of peace and brotherly love mean the Catholic Church.

Oh, we are a great people, and we shall be still greater and exceedingly more honest, more loyal to the Flag, more de-

voted to the Monroe doctrine, when we shall have secured a slice of China.

The late election proved beyond question that there are millions in this country to whom principle has no meaning, for whom honor is without value, whose god is verily the "almighty dollar," with every deviltry needed in its worship.

The latest dispatches from London assure the American public—Celts, Germans, Scandinavians, French, Italians, Yankees, and all other good and loyal Anglo-Saxons, lovers of freedom, distributors of benevolent assimilation, scatterers of the "pure Gospel" seed, shouters for independence and the republican form of government as against the evils (?) of monarchy, that the British conduct of the Boer war is now in the hands of Kitchener, whose unsavory reputation for inhuman and brutal practices should be the badge of lasting disgrace to any soldier. We are informed that this murderer and mutilator of dead men will carry on a relentless war of extermination, that to the cries of the women and the children fleeing from their burning homes across the shelterless veldt no heed will be given. And furthermore, that England will approve aught that may be done having in view the end of the war.

If Sodom and Gomorrah and the Babylon of all iniquity could be revived, they would blush for London's orgy and beastly gloating, for its shameless riot and mad debauchery, for its drunken women and its savage men glorying in the "triumph" of their quarter of a million soldiers over the handful of brave Boers. An awful curse hangs over England, and to the extent of our unholy alliance with this monstrous embodiment of injustice and rapine and slaughter our country will also be punished. Mingling with the hoarse cry of the London mob is the shout of the Anglo-Saxon on this side of the Atlantic—and it bodes ill for our beloved land.

As ministerial sensationalism has had its full measure of newspaper exploitation, let us now record the sad but glorious fact that in the recent Chinese out-

breaks five Catholic bishops, twenty-eight priests, three brothers, twelve nuns and probably fifty thousand Chinese lay Catholics have been put to death in hatred of their Faith. The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church.

A special development in the work for the young men attached to S. Dominic's, San Francisco, is the organization of a military band, which has already grown to goodly proportions under the leadership of Father Welsh the Spiritual Director of the Young Men's Holy Name Society, who is earnestly devoting himself to this very important portion of our flock. DOMINICANA greets the young musicians with hearty commendation.

The musical services in S. Dominic's, San Francisco, have long been a special attraction to the people of the city. To maintain the high efficiency which has become standard the Fathers incur considerable expense. The operatic entertainments by the Junior Choir, which is planned for the 10th inst., appeals, therefore, to every lover of music, for the proceeds of this performance will be devoted to the Organ and Choir Fund. DOMINICANA asks all our city friends to show by their presence their appreciation of the good work, and of the skill of our really clever children.

BOOKS.

We have received from Marlier & Co., Boston, a volume of Rev. P. A. Sheehan's exquisite poems, entitled *CITHARA MEA*. As the author of "The Triumph of Faflure" and "My New Curate," Father Sheehan has attained an unquestioned eminence in the world of letters. His inborn love of human excellence, of uplifting ideals and purifying sufferings, has found expression in rythmical strains of music, for his harp is attuned to a celestial key.

As a specimen of his beautiful and delicately finished work, we lay before our readers the following:

THE SONNET.

I put my trembling bird with down-drooped wing
Within a golden cage that hung before

temple; closed the clangling
ide, silent and wondering
captive minstrel soul would
aspiring fancy fain would
Pisgah heights whose altars
e lordliest poets' ministering.
rough-hewn bars did glow
den lyre serenely strung.
ir ever-quivering chords did
y flow
ets of an echo swiftly sprung
nprisoned rage, the frenzied

hath Milton, here hath
ch sung.

shers have given the book a
ng in fine paper, clear type
' robe of pale green and gold.

FOR SAINTS, by John Oliver
s been received from the
. Stokes Publishing Company.
The author is a writer of a
order. The present work is
in the vicissitudes of political
in England and Spain during
Disraeli.

of sanctity amidst the
veouts is by no means phe-
it, with the exception of cer-
ic writers, the portrayal of
al development in rare in the
r modern novels. It appears
reeable fiction that a vacillat-
emanates from a diseased
hen, in truth, we cannot lay
ing unction" to our souls, for
moral order as well as in the
The fault is not in our stars,
elves, that we are underlings."
ting details of the lives of the
roduced in this work will be
ts sequel, entitled "Robert
which we have already re-

shers have printed the book in
The design of the cover is an
lovelty.

'S TALES, by S. M. X., which
d in a former issue of DOMINI-
filled our prediction of pop-

We have received a copy of
edition, in a new binding, from
Guardian Press, Boston.

A DAY IN THE CLOISTER, adapted from the German of Dom Sebastian Von Oer, O. S. B., by Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B., has been received from Herder & Co., St. Louis. This interesting pen picture of monastic life as it existed centuries ago, and exists, in a modified form, at the present day, will certainly appeal to every intelligent reader. The religious community is the best model for the Christian family. In the religious house Christian virtue finds its noblest expression: To those who are unable to spend one day in the cloister the perusal of Dom Bede's description of the daily routine of the religious will be a convincing argument in favor of the practical utility of religious organizations. Prayer, labor, culture, recreation and rest are all performed under disciplinary rules, conducive to general harmony and peace. Verily, "happy are they that dwell in the House of the Lord."

Herder & Co. have clothed the narrative in an attractive and appropriate dress. Each chapter is headed by an engraving symbolic of the text. The present tendency in art is to return to the days of rigidity and angular outline. We recommend the book to all.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA by Gifford Pinchot, For-
ester, contains valuable data concerning California's world-renowned and sole treasure, the Big Trees. The report in-
cludes the history of the discovery of the Big Tree Groves, of notable big trees, botanical description of the big tree, with its botanical nomenclature, etc. Fifteen plates show the famous trees of the different groves, and their relative height as associated with other forest trees. Two excellent maps indicate the locality of the groves still existing.

It is to be hoped that California will take some energetic steps to preserve the lives of these majestic giants of the forest, the oldest of living things on earth. But we fear that greed and the barbarous spirit of commercialism in its lowest forms have doomed the Big Trees, as they have already destroyed many a landmark, work of nature and thing of beauty because it stood in the way, as

they put it, of their "progress." We are a crude, raw, vulgar people in many ways. Mr. Pinchot deserves the thanks of all who love nature. We congratulate him on his fine work.

The volume is issued by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, at a nominal price.

We have received the sixth volume of *LEGENDA AUREA* from The Macmillan Company, New York. The preceding volumes of the Caxton edition have been deservedly noticed in the September and October issues of *DOMINICANA*. The present volume includes the lives of two of England's famous kings, S. Edward the Confessor and S. Edmund, Martyr; also the life of S. Hugh of Lincoln, and S. Edmund, Confessor. S. Hugh, although not a native of England, was revered for his virtues while Bishop of Lincoln. The obsequies of this holy man were honored by the presence of the Kings of England and Scotland, by barons and multitudes of people.

The publication of this edition places within the reach of all not only entertaining reading in English pure and simple—as spoken in the days of Caxton—but also conveys practical lessons of virtue for all states and conditions of life.

We have received from The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, *TRAVELS IN TARTARY, THIBET AND CHINA*, by M. Huc, a Lazarist Missionary, complete in two volumes of above three hundred pages each. In view of the fact that many fictitious accounts of travels have been placidly accepted as truthful history by a grateful people, the reprint edition of these historical reminiscences are particularly opportune. M. Huc's fame as a writer of veracity was established upon the appearance of his work, in the preparation of which he had spent two years of conscientious labor. MM. Huc and Gabet set out in 1844, making a circuitous journey about the Celestial Empire. After three years of painful travel, having encountered difficulties in the shape of vast deserts and almost impassable mountains—one of which is thus de-

scribed in the Chinese itinerary of that day: "The mountain of Tanda is extremely precipitous and difficult of ascent; a stream meanders through a narrow ravine: during the summer it is miry and slippery, and during the winter it is covered with ice and snow. Travellers, provided with sticks, pass it, one after the other, like a file of fish. It is the most difficult passage on the whole way to Lha-Ssa."

The work is a veritable treasury of facts interesting to the historical investigator, the ethnologist, the student of geography and the lover of adventure. Above all, the student of human nature will gain an insight into the religious character of a people with whom the civilized nations would gladly claim kin—in the union of their destinies by a strong commercial bond. The publishers have displayed exceptional taste in printing and binding. Each volume contains fifty engravings illustrative of famous localities, costumes of natives, etc. A map indicating the route taken by MM. Gabet and Huc accompanies the first volume. The cover, of Oriental design, is artistically executed.

The book should take precedence of sensational fictions whose authors have never set foot past the environs of their respective sanctums—save in electric flights of fancy to the regions of Tartary and China.

We have received from the publishing house of Joseph F. Wagner, New York, editions of the Wizard Series of Dramas. *ELIZABETH OF THURINGIA*, by Elizabeth Polding (for young ladies); *THE MACCAREES*, by Marin de Boylesve (male characters); *THE LAST DAY OF OUR LADY*, by Rev. W. Pailler, O. S. A. (female characters); *JOSEPH IN EGYPT*, by T. G. Crippen (male and female characters, with music supplement); and *THE HIDDEN GEM*, by Cardinal Wiseman (male characters, acting edition). The publishers have prepared the books for the convenience of those memorizing the parts, either for amateur or professional performances. The moderate price asked for the books will make the re-

tion of these standard dramas pos-
nd easy to many.

have received from Maynard, Mer-
Co., New York, *THE YOUNG
MAN*, by Harry Pratt Judson, LL.D.
ok is intended to awaken the in-
of the young student in affairs
nd present relating to our civil
ment. Its chief aim is to implant
mind of the pupil a sense of his
ions as a patriotic citizen. The
has placed before us in an agree-
anner the leading events of our
s history. Valuable selections in
and prose from the pens of our
an authors are introduced in con-
t with historical occurrences. *THE
AMERICAN* will admirably supple-
he work of the teacher of United
History.

publishers have set the seal of fine
anship upon the book in their ef-
arrangement of colored and plain
ions, in its clear type, superior
of paper and in its substantial

have received from Harper &
s, New York. *Russia AGAINST
the Chinese Empire*. In the
cal Introduction" the author has
interesting details of Russian
in since the days of Peter the
nd also the history of the sys-
measures taken by that govern-
nt to maintain permanent possession
d force. Mr. Colquhoun outlines
which he deems necessary to
exigencies of the case—that is,
ervation of the Anglo-Saxon
in Asia. The publishers give two
maps of Central Asia and
stern India.

ave received from Brentano's,
k, *AN UNSOCIAL SOCIALIST*, by G.
Shaw. The story describes the

vagaries of a wealthy young Englishman
who, in order to put his socialistic
theories into practice, breaks all family
ties and disguises himself as a laborer.
He becomes an accomplished flirt, tor-
ments by his trifling a number of school-
girls, and achieves nothing towards the
alleviation of the sufferings of the poor—
excepting the dispensation of a few chari-
ties and the tearing down of a noble-
man's garden wall to enable some labor-
ers to take a shorter route home.

The purpose of the book is known only
to the writer. It is presumably an at-
tempted satire on "socialism."

The publishers have printed and bound
the book in good style.

We have received from Houghton,
Mifflin & Co., Boston, *COUNSEL UPON THE
READING OF GOOD BOOKS*, with an Intro-
duction by Henry Van Dyke. This
volume contains six carefully prepared
papers on the following subjects: "His-
tory," by H. Morse Stephens; "Memoirs
and Biographies," by Agnes Repplier;
"Sociology, Economics and Politics," by
Arthur F. Hadley; "The Study of Fic-
tion," by Brander Matthews; "Poetry,"
by Bliss Perry, and "Criticism," by
Hamilton Wright Mable. The intelligent
reader will find much in these lectures
from which he may derive pleasure and
profit. He will be struck by the variety
of opinions expressed on the same sub-
ject by these learned guides, as well as
by their commendation of the literature
that marks their peculiar preferences.

The earnest student of literary phe-
nomena should aim to unite facts and
philosophy, narrative and reflection, ob-
jective description and subjective medita-
tion, so that he may obtain enduring and
disciplinary results. He will accomplish
this object without loss of time if he will
follow the counsels and guidance of those
who have discovered hidden treasures in
the vast domain of Literature.

The publishers have printed the book
on heavy paper in clear type, and have
given it a most attractive and durable
binding.

We have received from Benziger
Brothers Rev. Francis J. Finn's latest

story, entitled **HIS FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE**. The scene of the story is laid partly in Milwaukee, partly in New York. It describes the trials of some orphan children. The boy hero is of a loving and lovable disposition and wins the hearts of all. The author has combined pathetic incidents with religious consolations, and gives zest to the whole by diffusing his genial humor throughout.

The many admirers of Father Finn's works are indebted to Benziger Brothers for the publication of his portrait and autograph signature that grace the page opposite to the title. The numerous illustrations that brighten the text are the creditable work of Charles C. Svendsen. The publishers are to be congratulated upon their spirit of enterprise and its praiseworthy results.

As we have already announced, Little, Brown & Co. have published in two volumes **THE KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS**, by Henry K. Sienkiewicz. The translator, Jeremiah Curtin, has given us this powerful romance in his usual spirited style. The author's deep-rooted love for his native land has inspired his descriptions of its former glories which exercise an irresistible fascination upon the reader. The novel treats of events that occurred in the reign of King Ladislas II.—events fruitful in results in European history. The local causes that led to the famous Polish victory over the Teutonic Knights are of profound interest. In the Battle of Tannenberg, fought in 1410, the King wiped out many bitter scores against the enemies of his country.

The sweet love story of the hero, Zybshko, who vowed fealty to a charming and virtuous maiden named Danusia, is singularly pathetic. Viewed in the bright light of chivalry the men of Poland may well be compared to demi-gods and the women to angels. But, although one might love to remain under the glamour of mediæval courts and to listen to the clash of arms that echo through the centuries, he cannot fail to cherish Sienkiewicz's intensely human men and women, whose lives and fortunes were

freely given to further the cause of justice and for the liberation of the oppressed.

The publishers have exercised their usual good taste in the printing and binding of the book and preserved the uniformity of style shown in the production of the preceding works of Sienkiewicz. The Polish coat of arms on the cover is an attractive feature.

We are very pleased to be able to announce to our readers that a second edition of Miss Eliza Allen Starr's beautiful **CHRISTMASTIDE** is now off the press, and ready for distribution. It is not too soon for Christmas buyers to consider what they will choose. We suggest that a copy of this work which, though handsomely illustrated and artistically bound, is sold for seventy-five cents, will be found worthy of friendship's offering. The venerable author may be directly addressed at S. Joseph's Cottage, 299 Huron street, Chicago, Ill.

From the Catholic Truth Society, London, we have received the following works: **THE CATHOLIC TEMPERANCE READER**, an excellent compilation by Father Cologan and Sir Francis Cruise, ex-President of the Royal College of Physicians, Ireland; **CATHOLIC CUSTOMS**; **THE CONVERT'S GUIDE**; and a valuable series of the penny publications, including the subjects of Church history, evolution, agnosticism and pious biography.

It is a pleasure to speak in praise of these pamphlets and booklets, and cordially we wish an extensive sale of all the publications of this worthy society, whose works are kept in stock by all Catholic booksellers.

RHETORIC AND ORATORY, by Father J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J., has a wider scope than the usual text-book on rhetoric. It embraces the elements of logic as applied to oratory. It is written in a clear and succinct style that admirably adapts it for a school text-book. A feature of value is an appendix containing a series of biographical sketches of famous orators. The publishers are D. C. Heath & Co., Boston—whose part of the work is well done.

s wonted thoroughness Father vine, the well-known Passion-written CONVENT LIFE. This sses everything essential to the tate, particularly for nuns. The especially acceptable because of l mold. One tires of the poor is from the French, Latin, Ital-nish languages, whence are de-nany works of this kind. Con-should prove serviceable alike r and subject, and it should venient shelf in every commun-y. Benziger Brothers, New the American distributors of

ently issued work of the Eng-inican, Father Moss, entitled ONFERENCES, is an encouraging e revival of Thomastic theology e Leo XIII. so earnestly adv-oe present volume contains a conferences given during the term at Oxford, on grace as ex-S. Thomas and the Thomastic theologians. The author deals efixed question of the reconcilia-tive omnipotence and human a spirit of moderation and which divests the work of that sial character usually borne by s. He has abandoned the schol-iseology which proves an insur- obatacle to the average reader, presented the teaching of the the Schools in a manner which t prove attractive to the devout. The publishers, Kegan Paul, Trubner & Co., London, have e book on the American market Benziger Brothers, New York.

STORY OF THE PASSION, written A. Devine, C. P., is a work that ecommended principally for its id lucidity. It is the story of the according to the narrative of the ngelists, embellished with ex-notes and apt comments by the The Gospels vary as to some of ents of the Passion, and the Sa-ptures are, in many places, ob-the ordinary Christian. Father ery satisfactorily reconciles the

different versions, and fully elucidates the doubtful passages by extracts from the writings of the most eminent theologians and doctors of the Church. Our faith is enlightened, and we more earnestly say our "Credo" after reading this work. While meditating on the sufferings of our Lord, our thoughts unconsciously revert to Mary, His Holy Mother. The learned Passionist very appropriately finishes his work with a treatise on the seven dolors of our Lady.

A careful perusal of this book will reveal treasures of holy thoughts, and therefore we cordially commend it to the readers of DOMINICANA. The printing and binding are very creditably done by the publishers, Burns & Oates, London, whose American agents are the Benziger Brothers, New York.

Mr. R. H. Russell, New York, has sent to us several of his artistic publications—MOON BABIES, AN ALPHABET FOR INDIANS and MR. DOOLEY'S PHILOSOPHY—of which we shall speak in a subsequent number.

DANIEL O'CONNELL AND THE REVIVAL OF NATIONAL LIFE IN IRELAND has come to us from G. P. Putnam's Sons, London and New York. A review of this important publication will appear in our Janu-ary number.

The Reverend Eugene Grimm of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer has published a new edition in English of VISITS TO THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT AND TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY FOR EVERY DAY IN THE MONTH, by S. Al-ponus. This work, containing the prayers of the great Saint of devotion, for visits to the Adorable Sacrament, should inflame the hearts of the faithful who use it with the fires of love and piety to our Lord and His Blessed Mother.

The binding and printing of the book are pleasing, creditable to the workman-ship of Benziger Brothers, New York, who are the publishers.

The Catholic Truth Society, London, has issued a cheap edition of THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO S. MATTHEW. On De-cember 13, 1898, Pope Leo XIII. granted

an indulgence of three hundred days to all who spend a quarter of an hour or more during the day in devoutly reading the Holy Scriptures. Moreover, he increased this bountiful gift by a plenary indulgence to be gained once a month, provided the reading of the Scriptures has been faithfully continued throughout the month.

The present edition of this Gospel was issued that all might take advantage of His Holiness' favor. The notes by Very Rev. Canon McIntyre, D.D., are brief and to the point.

THE NEW MANUAL OF THE SACRED HEART has come to us from the press of Benziger Brothers, New York, "containing the most approved prayers and devotions." Waiving a comment on "most approved," we grant that this compilation, though not formally approved in all its parts, is nevertheless devotional and instructive.

Exception, however, must be taken to the name "Rosary of the Sacred Heart" (page 217), for only last year did the "Pope of the Rosary" decree that the name "Rosary" should be applied to no other than the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, which was revealed by the Blessed Virgin to S. Dominic.

The statement (page 164) that "A Perfect Rosary Society is connected with the devotion of the Sacred Heart," is contrary to the decree which caused the leaflets of the League of the Sacred Heart to read "One Our Father and ten Hail Marys in honor of the Annunciation," etc., and not as formerly, "The First Joyful Mystery of the Rosary, the Annunciation," etc.

The rich Rosary indulgences can be gained only by conforming to the rules of the Rosary Confraternity, as we have several times announced them. In no controversial spirit, but solely for piety and truth we note the misleading features of this publication.

THE LIFE OF FATHER HASKINS, by A Friend, has been published by the Angel Guardian Press, Boston. This book is a feeling tribute, in charming language, to the memory of the revered founder of the

House of the Angel Guardian, Boston, for friendless, homeless boys. This foundation is a monumental evidence of the compassionate charity of a heroic priest. To many that have but a vague idea of the almost superhuman strength required for such an undertaking, the details of Father Haskins' life will prove an inspiring lesson. The Brothers of Charity who were placed in charge of the House of the Angel Guardian, in 1874, two years after the death of Father Haskins, have continued the good work of instruction and care of the orphan boy. 10,883 boys have been trained as Christian citizens within the walls of this asylum since its foundation. Foremost among the industries is the printing establishment attached to the Institution. The boys are employed in all departments under able instructors. "The Weekly Bouquet," "The Orphan's Friend" and "l'Ami de l'Orphelin" are issued from this office.

The present volume from the Angel Guardian Press is a most convincing proof of thoroughness in printing, binding and artistic illustration.

We have received from John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, **OUR LADY OF AMERICA**, liturgically known as **HOLY MARY OF GUADALUPE**, by Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp. The history of the devotion to our Lady of Guadalupe, which has survived centuries of social upheaval, political villainy and religious persecution in the Mexican nation, can be but dear to every Catholic American.

The author systematically summarizes the historical grounds of this devotion in New Spain, the Papal sanction thereof and privileges extended to the Mexican people. Father Lee, in a most entertaining manner, describes the Shrine and the miraculous picture of our Lady. The authentic accounts of miracles and the spiritual effects upon millions of native Indians are evidences of the powerful intercession of Mary. The solemn coronation of our Lord's Mother in 1895 and the incomparable grandeur of the attending ceremonies in the days of a progressive republic are the highest testimonials of the religious fidelity of a chivalrous people. The book should be read by every

Catholic with a view to further the honor due to the Queen of Heaven by practical devotion to our Lady under the title of Mary of Guadalupe.

The Angel Guardian Press has also sent us Walter Lecky's *BIRDS AND BOOKS*, a reverie of bygone days broken by the magic music of the birds. Though we may sometimes grow melancholy even with the companionship of our beloved books, who could fail to respond in gladness to the blissful singing of the birds? This little volume is a neat specimen of book work and an appropriate gift book.

We are very pleased to make known to our readers a novel publication known as *THE LITTLE TREASURY OF LEAFLETS*, issued from the press of M. and S. Eaton, Dublin, whose American agents are Benziger Brothers, New York, by whom booksellers in this country can be supplied.

This series of leaflets consists of more than five hundred bound together into four beautiful little volumes averaging several hundred pages. Every phase of devotion seems to be included in prayer, hymn, consideration and meditation. From various sources the compilers have drawn, with intelligence and discrimination. Our Blessed Lord, His Sacred Passing, the Holy Mass, our Lady under many titles, St. Joseph, the Angels and different saints are presented to the devout reader, from so many view points of piety that it may be well said that these compilations cannot fail to meet the various and varying wants of different souls and different temperaments in the spiritual life.

The *Imprimatur* of His Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin, is a guarantee of high approval. The publishers have shown not only excellent workmanship (and we are happy to see proofs of Irish skill) but good business sense in issuing the volumes in a variety of binding and at a moderate cost.

R. & T. Washbourne have sent to us *ROSARY LINKS*, by Father Wilfrid Lescher, O. P., of the English Province. This neatly bound and clearly printed booklet

is worthy of earnest commendation. Striving for the spread of our Lady's favorite devotion, Father Lescher has written agreeably and after a somewhat new fashion on the time-honored prayer of the Beads. Benziger Brothers, New York, are American agents.

We have received from the Catholic Truth Society, London, a little volume entitled *Poor Dear Ann*, by the author of "The Prig." Poor Dear Ann quaintly and humorously relates her experience with the many-sided parsons of High Church, Low Church, "Catholic" Church and "continuity of Catholic Church before the Reformation, who rapidly succeed one another in the rectorship of Welford, her native town. The reader is introduced to such notable personages as Lord and Lady Blastem, Sir Harry Billigote, and Lady Augusta Withasstory, whose social prestige ensures for them the right to make their fluctuating religious views the fashion of the moment. Lord Blastem, however, while he pronounces the broad-minded Rev. Mr. Allthings "a devilish good fellow," and his less broad-minded predecessor, Mr. Philhellan, a "blooming fool," says: "As to the teachings of parsons, it always seems to me that of every two clergymen each teaches something that would damn the other. Just think of the different routes to Heaven which have been suggested to you by recent rectors of Welford! Now, as most parsons, according to other parsons, would seem to be racing each other to be the first into the pit, I am content to stand down, while they ride out the finish between themselves; it is for that reason I never go to church!"

Lord Blastem is one of the many that evoke our sympathy under similar circumstances, and we sigh in commiseration for the trials of Poor Dear Ann.

The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, have issued a new edition of *THE STUDIES AND DIFFICULTIES OF MATHEMATICS*. This valuable compilation is from the pen of Augustus De Morgan, and is enriched by the results of the original researches of that peer among scientific expositors. *ELEMENTARY ILLUSTRATION*

TIONS OF THE DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL CALCULUS, by the same author, will prove a boon to the general lover of mathematical studies, as well as to the professional student. The author simplifies the fundamental principles and removes the difficulties to the study of the Calculus, thereby removing the formidable barriers to the deeper study of science.

ELEMENTARY MATHEMATICS, from the French of Joseph Louis Lagrange, and MATHEMATICAL ESSAYS AND RECREATIONS, from the German of Herman Schubert, are valuable translations by Thomas J. McCormack of La Salle, Ill. The subjects of the Essays are of general interest, and the present translation makes them accessible to English readers. They are six in number, and treat of "Notion and Definition of Number," "Monism in Arithmetic," "In the Nature of Mathematical Knowledge," "The Magic Square," "The Fourth Dimension" and "The Squaring of the Circle." The publishers have steadily aimed to place before the public the means of acquiring a philosophical education. Their present labor deserves hearty commendation. The books are beautifully printed and bound. The binding, however, is almost too dainty for every-day use.

We have received a set of THE WALSH ARITHMETICS, published by Heath & Co., Boston. This series consists of Elementary, Intermediate and Higher Arithmetics, bound in three books, or in two-book series, consisting of Primary Arithmetic and Grammar School Arithmetic. Each series is provided with teachers' manuals in parts. The Walsh Arithmetics contain original, varied and practical problems. Nothing essential is omitted. A special feature is a method of constant review. Mr. Walsh's work has received the hearty indorsement of practical teachers throughout the United States.

H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, have issued a neat little volume, HOLY AND WHOLENOME THOUGHTS ON PURGATORY FOR EVERY DAY IN THE MONTH, compiled by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, which we cordially recommend.

MAGAZINES.

Among the latest additions to American Catholic periodical literature is *The Sunday Companion*, which contains a very good course of Christian Doctrine, divided, to suit the ability of the pupil, into Kindergarten, First Confession, First Communion, Confirmation and Senior Divisions.

In connection with the Course the life of a Saint is given each week in simple and pleasing language adapted to the mind of a child. Another feature is a reproduction of some famous picture, with a short conversation concerning the principal merits of the picture for each Division. Teachers know the need of repetition. This need is judiciously applied in *The Sunday Companion*. The editor is Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, a practical educator, a woman of real culture, whose ripe experience and broad scholarship find fitting scope in her new field. *The Sunday Companion* is published at Akron, Ohio.

Benziger's Magazine, originally intended to be a juvenile publication under the name of *Our Boys' and Girls' Own*, has made such progress during the closing year that while it maintains its special features of interest to youth, it has developed into a handsomely illustrated and well conducted family periodical.

That the people of California are quick to discern and prompt to encourage literary excellence is palpably evident in the following artistic productions of our State during 1900:

The Book-Lover, a quarterly magazine, now in its fifth number, has an individuality all its own. True to its creed that there is a divinity in great thoughts, it has become the repository of the noblest expressions in book-lore, thus placing within the reach of the many an intellectual treat which has been hitherto denied them. The Edition de Luxe of *The Book-Lover* is printed on hand-made paper, in limited numbers, and bears the impress of aristocratic loveliness and artistic design.

The Muse, published quarterly by the

Club, Oakland, is devoted to art and ure. Illustrations of antique de- are a special feature. sses, published by Elder & Shep- in Francisco, now in its ninth num- an illustrated magazine devoted to ure and art in California. The tle publishers bid fair to keep pace he steady march of progress of let- the Golden West.

Land of Sunshine, published in Los es, now in its thirteenth volume, is ustrated magazine devoted exclu- to the interests of California and est. The November number con- a translation of Benavides' Me- of 1630, by Mrs. Edward E. Ayer. rticle is edited by Charles F. Lum- nd annotated by F. W. Hodge; it some valuable information concern- he Christianizing of the Indian in the West.

November number of *Camera Craft* the second volume of that artistic ine. The leading papers, beautifully ated from photographs, are: "A Thought in Photography; Picturing oods of Nature," by O. V. Lange, "Photography, the Terror of Forgers," eodore Kytk; the writer of the lat- ives illustrations of the famous draft forged by Carl Becker, whose was detected by enlarged photo- lc copies of the draft. Persons am- s to excel in the art of photography find valuable information in the of this progressive monthly.

MUSIC.

n Percy Ashdown, No. 5 East 14th Y., we have received the following lections: AVE MARIA, for soprano, organ, violin, harp obligatos, by Na- Janotta; also written for contralto in A flat, a beautiful melody, full ligious feeling; IN TE DOMINE vi, Psalm xxx, with piano or accompaniment, by Franz Orosz, declamatory solo for alto voice; MA FELIX (Motet), for male voices; the same, for mixed voices, com- and dedicated to His Holiness Leo XIII., by Edward A. Plater,

very effective; O LAMB OF GOD (Agnus Dei), soprano solo, by M. Piccolomini, a beautiful, tender melody, requiring a well sustained sympathetic tone; AN ANGEL SINGING, for soprano, in E flat major, by Tito Mattei, a sacred song of fine finish, written also for mezzo-soprano in D flat, and for contralto in B flat; THE COM- PREHENSIVE SCALE AND ARPEGGIO MAN- UAL, with foreign fingering, by Walter MacFarren, a splendid treatise, which every teacher of piano, of whatever "school," should generously endorse.

We have received from Brooks & Denton, 670 Sixth ave. and 39th St., N. Y. the following specialties: I LOVE YOU, MY LOVE, I Do, by Dan Reed, Jr.; LAZY, DAISY, MAISY, song (with quartette chorus ad lib.), by Geo. M. Baker; MA BABY SUE, song (with quartette chorus ad lib.), by Chas. L. Van Baas; all bright, catchy melodies, with humorous words. OH, DAYS OF YORE, by L. Sprowacker, a pleasing baritone solo. WHY DO I LOVE THEE? for contralto or baritone, by Robert A. Keiser, beautiful words, with a tender, pathetic melody; TRUST HER NOT, a fine encore song for baritone, words by Longfellow, music by Signor G. Tagliapietra. THE AUTOMOBILE, a typical two-step march and song of the fin du siecle style, with humorous and descriptive words; ON GUARD, march and two-step, by Ben Lowenthal; THE REGATTA, two-step, by Chas. L. Van Baar, bright, joyous and playable; DANDY JIM, by J. Edm. Barnum; MA GUM-ELASTIC GIRL, by H. Y. Leavitt; RAGGED WILLIAM, by Frank P. Banta; ALABAMA BLOSSOM, by Chas. L. Van Baar; AUNT JEMIMA'S CAKE-WALK, by Chas. J. Rowell, five good character- istic cake-walks and two-steps, with strongly marked rhythm.

There is a breeziness about these songs which will cause them to find favor with persons interested in music of a light and popular vein.

We have received from the Windsor Music Company, Chicago, Ill., KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS, waltzes by Paul Cohn, melodious and easy, with attractive title page; SAY, LIZE, WILL YOU BE MY HONEY? and MY CLO, two bright coon songs full of the usual dusky humor, by Jos. T. Brynn.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Moderato
CHORUS.

WORDS AND MUSIC by Father Lootens.

Lift up thy voice Je-ru-sa-lem! Sing peace on Earth and glory in

heaven! Lift up thy voice Je-ru-sa-lem! Jesus is born in

Beth-le-hem! He who cre-a-ted Earth and Heaven Has not when.
cresc.

on to rest His head! His pa-lace is a hum-ble

shed, where help-less and poor He is driv-en!

REPEAT CHORUS
D.C. al FINE.

Solo
He feeds the little birds of heaven,
He clothes the lilies of our fields,
His mighty hand all Nature shields.
And to hunger and cold He is given!

(Chorus) Lift up.

Solo
To all that are to suffering given
He comes, to share the heavy load!
To teach us that the hardest road
Is the shortest and surest to Heaven!

(Chorus) Lift up.

Solo
He comes His erring flock to gather
From paths where all had gone astray,
To win us back and lead the way
To the joys of the House of His Father!
(Chorus) Lift up.

CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

Most Pure Heart of the Blessed
(from June 24.)

1ST SUNDAY OF ADVENT—Three
y indulgences for Rosarians: (1)
visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2)
assist at Procession; prayers; (3)
assist at exposition of the Blessed
ment in church of the Rosary Con-
nity; prayers.

union Mass for Rosarians, 7
t. Meeting of S. Thomas' Sanctuary
y, 2:30 P. M. Rosary Procession,
n and Benediction in the evening.
Advent course of Sermons in S.
ic's, San Francisco, will be given
morning by the Prior, Father J. R.
l and in the evening by Father J. L.

Antioch—Meeting of the Children of
at Benicia—Meeting of the So-
of the Blessed Virgin.

Francis Xavier, S. J., Priest,
e of the Indies. Weekly Mass for
ceased Dominicans and benefactors
Dominican Order. San Francisco,
.; Benicia, 6:30 A. M. Meeting of
an Reading Circle, 8 P. M.

Barbara, Virgin and Martyr.

Alphonsus Liguori, Bishop and
of the Church, Founder of the
ptorist Order. (From August 19.)
e Mass of the Rosary.)

Nicholas (Santa Claus), Bishop.
h anniversary of the arrival in
nia of Bishop Alemany, Father
isa and Mother Mary Goemaere,
oneer Dominicans.

High Mass will be sung in com-
ation of the event in S. Dominic's,
a, Dominican College, San Rafael,
. Dominic's, San Francisco. The
celebration will take place in the
spring. This postponement is made
rence to the wishes of His Grace,
shop Riordan.

ordination of S. Ambrose, Bishop
ector of the Church. (Fast.)

maculate Conception of the
i Virgin, Patroness of United

States. (Holy day of obligation.) Ro-
sary Procession and Benediction, 7:30
P. M., S. Dominic's.

Antioch—Communion Mass for the
Children of Mary, 8 A. M.; High Mass
and Benediction, 10 A. M.

Two plenary indulgences for Rosarians:
(1) Assist devoutly at Rosary Procession
on this day or within the Octave; (2)
C. C.; visit any Church; prayers. This
indulgence may be gained once during
the Octave on the same conditions.
Plenary indulgence for the Living Ro-
sary: C. C.; visit to any Church;
prayers.

9—SECOND SUNDAY OF ADVENT—Plen-
ary indulgence for members of the Holy
Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession;
prayers. Mass for Holy Name Sodality,
7 A. M.; meeting at 3 P. M. Meeting of
men Tertiaries at 2 P. M. Procession of
the Holy Name, Sermon and Benediction,
7:30 P. M.

At Antioch—Meeting of the Holy Name
Sodality and of the Altar Society.

10—Translation to Loretto of the House
of the Blessed Virgin, in which the An-
nunciation took place. (Benediction.)
Entertainment in Franklin Hall, San
Francisco, 8 P. M.

11—S. Matthew, O. P., Priest (from
October 7.)

12—Holy Mary of Guadalupe, Pa-
troness of Mexico. (Benediction.)

13—S. Lucy, Virgin and Martyr.

Regular monthly Requiem at 9 o'clock
for Building Association.

14—B. Magdalen, O. P., Virgin (from
October 14.) (Fast.) Weekly Mass for
the dead. (Benediction.)

15—Octave of the Immaculate Concep-
tion.

16—THIRD SUNDAY OF ADVENT—Plen-
ary indulgence for members of the Living
Rosary. Meeting of women Tertiaries, 3
P. M.

Commencement of Christmas Novena.

Antioch—Meeting of Holy Angels So-

DOMINICANA

dality and of Promoters of the Apostleship of Prayer.

17—Maternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary (from October 4.) (Benediction.)

18—Expectation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

19—B. Sebastian, O. P., Priest (from December 16.) (Fast.) Ember day. Weekly Mass for the dead. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

20—S. Dominic, Abbot, Patron of our Holy Father, S. Dominic.

21—S. Thomas, Apostle. (Fast.) Ember day. (Benediction.)

22—B. Mary Mancini, O. P., Widow. Ember day. Fast. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

23—FOURTH SUNDAY OF ADVENT—Novena in preparation for the Feast of the Circumcision begins to-day.

24—Vigil of Christmas. Fast.

At Benicia—Midnight Mass, S. Dominic's and S. Catherine's.

25—THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD—Two plenary indulgences may be gained by Rosarians: (1) C. C.; a visit to Rosary Church; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at procession; prayers. A plenary indulgence may also be gained by the members of the Living Rosary.

At Benicia, S. Dominic's, the choir, under the direction of Mrs. McFarland, will sing at the midnight Mass the "Kyrie" and "Gloria" of Farmer's Mass in F, and the "Credo," "Sanctus" and "Agnus Dei" from La Hache's "Missa pro Pace." Adam's "Noel" will be rendered at the Offertory. Miss Tessie Clyne will preside at the organ.

Father Heagen will deliver the sermon.

At the High Mass at 10:30 Miss Nellie Malone will be the organist, and the Junior Choir will sing. The "Kyrie," "Gloria" and "Sanctus" will be taken from Stearn's "Festival Mass," and the "Credo" and "Agnus Dei" from Bottmann's Mass in C.

A violin solo, "Noel," will be played at the Offertory by Miss Lizzie Malone.

At this Mass Father Wilson will preach.

Benediction immediately after the 10:30 o'clock Mass.

At Antioch on Christmas the first Mass will be celebrated at 8 o'clock. High Mass at 11 A. M. Benediction of the

Blessed Sacrament immediately after the Mass. The same order will be observed on New Year's Day.

At Vallejo—Low Masses, 6:30, 7, 8 and 8:30 o'clock. Solemn High Masses at midnight (Christmas eve) and 10:30 A. M. The regular choir under the direction of Mrs. Mary Lamb-Michaelis will produce Mozart's Twelfth Mass. The Redniel brothers will furnish the orchestral accompaniment. Preachers—Father Doogan and Father Netterville.

At Valona, an augmented choir and orchestra, with Mrs. Helm as organist, will render Farmer's Mass in F.

In S. Dominic's San Francisco, Solemn High Mass at 5 and 11; other Masses at the usual Sunday hours. The musical programme includes: "Adeste Fideles" (Novello); "Kyrie," "Gloria" and "Agnus Dei" from Lejeal's Sixth Mass in honor of S. Dominic; "Credo" and "Sanctus," first time (Dvorak); "O Salutaris," for male voices (Gounod); Offertory, "Alma Virgo (Hummel), Miss Lily Roeder and chorus.

Father O'Neill will preach at the 5 o'clock Mass; the Prior, Father Newell, at 11 o'clock.

26—S. Stephen, Deacon and Proto-Martyr. (Benediction.)

27—S. John, Apostle and Evangelist. (Benediction.)

28—The Holy Innocents, Martyrs. (Benediction.) Commencement of Novena for the Epiphany.

29—S. Thomas of Canterbury, Bishop and Martyr.

30—SUNDAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF CHRISTMAS—Plenary indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite a third part of the Rosary in common at least three times a week.

31—S. Sylvester, Pope. End of Jubilee Year.

Solemn services, which will be duly announced in our next number, which will be ready December 22.

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary during December are S. Daniel the Stylite, Confessor. S. Melania the Younger, Virgin, S. Lucy, Virgin, and Martyr, S. Sarah, Virgin and Martyr, S. Barbara, Virgin and Martyr, for the Joyful Mysteries; S. Sylvester, Pope, S. Nicholas, Bishop, S. Stephen, Martyr, S. Anastasia, Martyr, S. Thomas of Canterbury, for the Sorrowful Mysteries; S. Thomas the Apostle, S. Alice, Empress, S. Francis Xavier, S. Ambrose, S. John the Evangelist, for the Glorious Mysteries.

DIRECTORY OF DOMINICAN CHURCHES.

CHURCH OF ST. DOMINIC,

Cor. Bush and Steiner Streets, San Francisco.

MASSES: On Sundays and holy days at 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11 o'clock. On week days, 6, 6:30, 7, 8.

SERMONS: At the 11 o'clock Mass on Sunday, and in the evening at 7:30.

EVENING DEVOTIONS: At 7:30 o'clock, Rosary and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament every Sunday; on week days, Rosary at 7:30, with Benediction as noted in the Calendar.

PROCESSIONS: Of the Rosary, on the first Sunday of the month and of the Holy Name on the second Sunday, at 7:30 P. M.

SUNDAY SCHOOL: Immediately after the Children's Mass, at 9 o'clock.

BAPTISMS: On Sunday, from 2 P. M. to 4 P. M. On week days, by appointment.

MARRIAGES: By special arrangement with one of the Fathers.

FUNERAL MASSES: By special arrangement with one of the Fathers.

CEREMONY OF CHURCHING: After the Masses on Sundays.

CONFESIONS: At any time during the day.

SICK CALLS: Except in cases of sudden illness or urgency, persons will kindly leave notice at the Fathers' residence in the morning.

BLESSING OF BEADS AND OTHER RELIGIOUS ARTICLES: In the Sacristy after the evening devotions.

PEW RENTS are due quarterly on the first Sunday in January, April, July and October.

SOCIETIES: In all our Churches the distinctly Dominican devotions are canonically established and indulgenced, namely:

1. The Third Order of St. Dominic, whose meetings are held, for men, on the second Sunday of the month, at 2 P. M.; for women, on the third Sunday of the month, at 3 P. M.

2. The Confraternity of the Rosary.

3. The Perpetual Rosary.

4. The Living Rosary. Rosarians meet informally at evening devotions on the first Sunday of the month.

5. The Holy Name Sodality, which meets on the second Sunday of the month at 3 P. M. The 7 o'clock mass on this Sunday is offered for the members.

6. The Confraternity of the Angelic Warfare, which meets every Sunday.

7. The Confraternity of Blessed Imelda, for first communicants.

Besides these Dominican Confraternities, the following societies are established in St. Dominic's, San Francisco:

1. The St. Vincent de Paul's Conference, which meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

2. The Christian Doctrine Association, which meets every Sunday morning.

3. The Altar Society, which meets on the fourth Sunday of the month at 3 P. M.

The 9 o'clock Mass on the first Sunday of the month is celebrated for the members.

4. The Young Men's Holy Name Society, a literary organization which meets weekly.

5. The Building Association, the members of which contribute annually towards the fund for paying off the debt on the church. Mass is celebrated daily for the members, and a requiem is sung once a month for deceased associates.

6. The Organ and Choir Fund Association, whose members contribute to the maintenance of the choir. Mass is celebrated for them on the first Sunday of the month at 10 o'clock.

7. St. Dominic's Junior Choir and Choral Union, an organization of children who sing at various services.

8. St. Dominic's Auxiliary, which consists of fifteen members devoted to the service of the Church as ushers, etc. On the fourth Sunday of the month, Mass is celebrated for them at 10 o'clock.

9. The St. Joseph's Sewing Circle, which meets every Tuesday to sew for the sanctuary and the poor.

CHURCH OF ST. DOMINIC,

Benicia, Cal.

MASSES: On Sundays, at 6, 8 and 10:30 o'clock; on holy days, at 6, 7 and 9; on week days, at 6, 7 and 8.

SERMONS: At the 10:30 o'clock Mass, and in the evening of first Sunday, at 7:30 o'clock.

EVENING DEVOTIONS: At 7:30 Rosary and Benediction every Sunday; on week days, Rosary at 7:30, and Benediction as noted in the Calendar.

PROCESSIONS: Of the Rosary on the first Sunday; of the Holy Name, on the second Sunday at 7:30 o'clock.

SUNDAY SCHOOL: Immediately after the children's Mass at 8 o'clock.

SOCIETIES: Children of Mary, senior and junior brauches, which meet on the first Sunday of the month; and the Altar Society, which meets on the third Sunday. On this Sunday the 8 o'clock Mass is celebrated for the members.

CHURCH OF ST. VINCENT FERRER,

Vallejo, Cal.

MASSES: Sunday, 7, 8:30 and 10:30; week days, 6:30, 7 and 8.

SOCIETIES: St. Vincent's Benevolent Society, for men; Altar Society; the Children of Mary; the Holy Angels.

CHURCH OF ST. LOUIS BERTRAND,

South Vallejo.

MASSES: Second and fourth Sundays at 8:30.

CHURCH OF ST. PATRICK,

Port Costa.

MASSES: Sunday, 8 and 10 o'clock.

DIRECTORY OF DOMINICAN CHURCHES.

SUNDAY SCHOOL: 9 o'clock
 Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on first Sunday of the month, after the High Mass.

SOCIETIES: Altar Society, which meets on second Sunday of the month; and the Children of Mary, which meets on the first Sunday. Mass is celebrated for each society on its respective Sunday.

CHURCH OF ST. ROSE OF LIMA,
 Valona.

MASSES: Sundays, 8 and 10 o'clock.
SUNDAY SCHOOL: 10:45 o'clock.
 Benediction and Society Meetings as in Port Costa,

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY,

Antioch, Cal.

MASSES: Sunday, 8 and 11:15 o'clock; week days, 7 o'clock.
SOCIETIES: The Apostleship of Prayer and the Holy Angels' Society.

CHURCH OF ST. PATRICK,
 Somerville, Cal.

MASS: Every second Sunday at 9 o'clock.

CHURCH OF ST. PETER,

Black Diamond, Cal.

MASS: Every second Sunday at 9 o'clock.
 The societies established in both these Mission Churches are the same as in Antioch.

CHURCH OF ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA.

Martinez, Cal.

MASSES: At 9 and 11:30, alternate Sundays.

CHURCH OF ALL SAINTS,

Concord, Cal.

MASSES: At 9 and 11:30, alternate Sundays.

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY,

Clackamas Street, Portland, Or.

MASSES: Sunday, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 10:30, the last a High Mass; week days, 6, 7, 8, o'clock.

SERMONS: At 8:30 and 10:30 o'clock Masses every Sunday, and on the first Sunday of the month after procession.

The Rosary is recited every evening at 7:30 o'clock, followed by spiritual reading.

PROCESSIONS: Of the Rosary, on the first Sunday at 7:30 P. M.; of the Holy Name, on the second Sunday at 7:30 P. M.

SPECIAL SPIRITUAL BENEFITS: Mass is celebrated three times each week for members of the Building Association, and on the second and fourth Sundays of the month for the members of the Altar Society.

HOW TO BECOME A ROSARIAN.

1. *Have your name enrolled by a priest authorized to receive you.*—If the Confraternity be not established where you reside, you may send your name to some church where it is established. It is not necessary to reside in the parish where the Confraternity is established. Be sure to give the baptismal name and the family name. No abbreviations of baptismal names may be used.

2. *Have your Beads blessed with the Dominican Blessing.*—To accommodate those who may not have an opportunity of receiving this blessing otherwise, the Director of the Rosary Confraternity in any of our churches will bless all rosaries sent to him, and will return them. Postage for this must be enclosed.

3. *The fifteen decades must be said during the course of the week—from Sunday to Sunday.*—These decades may be divided in any way found convenient, provided that at least one decade at a time be said. It is a pious practice of Rosarians to say five decades each day.

In the usual "make up" of rosaries we find one large bead and three smaller beads immediately following the crucifix or

cross. It is a practice of some to recite on the cross or crucifix the *Apostles' Creed*, on the large bead, an *Our Father*; and on the small beads, three *Hail Marys*. In reality they do not belong Rosary. They are merely a custom, but are not required by the Church. The method of saying the Rosary practised by the Dominicans is as follows:

In the name of the Father, etc.

V. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

R. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

V. Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips.

R. And my tongue shall announce Thy praise.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God.

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, etc: Alleluia.

(From *Septuagesima to Easter*, instead of Alleluia, say Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of eternal glory).

Then announce either "the first part of the holy Rosary, the five joyful mysteries," or "the second part of the holy Rosary, the five sorrowful mysteries," or "the third part

oly Rosary, the five glorious myst-
Then the first mystery, "the An-
on" etc. and recite the 'Our Father'
;"Hail Mary" ten times, "Glory be to
er" once, in the meantime medita-
mystery. After reciting five decades,
, holy Queen is said, followed by
neen of the most holy Rosary, pray
hat we may be made worthy of the
s of Christ.

Let us Pray.

, whose only begotten Son, by His
th and resurrection, has purchased
e rewards of eternal life, grant we
Thee, that meditating on these
s of the most holy Rosary of the
Virgin Mary, we may imitate what
itain and obtain what they promise.
the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

Points Worth Remembering.

ie joyful mysteries are honored on
s and Thursdays throughout the
d on all Sundays from the first of
to the first of Lent.

ie sorrowful mysteries are honored
days and Fridays throughout the
on the Sundays in Lent.

ie glorious mysteries are honored
esdays and Saturdays throughout
, and on all Sundays from Easter
nt.

the monthly Calander C. C. mean
on and Communion.

ayer: for intentions of the Holy
viz., the welfare of the Holy See;
ad of the Catholic Faith: the extir-
f heresy; peace among nations. It
cessary to mention these intentions
. Five Our Fathers and Hail Marys
ice for the prayers.

second Sunday of each month, a
Indulgence may be gained by
s of the Holy Name Society.
any day chosen by members of the

Angelic Warfare, a Plenary Indulgence may
be gained each month for the daily recital
of the prayer "Chosen Lily." Conditions:
C. C., prayer, visit to their chapel.

8. On day chosen at will, a Plenary In-
dulgence may be gained once each month
by Rosarians:

(a) By those who daily spend at least a
quarter of an hour of meditation, C. C.,
prayer.

(b) By those who are accustomed to cele-
brate or to hear the privileged Rosary Mass,
"Salve Radix." Conditions: C. C., prayer.
Each time this Mass is said or heard, all the
indulgences granted for the recitation of the
entire Rosary may be gained.

9. The same conditions and the same in-
dulgence as in (a) hold for members of the
Holy Name Society.

10. On the last Sunday of each month a
Plenary Indulgence may be gained by all
the faithful who have been accustomed to
say five decades of the Beads three times a
week in common. Conditions: C. C., visit
to church, prayers.

11. Many partial indulgences may be
gained every day for the recitation of the
Rosary. It is not necessary to think of
them in detail; a general intention suffices.

12. The usual conditions for gaining in-
dulgences are Confession, Communion, and
prayers for the Pope's intentions, with spe-
cial work enjoined, such as a visit. One
Confession and Communion suffice for all
indulgences appointed for one day, even
though Confession and Communion are
named for each; and for those who are ac-
customed to weekly Confession this pious
custom satisfies for all indulgences during
the week for which Confession is required
as a condition.

13. All the indulgences of the Rosary are
applicable to the souls of the faithful de-
parted.

14. For people who cannot meditate a
devout recitation of the Rosary is all that is
asked.

CALENDAR FOR MARCH.

Christopher, O. P., Confessor.

Henry Suso, O. P., Confessor
ction).

e Espousals of our Lady—trans-
rom February 11. (Benediction.)
the twenty-second anniversary of
vning of our Holy Father Leo the
ith, whom may God long preserve!

e First Sunday of Lent. (Benedic-
Three plenary indulgences for Ro-

(1) C. C., visit Rosary altar;
or the Pope's intentions; (2) C. C.,
Procession; prayers; visit Rosary

altar; (3) C. C., assist at exposition of the
Blessed Sacrament; prayers.

5—The Prayer and Agony of our Lord in
the Garden. (Transferred from February
13th.)

6—B. Jordan of Pisa, O. P., Confessor.

7—S. Thomas Aquinas, O. P., Confessor,
Doctor of the Church, and Patron of Cath-
olic Schools. (Benediction.) One of the
Quarter Tense days. A plenary indulgence
for members of the Angelic Warfare: C.
C., visit a Dominican church; prayers.

CALENDAR FOR MARCH.

This indulgence is applicable to the souls in Purgatory.

A plenary indulgence may also be gained on this day by all the faithful who receive the Sacraments, visit a Dominican church, and there pray for the intentions of the Holy Father.

8—S. John of God, Confessor. Founder of the Brothers of Charity.

9—The Lance and Nails of our Lord. (Benediction.) Quarter Tense.

10—B. Peter Jeremiah, O. P., Confessor. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) Quarter Tense.

11—Second Sunday of Lent. (Benediction.) Procession of the Holy Name. Plenary Indulgence for the members of the Holy Name Sodality.

12—S. Gregory, Pope and Doctor of the Church.

13—B. Laurence, O.P., Confessor. (From February 18th.)

14—Octave of S. Thomas Aquinas. (Votive Mass of the Rosary. Benediction.)

15—The Chair of S. Peter at Antioch. (From February 22d.)

16—The Holy Winding Sheet of our Lord. (Benediction.)

17—S. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland. (Benediction.)

18—Third Sunday in Lent. (Benediction.)

19—S. Joseph, Spouse of our Lady and Patron of the Church. (Benediction.)

20—B. Constantius, O. P., Confessor.

21—S. Benedict, Abbot and Founder of the Benedictines. (Votive Mass of the Rosary. Benediction.)

22—B. Ambrose of Siena, O. P., Confessor.

23—The Five Wounds of our Lord. (Benediction.)

24—S. Gabriel, Archangel. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

25—Fourth Sunday of Lent. Feast of the Annunciation to the B. V. (Benediction.) Procession. Four plenary indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C., recite the Rosary; (2) C. C., visit Rosary altar; prayers; (3) C. C., visit any Church; prayers; (4) as in No. 2, by separate papal grant. This last indulgence may also be gained on any one day, chosen at will, within the Octave, under the same conditions.

26—Octave of S. Joseph.

27—B. Villana, O. P., Widow. (From February 28th.)

28—S. Casimir, Confessor. (From the 4th inst.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary. Benediction.)

29—S. Frances of Rome, Widow. (From 9th inst.)

30—The Precious Blood of our Lord. (Benediction.)

31—S. Patian, Bishop. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

Note.—In the Calendar we shall designate the days allotted for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and for the Votive Mass of the Rosary. The Indulgences that are assigned to the greater feasts we also specify. In stating the conditions we indicate by C. C., Confession and Communion; by "Prayers," the recitation of prayers for the Pope's intentions; for instance, five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys.

DOMINICANA

AS ITS NAME INDICATES, is a publication devoted to affairs Dominican. General literature will also be its field.

DOMINICANA will be issued monthly, each number consisting of 24 pages, royal octavo. Subscription price is \$1.00 per year; single copies, 10 cents.

MONEY should be sent either in registered letter, or by bank draft, cheque or post-office order, payable to DOMINICANA.

COMMUNICATIONS in general should be addressed to DOMINICANA, 1919 Steiner St., San Francisco, Cal.

THE special attention of our readers is called to the ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT of *Dominicana*. We ask that the business houses whose announcements we publish will be remembered by our friends. In making purchases, please tell our advertising patrons that you saw their card in *Dominicana*. We vouch for the reliable character of all who thus appeal for your orders. Rate cards furnished to intending advertisers.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

We have reason to feel gratified because of the cordial reception which greeted the appearance of the initial number of DOMINICANA. From all sides cheering and complimentary words have come to us, spoken cordially. This we appreciate. We would not be human did we deny our satisfaction; of ingratitude "more strong than traitors' arms" we shall not be guilty; and therefore to all our friends among the Clergy, Religious and the laity who have sent us "God speed," we return our heartfelt acknowledgments.

To the press we are much beholden for courtesy and words of gentle welcome and kindly commendation. Next to the pleasure with which we received these messages is our gratification in laying before our readers the testimonies of neighbors and friends. And in so doing we desire that our own word shall be accounted as entwined, in grateful recognition, with the greetings of our journalistic brethren.

The Call, San Francisco, March 4, devoted not only news space to our enterprise, but favored us with the following editorial, an unusual recognition that is of marked value:

"An attractive addition to the periodical literature of this city appears this month with the first number of a magazine bearing the title DOMINICANA. It is devoted mainly to the affairs of the Dominican Fathers and the interests of that Order. It is announced, however, that it will be a family magazine also, and 'a means of communication between priests and people, a chronicle of events interesting to the members of our different congregations, and a sympathetic advocate of the educational work with which the Sisters of S. Dominic are so honorably identified.'

"Among the notable articles in the first number are: 'Dominican Missions in the Philippine Islands,' 'S. Thomas Aquinas,' 'The Rosary—Mary's Gift,' and a continued story, 'The Secret of Grossmeister Cliffs,' by Margaret D. O'Brien. There are also several original poems of rare merit, that add considerably to the literary interest of the number.

"The magazine will be found of particular value to all who desire to keep posted on the affairs of the administration of the Roman Church, as close attention will be given to such matters by the editors, and, as is stated in the introduction, 'The establishment of a permanent bulletin guaranteeing to the people precise and accurate information concerning the feasts and celebrations of the Church, the work of societies, and general organization of religious life among the young and the old, is an enterprise which can justly count on the cordial approval of those for whose benefit it is inaugurated.'

On March 5, *The Chronicle*, San Francisco, published the following cordial message:

"The first number of a new magazine, entitled DOMINICANA, to be published monthly by the Dominican Fathers of this city, is just issued. It is an attractive little periodical of twenty-four pages, with an excellent full-page half-tone illustration, and a number of interesting articles. The magazine will aim to give all the news of interest to Dominicans, including the educational work of the Sisters of S. Dominic. But it will be broader than this, as it will appeal to the entire Catholic reading public, and among its features will be literary articles that will commend themselves to all readers. This first number is an earnest of what its managers purpose to make it. There are poems by J. R. Newell, Margaret E. Jordan and others, 'Dominican Missions in the Philippine Islands,' 'The Secret of Grossmeister Cliffs,' by Margaret D. O'Brien, and 'The Shamrock,' by Louis B. James. The editorials cover well the field of Church and general news. The subscription price is \$1 a year, single copies 10 cents.

From *The Morning News*, Vallejo, Cal., we take the following friendly editorial salutation:

"The first number of DOMINICANA, a monthly magazine published by the Do-

minican Fathers in San Francisco, has reached our table. It is a very neat publication, well printed and splendidly edited. It will be of interest to Vallejo, for the reason that special attention is given to the parishes under the charge of the Dominicans. The subscription price is only \$1 per year, and it is well worth it."

On March 8, *The Herald*, Benicia, made kindly mention in its editorial columns of our work:

"DOMINICANA, a 24-page monthly publication, has just been presented to the public by the Dominican Fathers of San Francisco, a copy of which has reached our exchange table. It is to be devoted to the Dominican Order of Catholicism, and general literature is also added to its mission. It makes its appearance with the March number, which contains some valuable reading matter. It also starts out with a very liberal advertising supplement, and bears every evidence of a successful venture. As the Dominican Order is very prominently established in this city, DOMINICANA will undoubtedly find its way into numerous homes, where we hope it will do and receive good."

On March 10, *The New Era*, also of Benicia, spoke in the same commendatory spirit:

"The first number of a publication called DOMINICANA has appeared in San Francisco. It is a family magazine, and will chronicle events that will be interesting to the people and members of the Catholic faith who are interested in the educational work of the Sisters of S. Dominic. This issue contains some very notable articles, among them being 'Dominican Missions in the Philippine Islands,' 'S. Thomas Aquinas,' 'The Rosary—Mary's Gift'; also a story, 'The Secret of Grossmeister Cliffs,' by Margaret D. O'Brien. A few fine poems can also be found. All those who are interested in the affairs of the Catholic Church will find it valuable, and it will receive a cordial welcome."

We are also indebted for notices to *The Examiner*, *The Bulletin* and *The Evening Post*, dailies of San Francisco, and to the Catholic weekly, *The Monitor*.

Other parts of the country have also spoken; of these in other issues!

MORE

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CALENDAR FOR APRIL.

1—Passion Sunday. (Benediction.) Three plenary indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at Procession; prayers; (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament; prayers.

2—S. Francis of Paula, Confessor, Founder of the Minims.

3—The Stigmata of S. Catharine of Siena, O. P., Virgin.

4—S. Ambrose, Bishop and Doctor (Votive Mass of the Rosary—Benediction).

5—S. Vincent Ferrer, O. P., Confessor. (Benediction.) Plenary indulgence for all the faithful: C. C.; visit a Dominican church; prayers.

6—Compassion of our Lady. (Benediction.) Plenary indulgence for Rosarians: C. C.; visit Rosary chapel; prayers.

7—B. Sybillina, O. P., Virgin (Transferred from March 18). Votive Mass of the Rosary.

8—Palm Sunday. (Benediction.) Plenary indulgence for the members of the Holy Name Sodality.

9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14—The Offices of Holy Week. *Tenebrae* will be sung in S. Dominic's on the evenings of the 11th, 12th, 13th, at 7:30 o'clock. The morning services on Thursday, Friday and Saturday will begin at 8 o'clock.

15—Easter Sunday. First Glorious Mystery of the Rosary. Plenary indulgence for members of the Living Rosary. For

members of the Confraternity, three plenary indulgences: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; visit any church; prayers; (3) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. The first and last named indulgences may be gained from first vespers, about 2 p. m., of Holy Saturday, till sunset on the 15th.

16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21—The Offices of Easter. Benediction on 16th and 17th.

22—Low Sunday. (Benediction.)

23—S. George, Martyr.

24—The Crown of our Lord. Third sorrowful mystery of the Rosary.

On this day begins the devotion of the fifteen Tuesdays in honor of S. Dominic, in preparation for his feast August 4th. A plenary indulgence may be gained on one Tuesday chosen at will, and partial indulgences each Tuesday. Conditions: C. C. in a Dominican church; prayers.

25—S. Mark, Evangelist. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

26—BB. B. Dominic and Gregory, O. P., Confessors.

27—S. Agnes, O. P., Virgin (Transferred from 20th). Benediction. Plenary indulgence for all the faithful: C. C.; visit a Dominican church; prayers.

28—S. Paul of the Cross, Confessor and Founder of the Passionists.

29—S. Peter, Martyr, O. P. (Benediction.) Plenary indulgence as on 27th.

30—S. Catharine of Siena, O. P. (Benediction.) Plenary indulgence as on 27th.

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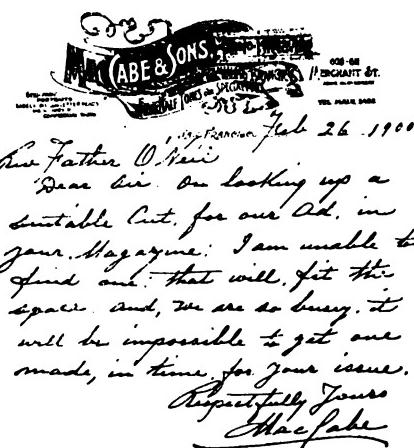
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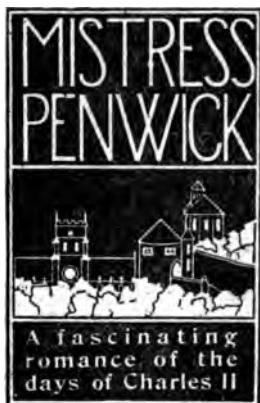
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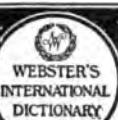
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